Snapshots

(excerpts of poems on images)

Allison Grayhurst

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Edge Unlimited Publishing

Snapshots (excerpts of poems on images)
The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst
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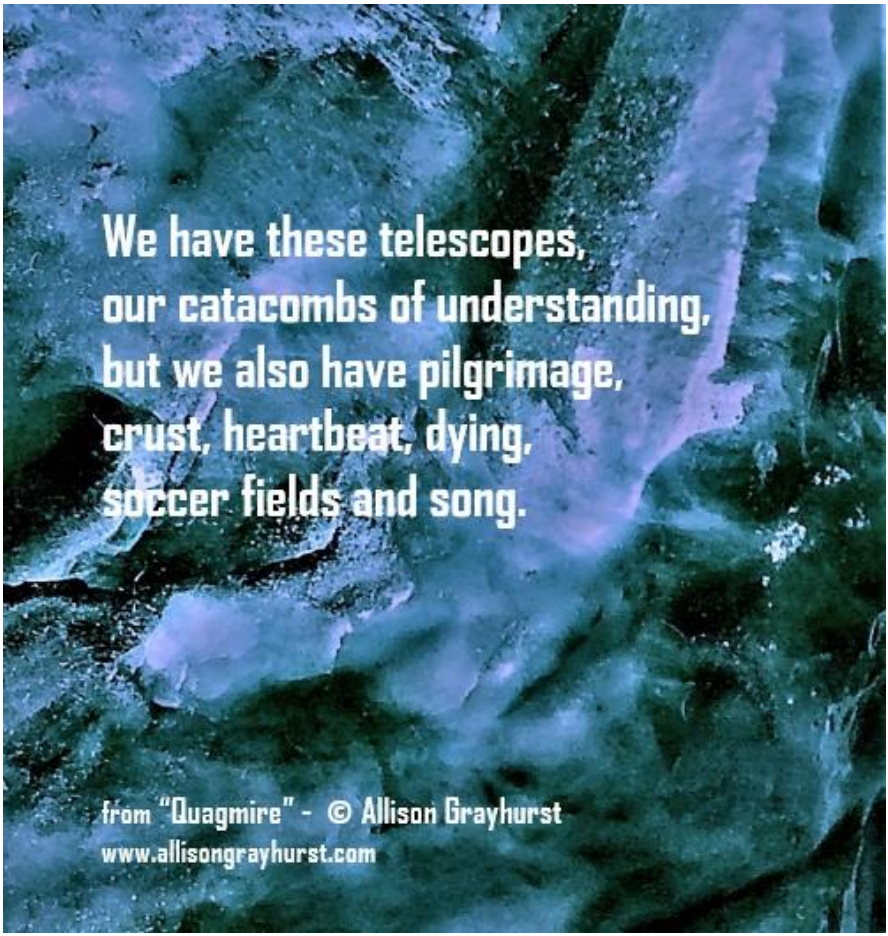
We have these telescopes,
our catacombs of understanding,
but we also have pilgrimage,
crust, heartbeat, dying,
soccer fields and song.
from "Quagmire" - © Allison Grayhurst
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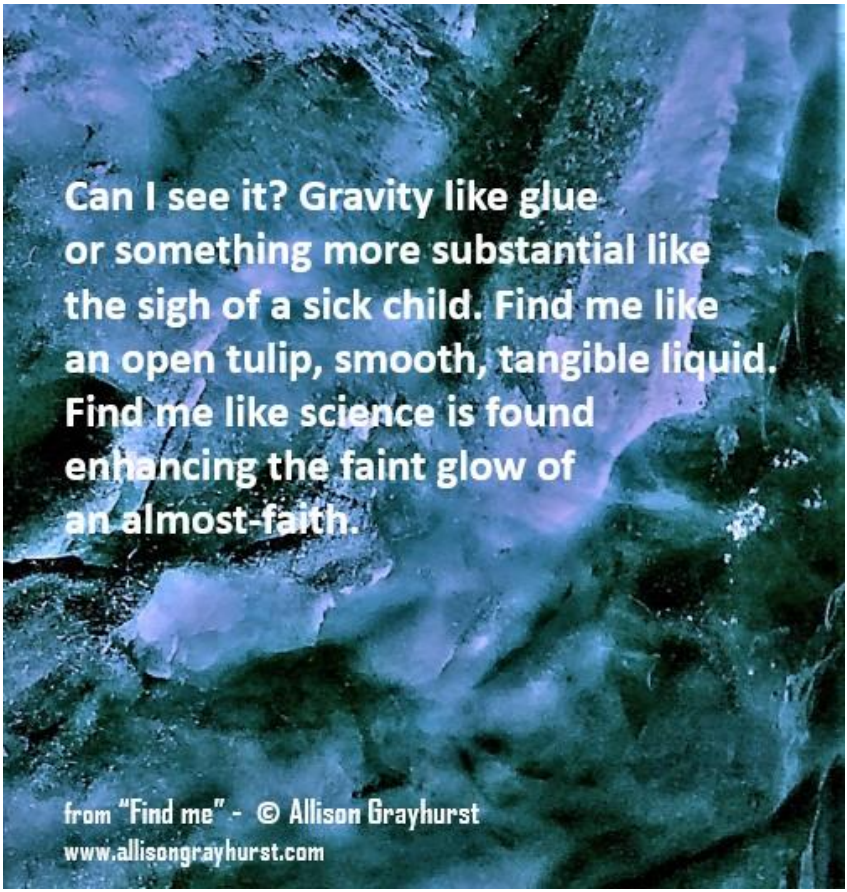
Can I see it? Gravity like glue
or something more substantial like
the sigh of a sick child. Find me like
an open tulip, smooth, tangible liquid.
Find me like science is found
enhancing the faint glow of
an almost-faith.
from "Find me" - © Allison Grayhurst
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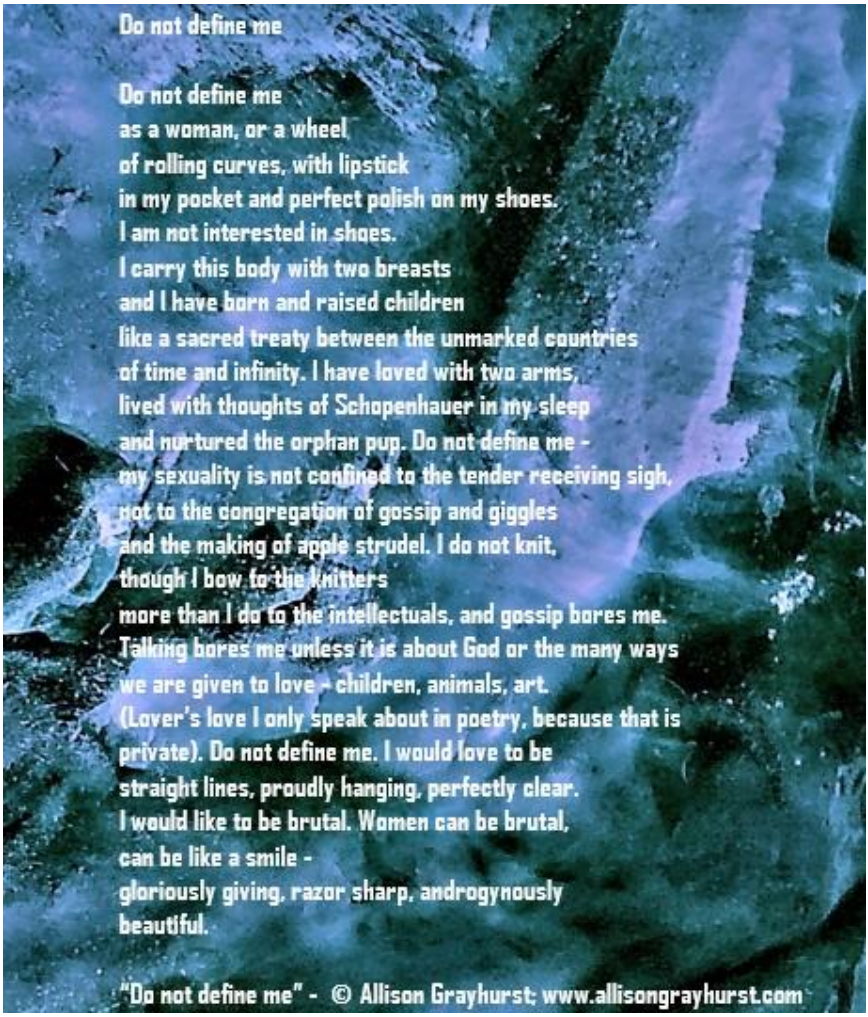

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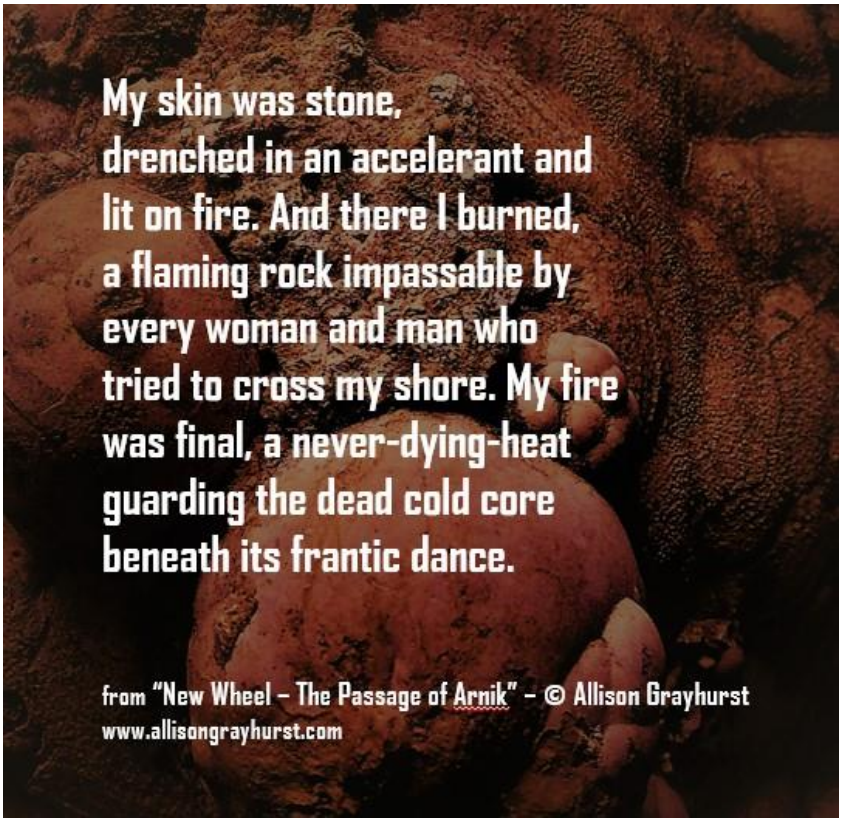
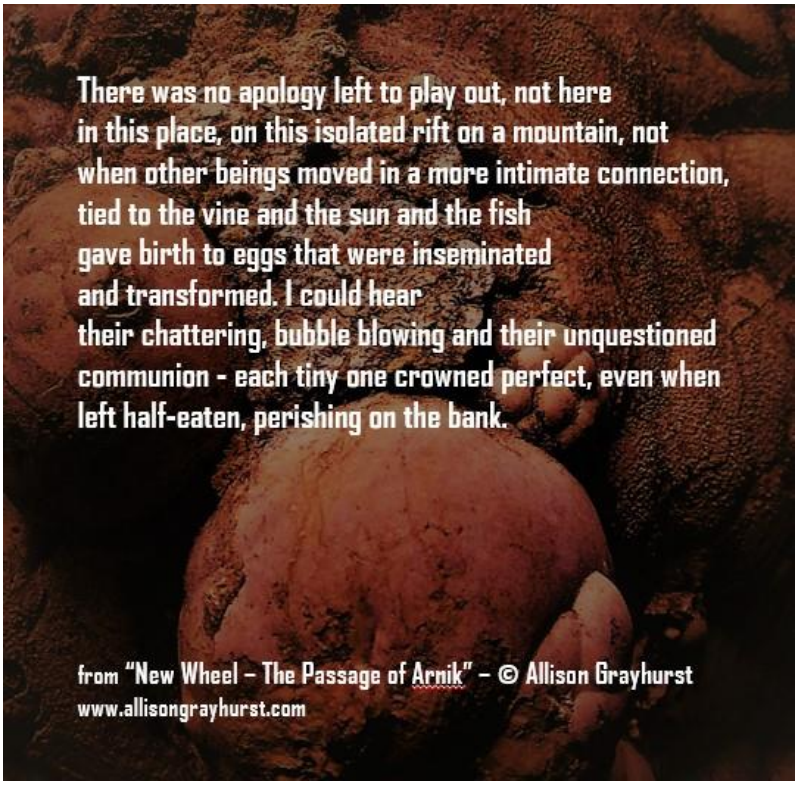
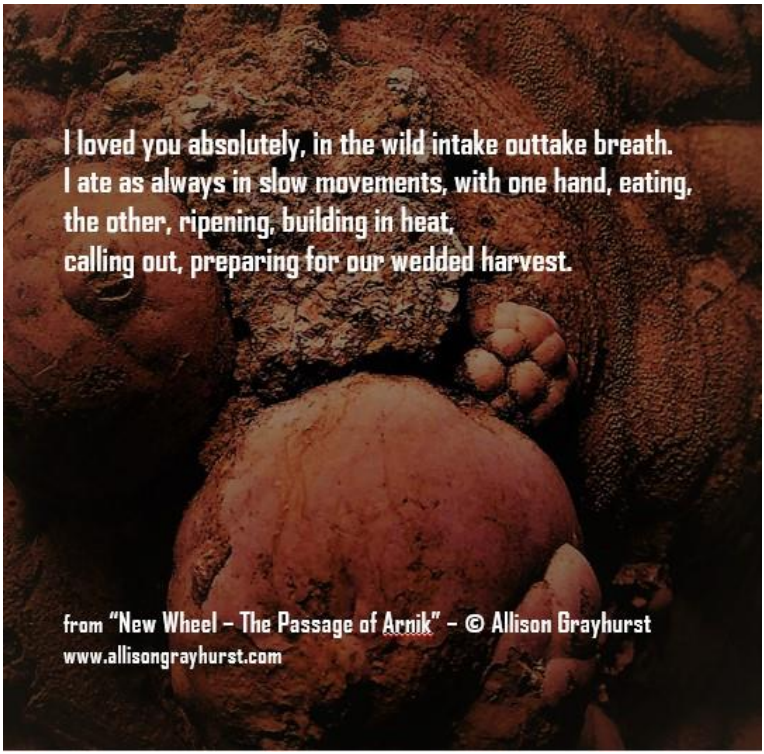

My skin was stone,
drenched in an accelerant and
lit on fire. And there I burned,
a flaming rock impassable by
every woman and man who
tried to cross my shore. My fire
was final, a never-dying-heat
guarding the dead cold core
beneath its frantic dance.
from "New Wheel – The Passage of Arnik" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


There was no apology left to play out, not here
in this place, on this isolated rift on a mountain, not
when other beings moved in a more intimate connection,
tied to the vine and the sun and the fish
gave birth to eggs that were inseminated
and transformed. I could hear
their chattering, bubble blowing and their unquestioned
communion - each tiny one crowned perfect, even when
left half-eaten, perishing on the bank.
from "New Wheel – The Passage of Arnik" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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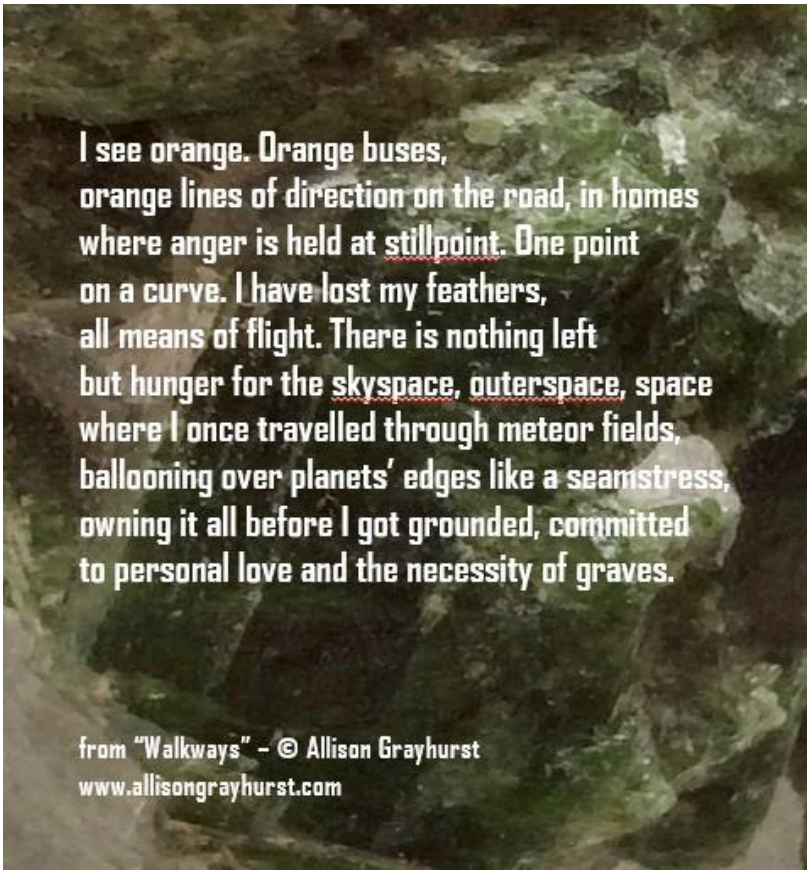
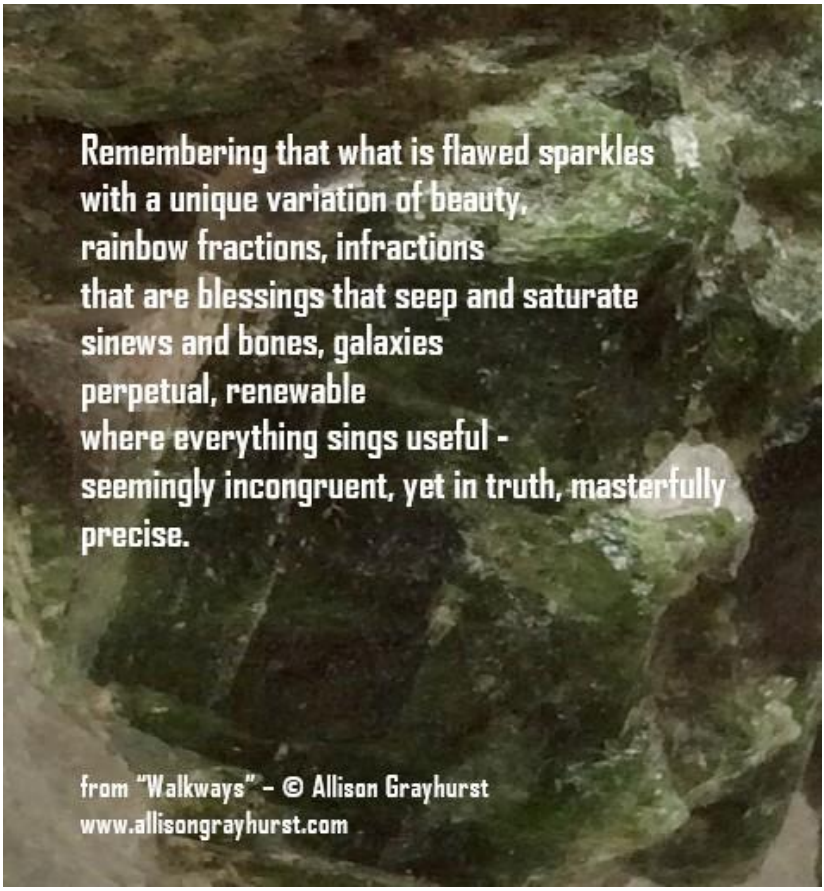

I see orange. Orange buses,
orange lines of direction on the road, in homes
where anger is held at stillpoint. One point
on a curve. I have lost my feathers,
all means of flight. There is nothing left
but hunger for the skyspace, outerspace, space
where I once travelled through meteor fields,
ballooning over planets' edges like a seamstress,
owning it all before I got grounded, committed
to personal love and the necessity of graves.
from "Walkways" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Escaping on the brook's bank,
banking on nesting warm through
winter, but tears are horns that open
soft spaces, and autumn shifts heat and any hopes
for renewal. Love is fire -
from where it goes there are no shields to block
its scorching. Can we reach bottom in the rain?
Sing hosanna at the mountain's base?
from "Walkways" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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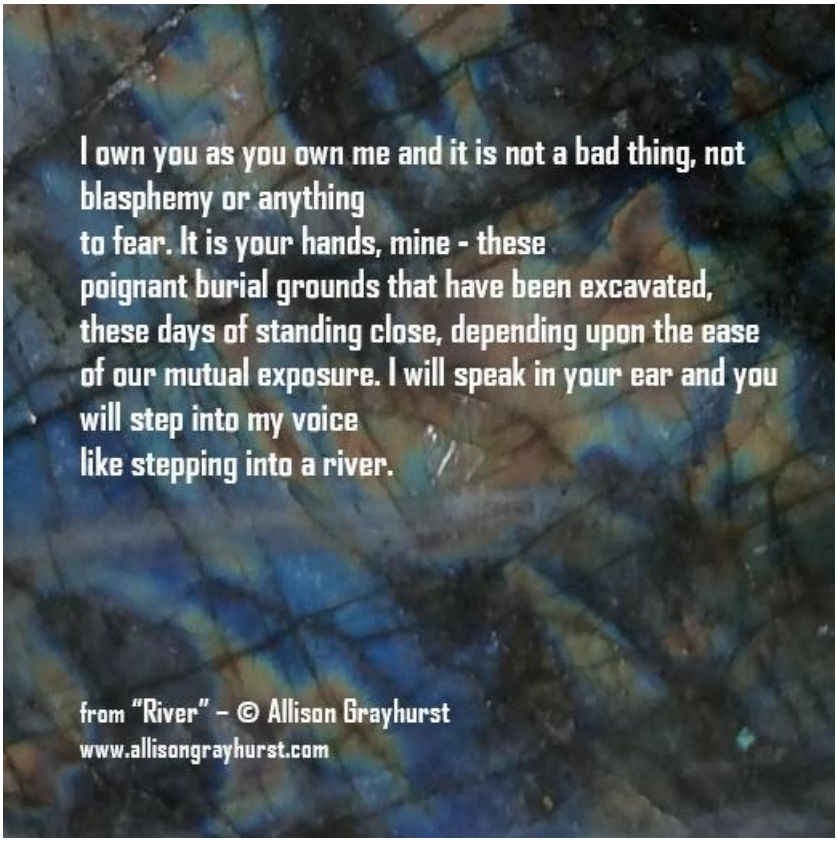
I own you as you own me and it is not a bad thing, not blasphemy or anything
to fear. It is your hands, mine - these
poignant burial grounds that have been excavated,
these days of standing close, depending upon the ease
of our mutual exposure. I will speak in your ear and you
will step into my voice
like stepping into a river.
from "River" – © Allison Grayhurst
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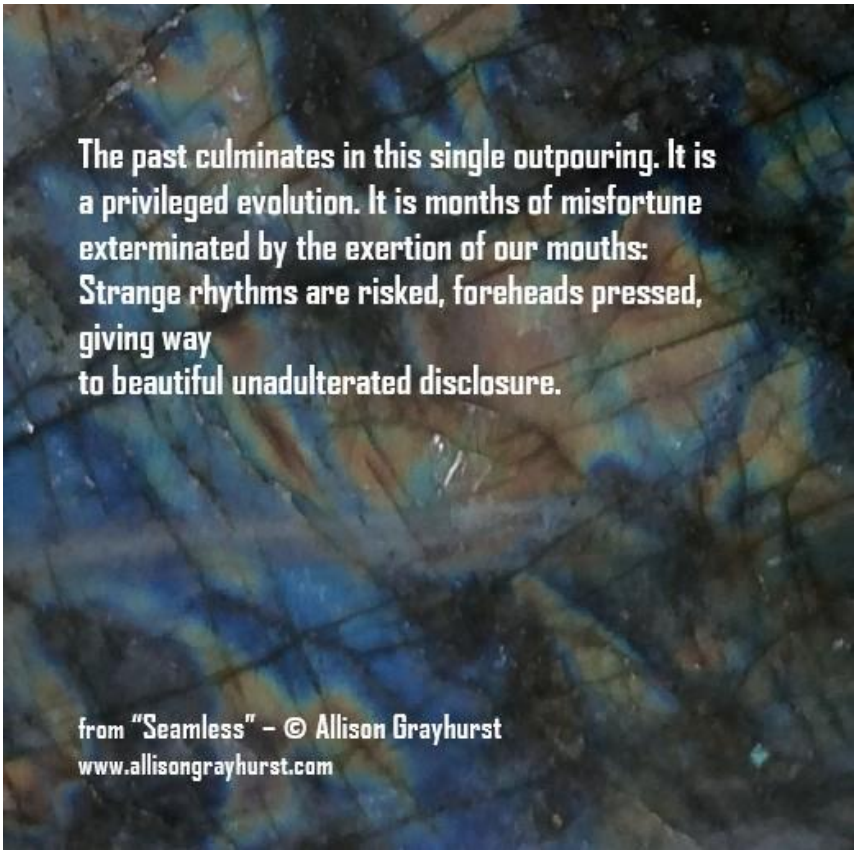
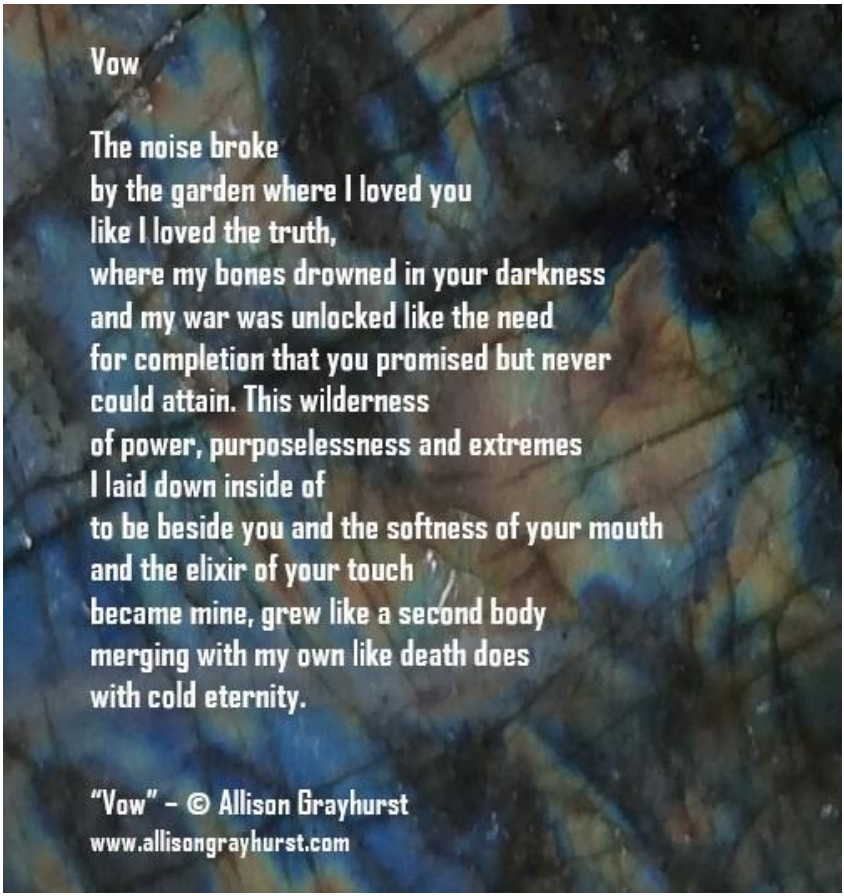

The past culminates in this single outpouring. It is
a privileged evolution. It is months of misfortune
exterminated by the exertion of our mouths:
Strange rhythms are risked, foreheads pressed,
giving way
to beautiful unadulterated disclosure.
from "Seamless" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/24/seamless/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/23/vow/

Welcome the one who stands, the one who
praises every cried-out syllable, purges
the soul of stagnant battles, hour upon hour
smells the freshness of renewal in clenched fists
and phones that never ring.
Welcome the sound of a remembered kiss
and the ghosts that grieve forever
beside each mortal heart.
from "Welcome The Death" – © Allison Grayhurst
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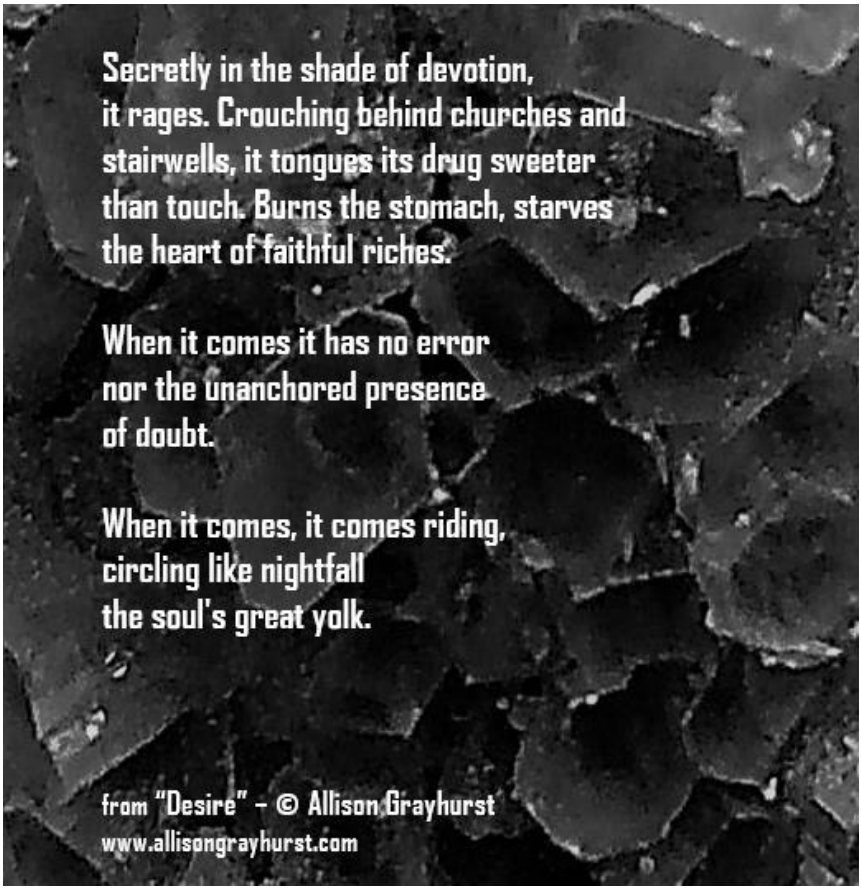
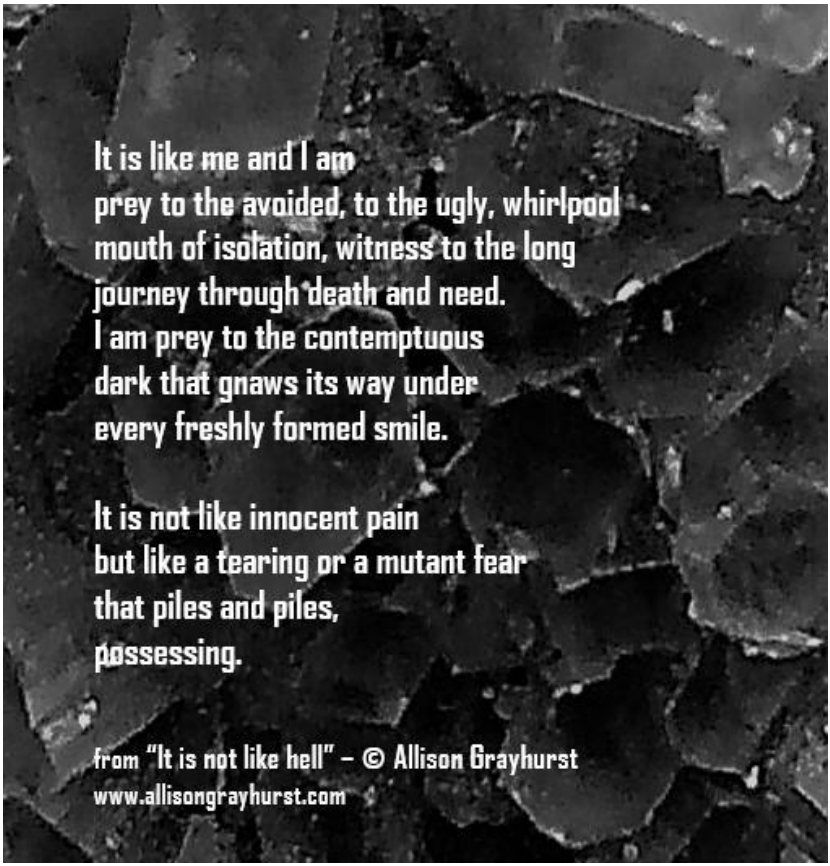

Secretly in the shade of devotion,
it rages. Crouching behind churches and
stairwells, it tongues its drug sweeter
than touch. Burns the stomach, starves
the heart of faithful riches.
When it comes it has no error
nor the unanchored presence
of doubt.
When it comes, it comes riding,
circling like nightfall
the soul's great yolk.
from "Desire" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/04/29/desire-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/07/it-is-not-like-hell-2/

As I walk the pale pink sands, watching
the splendour of colours
transform and surround, the moon
gives out a breath and

is born.

from "Beach" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Bless the one hardened by degrees,
by small failures
that mount a life incapable.

Bless the proud bearer of truth
who cannot be humbled,
blinded by spiritual vanity.

Bless the arrogant,
the one who feels movement
only by force.

Bless the bearer of bitterness,
who has no stronghold
but hate.

from "Bless The Fallen" – © Allison Grayhurst
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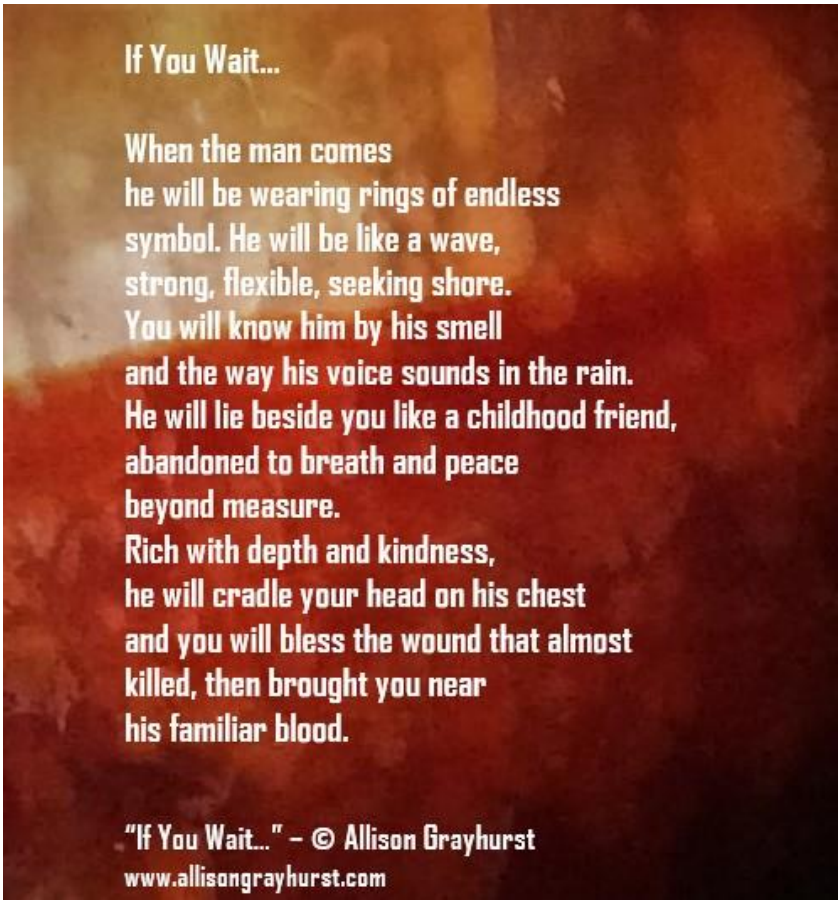

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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/11/bless-the-fallen/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/08/26/if-you-wait/

At night I wake up absolute,
solid as a never-touched stone.
I stare at the clock and have conquered time.
For that time I am the best thing
of all things to be.
For an instance, I am more than metaphor,
I am witnessing.

from "Ripples"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

It is a long time to be still and look up.
It must be a painter's journey. I must learn

to sprout roots from the tips of my frozen toes,
knowing water is not earth and earth
will never be a sailor's deathbed or home.

from "Undertow"– © Allison Grayhurst
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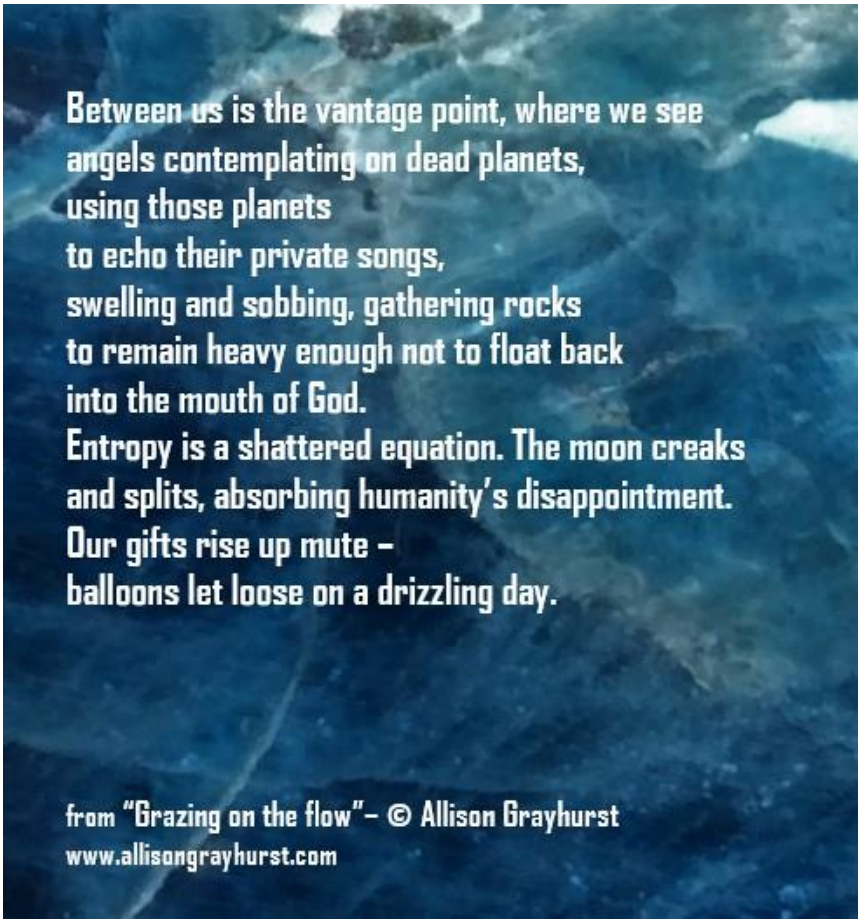

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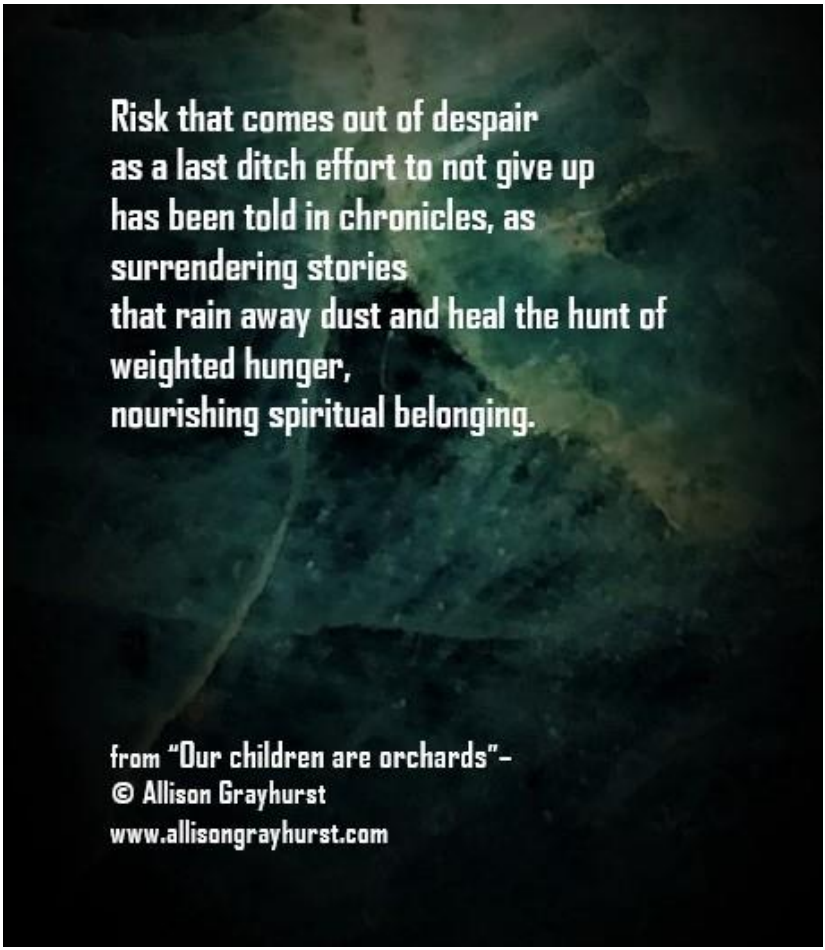
Risk that comes out of despair
as a last ditch effort to not give up
has been told in chronicles, as
surrendering stories
that rain away dust and heal the hunt of
weighted hunger,
nourishing spiritual belonging.
from "Our children are orchards"–
© Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Templates I now break and breathe and blow all away
into the sandalwood spring, into the eyes of my dog.
Stiff joints lend themselves to patience,
planting wings in my palm - empty spaces finally
accepted. Shadows I see take on a life of their own
and keep dancing. God I see in the sloping deformity
of all steps climbed, treacherously taken, born whole
from parallel paths of lack and yearning.

from "The fault of sages"– © Allison Grayhurst
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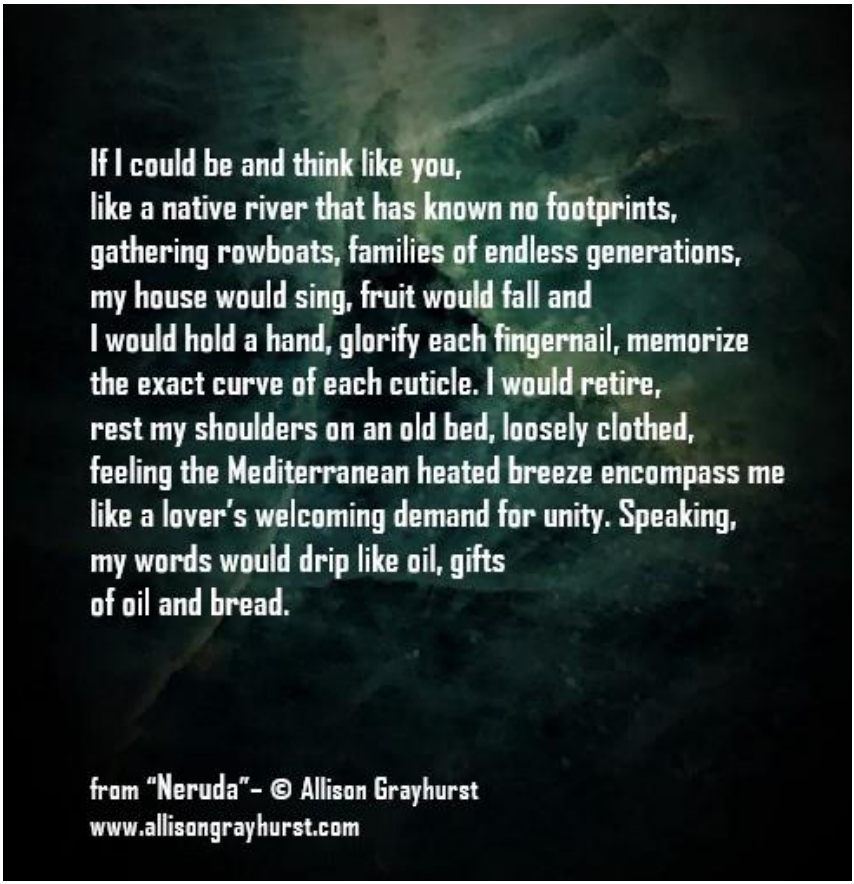

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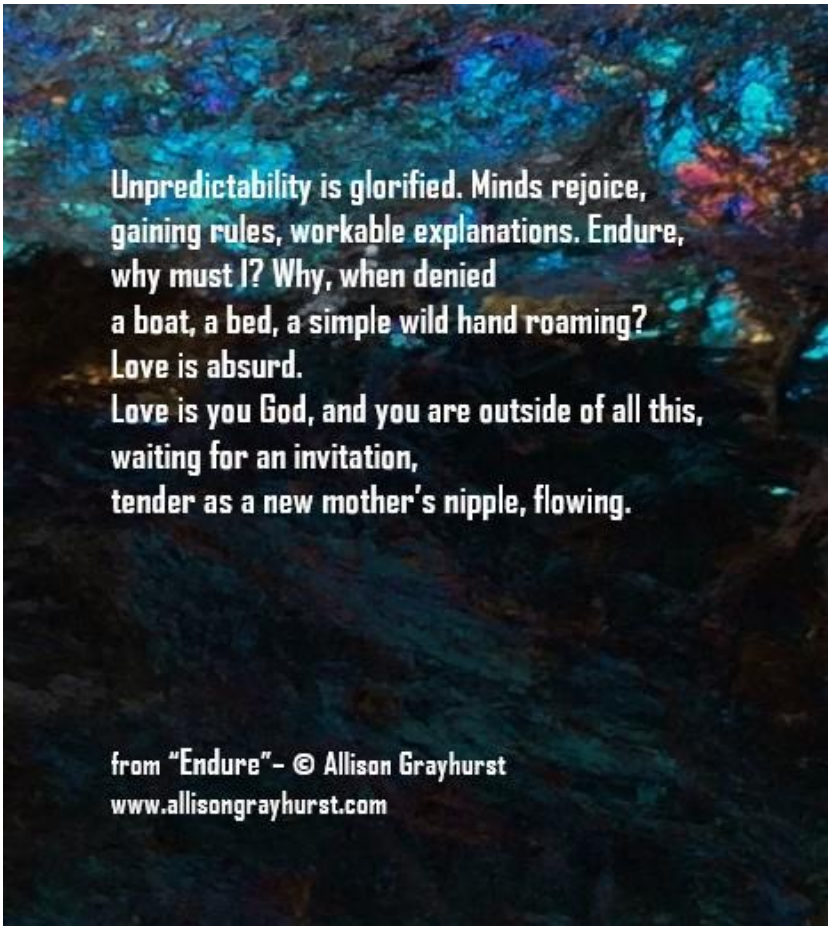
Unpredictability is glorified. Minds rejoice,
gaining rules, workable explanations. Endure,
why must I? Why, when denied
a boat, a bed, a simple wild hand roaming?
Love is absurd.
Love is you God, and you are outside of all this,
waiting for an invitation,
tender as a new mother's nipple, flowing.
from "Endure"– © Allison Grayhurst
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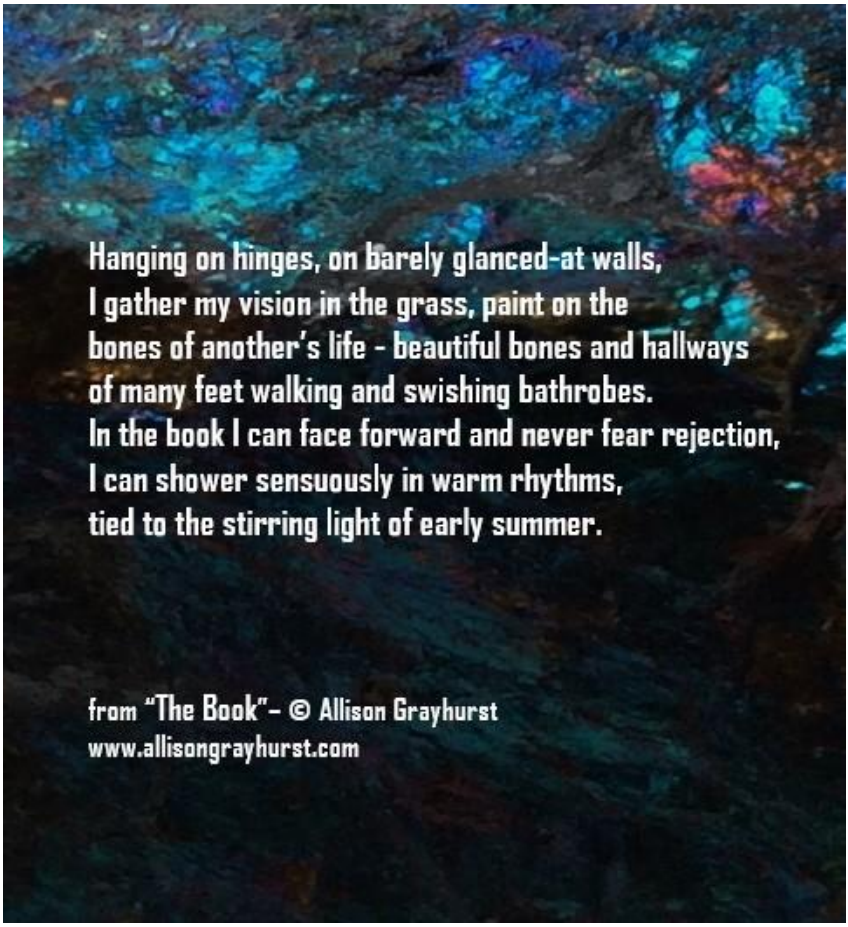
Hanging on hinges, on barely glanced-at walls,
I gather my vision in the grass, paint on the
bones of another's life - beautiful bones and hallways
of many feet walking and swishing bathrobes.
In the book I can face forward and never fear rejection,
I can shower sensuously in warm rhythms,
tied to the stirring light of early summer.
from "The Book"– © Allison Grayhurst
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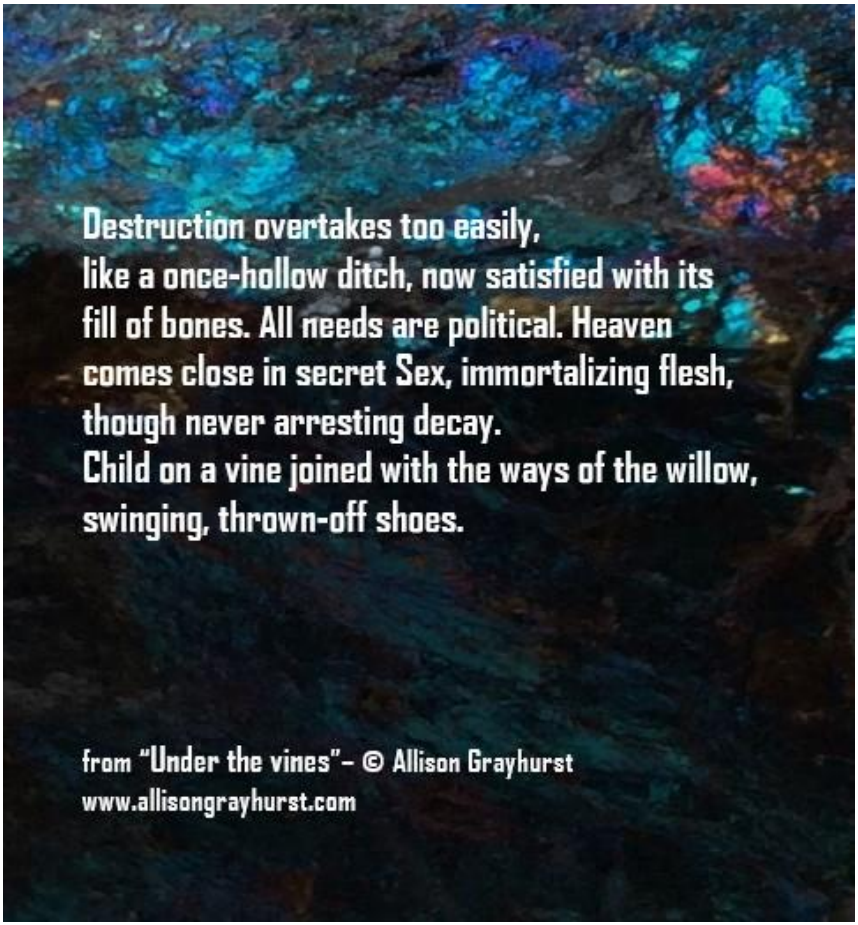

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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/01/the-book/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/08/05/under-the-vines/

If I must return to witness
the same casualty,
return to tread the sewer's underbelly,
then I will bury some love in the fall
and call the small graces
my exotic fruit.

from "Outliving the Inevitable"– © Allison Grayhurst
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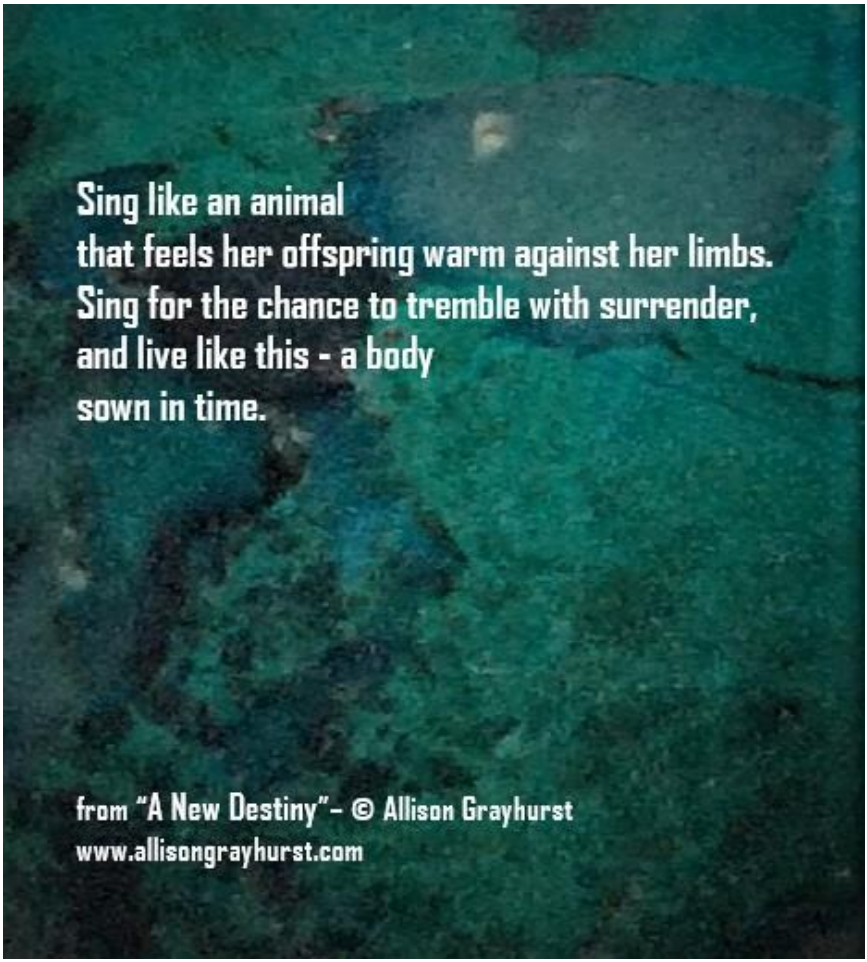
Sing like an animal
that feels her offspring warm against her limbs.
Sing for the chance to tremble with surrender,
and live like this - a body
sown in time.
from "A New Destiny"- © Allison Grayhurst
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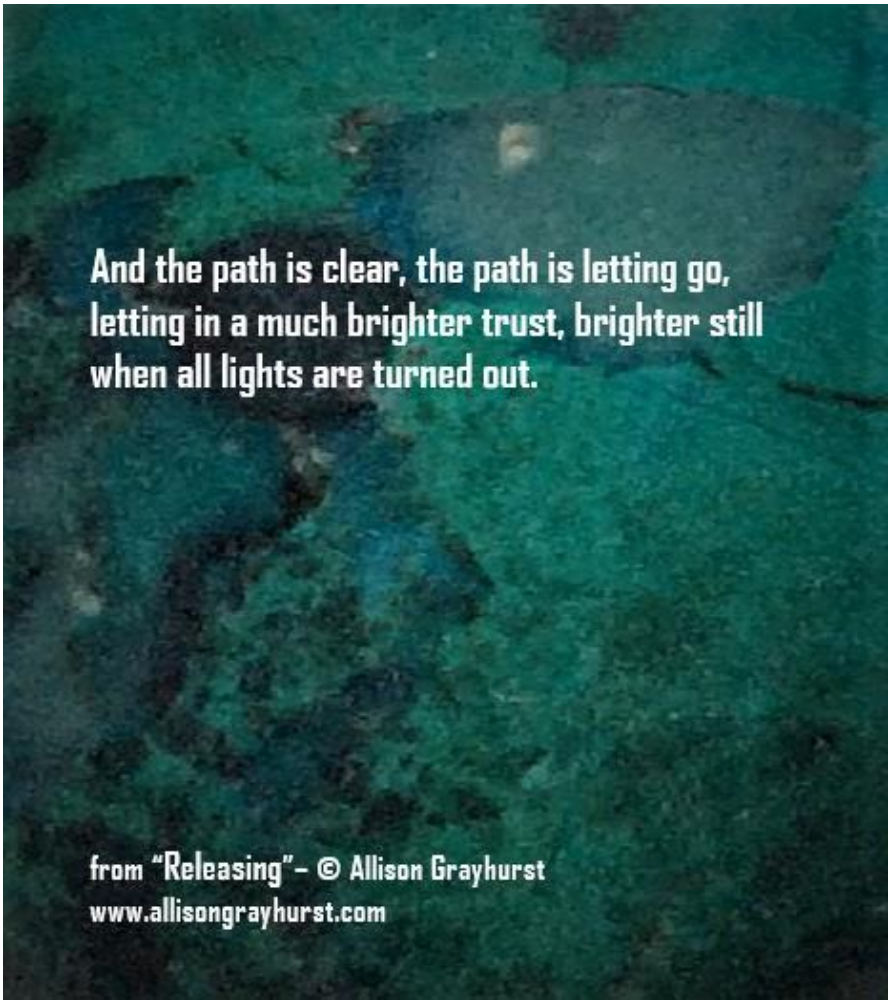

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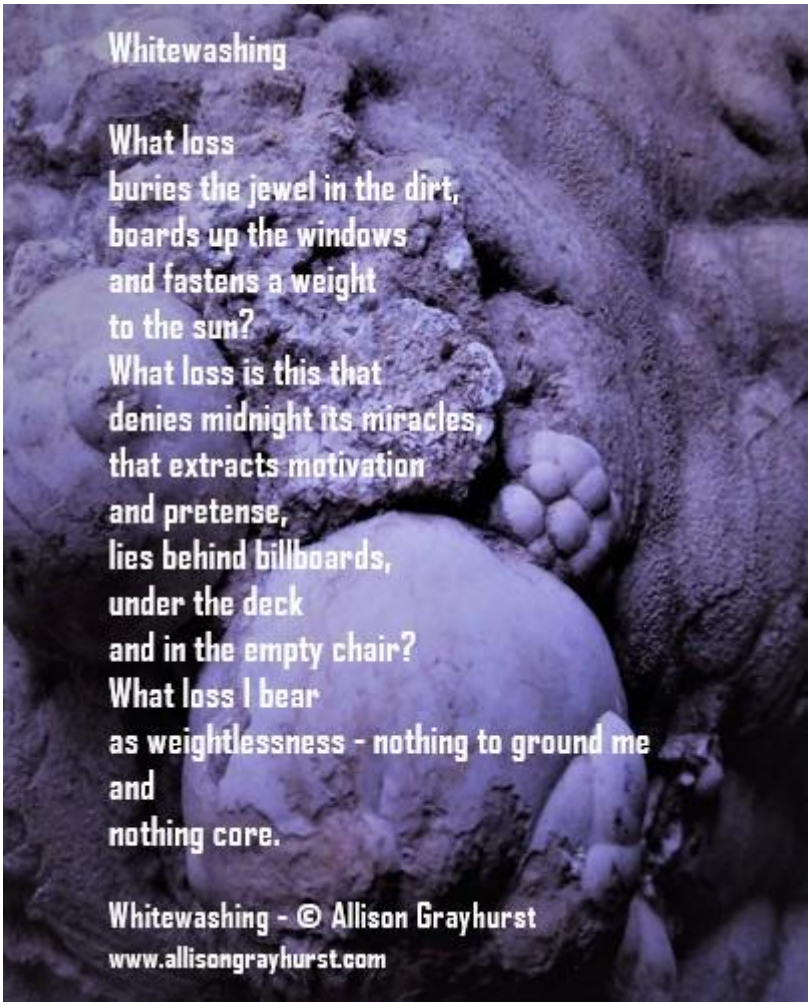
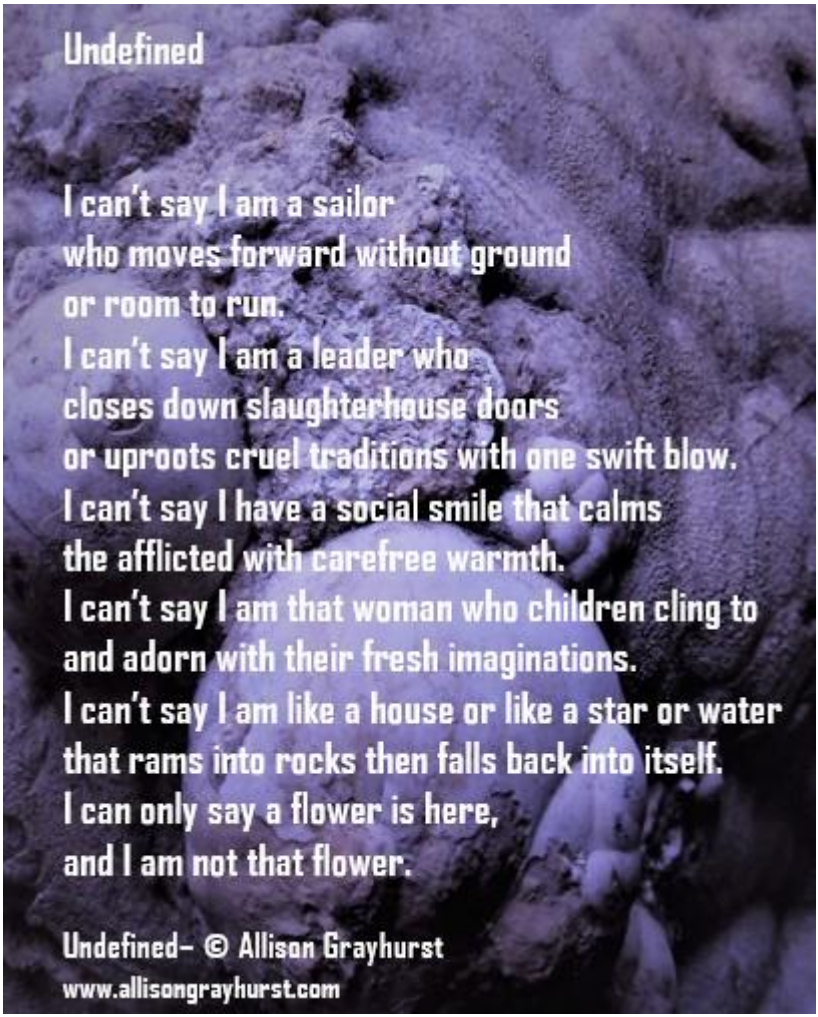

Whitewashing
What loss
buries the jewel in the dirt,
boards up the windows
and fastens a weight
to the sun?
What loss is this that
denies midnight its miracles,
that extracts motivation
and pretense,
lies behind billboards,
under the deck
and in the empty chair?
What loss I bear
as weightlessness - nothing to ground me
and
nothing core.
Whitewashing - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Undefined
I can't say I am a sailor
who moves forward without ground
or room to run.
I can't say I am a leader who
closes down slaughterhouse doors
or uproots cruel traditions with one swift blow.
I can't say I have a social smile that calms
the afflicted with carefree warmth.
I can't say I am that woman who children cling to
and adorn with their fresh imaginations.
I can't say I am like a house or like a star or water
that rams into rocks then falls back into itself.
I can only say a flower is here,
and I am not that flower.
Undefined– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2011/12/29/whitewashing/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/24/undefined-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/30/childhood-cracked-2/

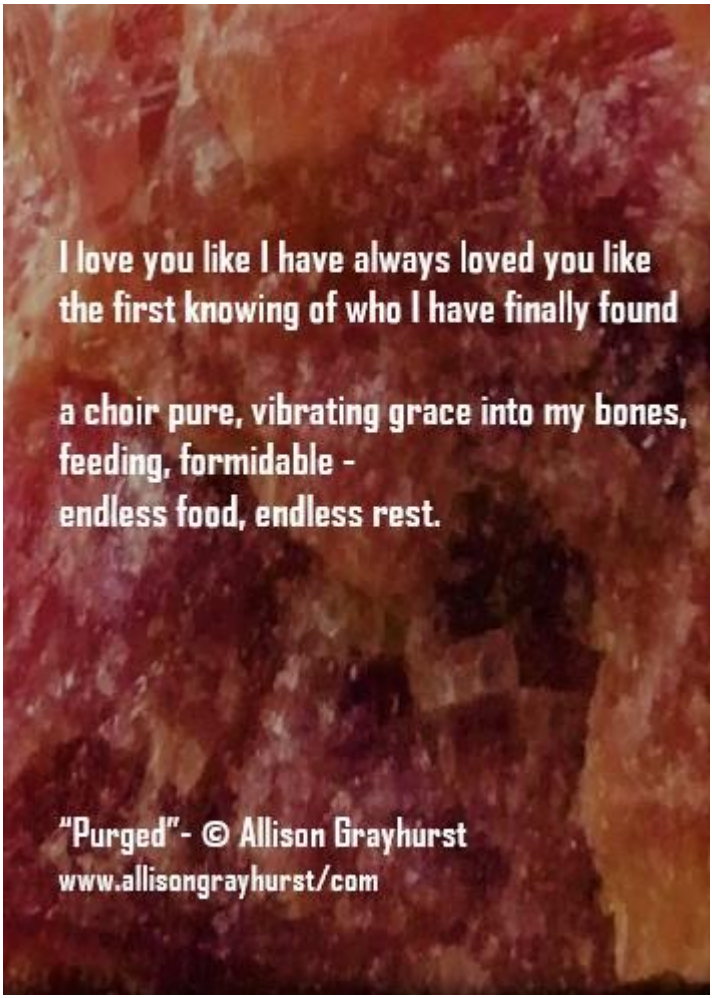
I will return
from infinite dying
and the conscious swallow.
I will say – I will not want,
be a daughter of the root and caterpillar climb.
If there is anything worth keeping
I will keep it on the kitchen table
feed it blueberries, honor its language,
and biology.

from "If there is anything open" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I have been born

a thousand times over,
flaked into existence by
force, by will and by desire.
I have had my days
under the siege of physical limitations,
of bloodlines burned and bloodlines
mended. There is no more
time for this rotating scheme,
no space for waiting
or for continuing. I stop here. Unplugging the
flow, breathing only because
I want to, because
this skin that is mine is
the last skin I will ever claim
as the landscapes I drop, drop, then
drop me.

"I have been born"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst/com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/12/21/if-there-is-anything-open/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/16/i-have-been-born/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/06/09/purged/

It has latched to your everlasting like a hosanna
riveting through each pore, breaking the bottom
again and again, breaking through the traffic
to measure you naked and
just as you are.

from "Calling" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Take this choice from disaster,
offer it the path of the impossible, a pathway into
a miracle because God counts for everything,
counts on flat and hot surfaces,
counts on the deathbed and
in the red coat
beautiful gleam

from "The Closing" – © Allison Grayhurst
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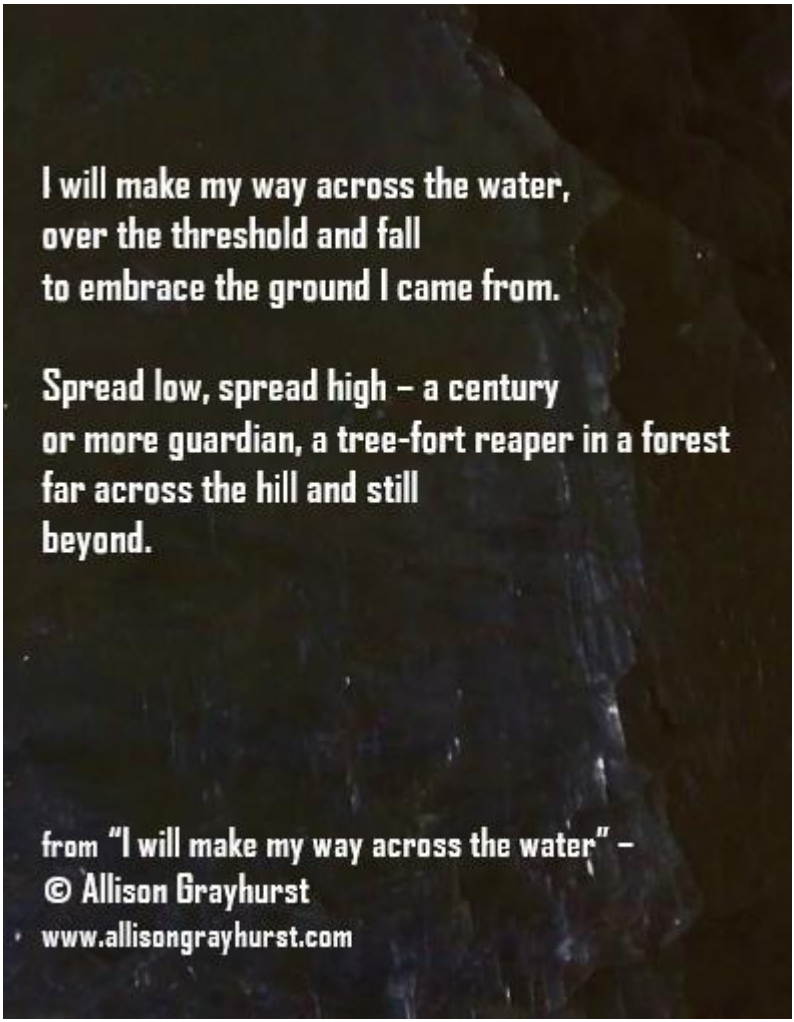

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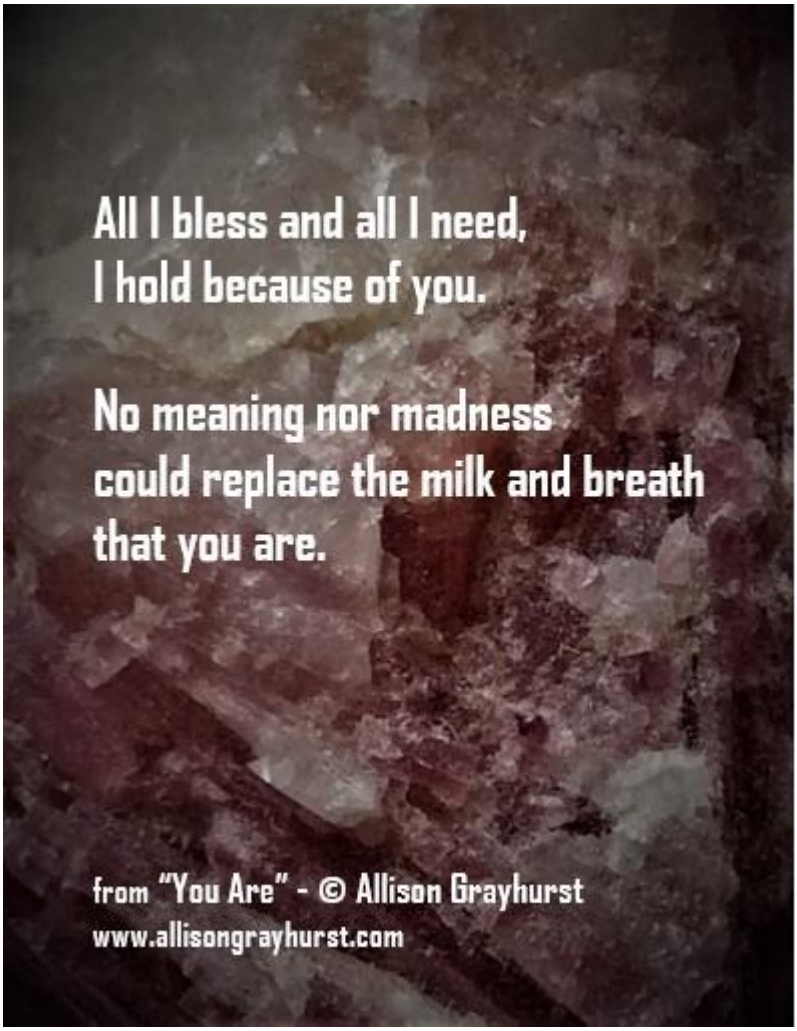
All I bless and all I need,
I hold because of you.
No meaning nor madness
could replace the milk and breath
that you are.
from "You Are" - © Allison Grayhurst
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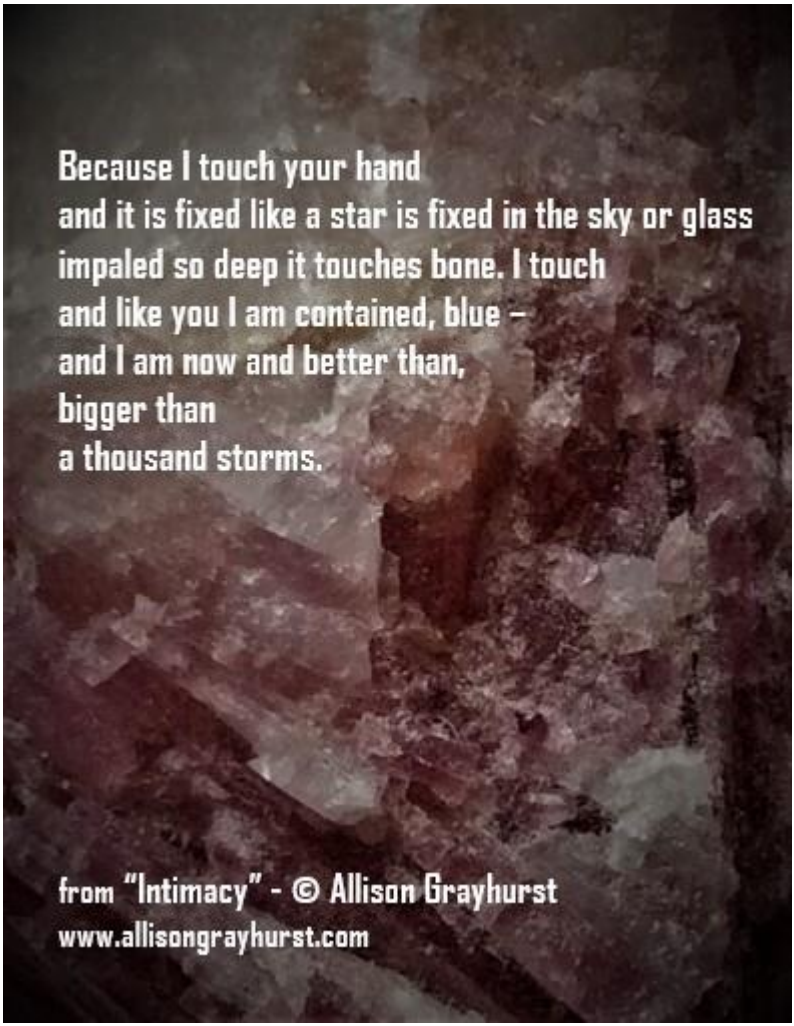
Because I touch your hand
and it is fixed like a star is fixed in the sky or glass
impaled so deep it touches bone. I touch
and like you I am contained, blue –
and I am now and better than,
bigger than
a thousand storms.
from "Intimacy" - © Allison Grayhurst
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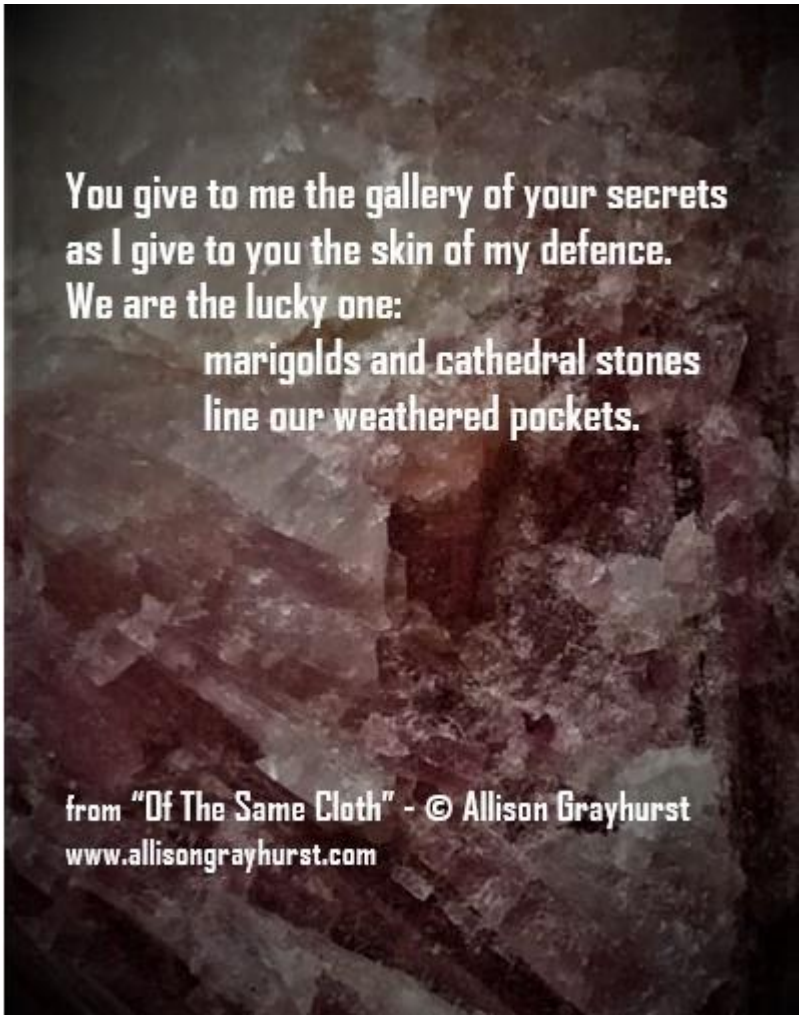

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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/23/poem-published-in-triage-monthly/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/12/of-the-same-cloth-2/

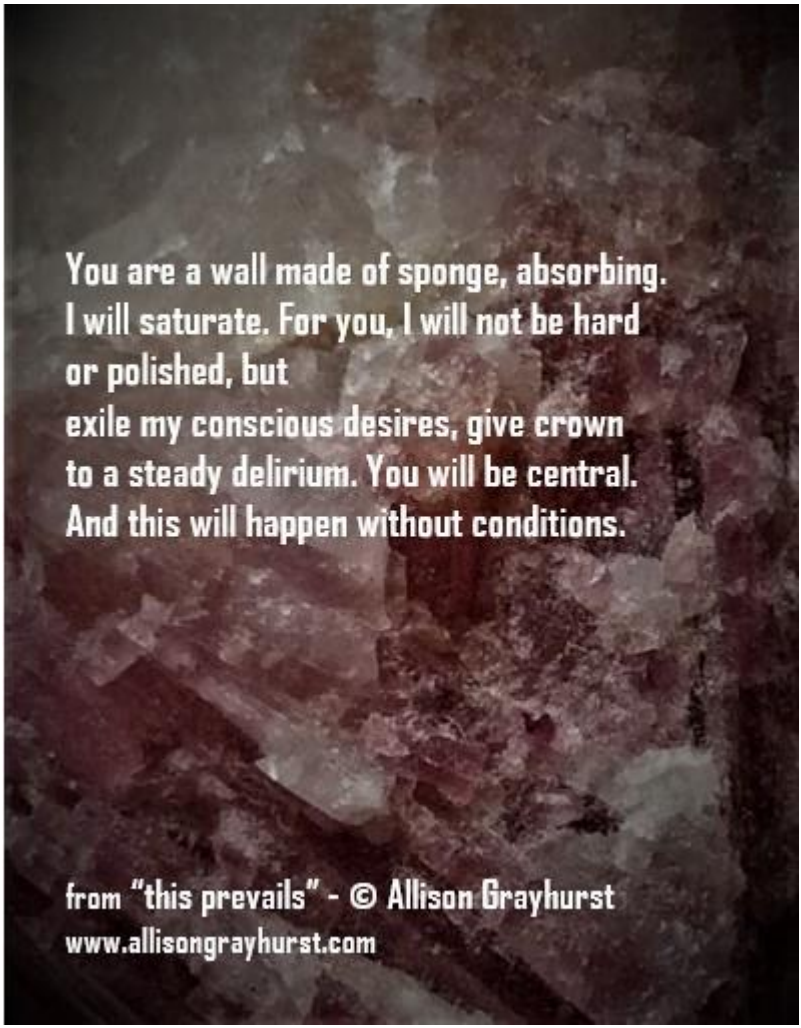
In heaven, the Earth is a vegetable left too long in
the fridge. In the mornings, I am lonely but want only
to be alone. Your breath howls, sometimes I can hear it
when you think you are sleeping. Those times I would rip
across any void just to clean your blood. Time is
laughing at us, because we've touched the flesh of freedom
and everything after that wears on our skin,
groaning, growing
as instant madness.

from "Time like..." –
© Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

At times we wish this love didn't exist,
then we could give in to what lies beyond
the cliff, defend our exit, salt the Earth
with a dramatic departure.

Those times, we hear a desolate chorus rising
and we vanish completely into its volcanic siren wind.
Other times, we talk. We watch squirrels dance across
our backyard trees, make tea, passing domestic glances,
gladly sharing the last spoonful
of bottled honey.

from "Our Light Cannot Always Burn Whole" –
© Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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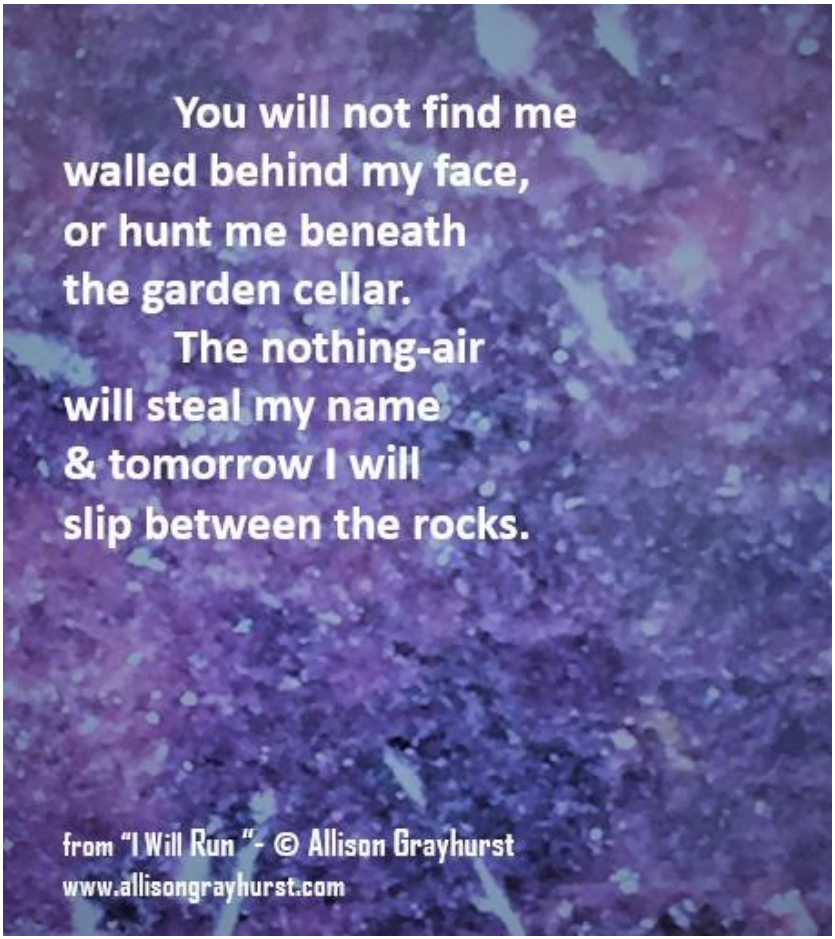
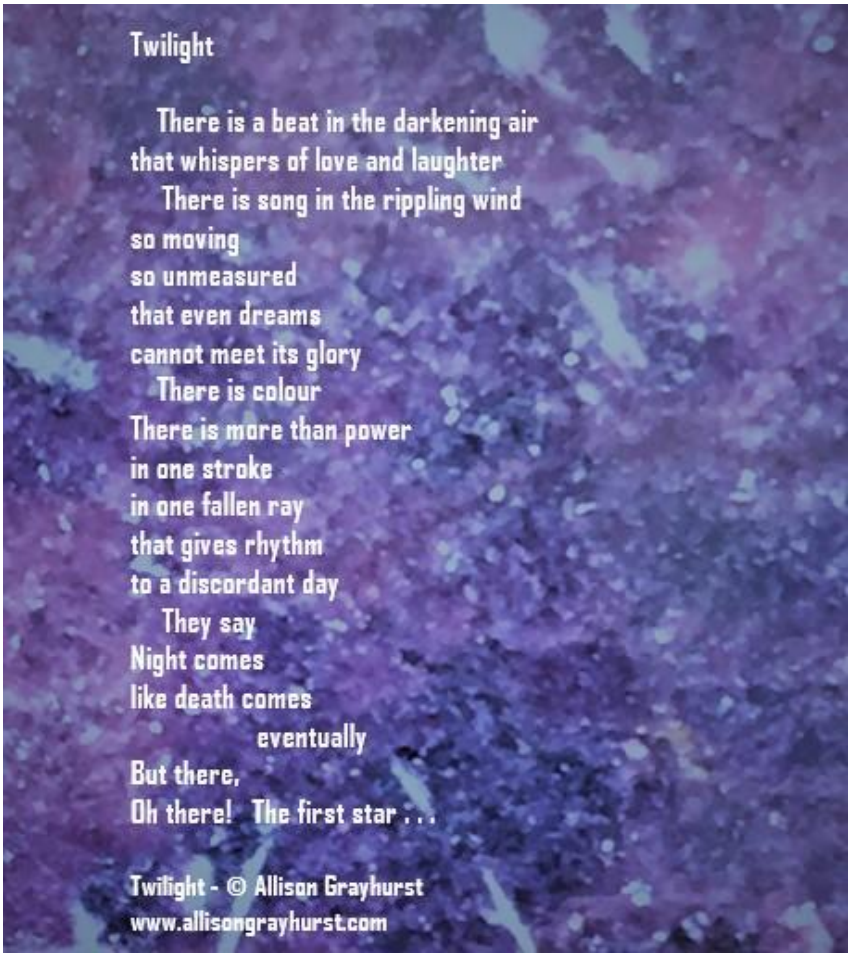

You will not find me
walled behind my face,
or hunt me beneath
the garden cellar.
The nothing-air
will steal my name
& tomorrow I will
slip between the rocks.
from "I Will Run "- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Watchman Of The Night

From the horizon
he emerges
winged man
sapphire eyes
savagely unfurling his bright feathers
He cups the salt from the sea
takes it to his mouth as nourishment -
pellets to spew at the sky
Then up!
twisting with the wind
dancing in the aura of the setting sun
His silver hair
flares the sky
his midnight lips
lost in haunting song
Chariots, tigers
race, prowl
around his blue body
Swirling, he meets the moon
and takes his place among the stars.

Watchman Of The Night - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



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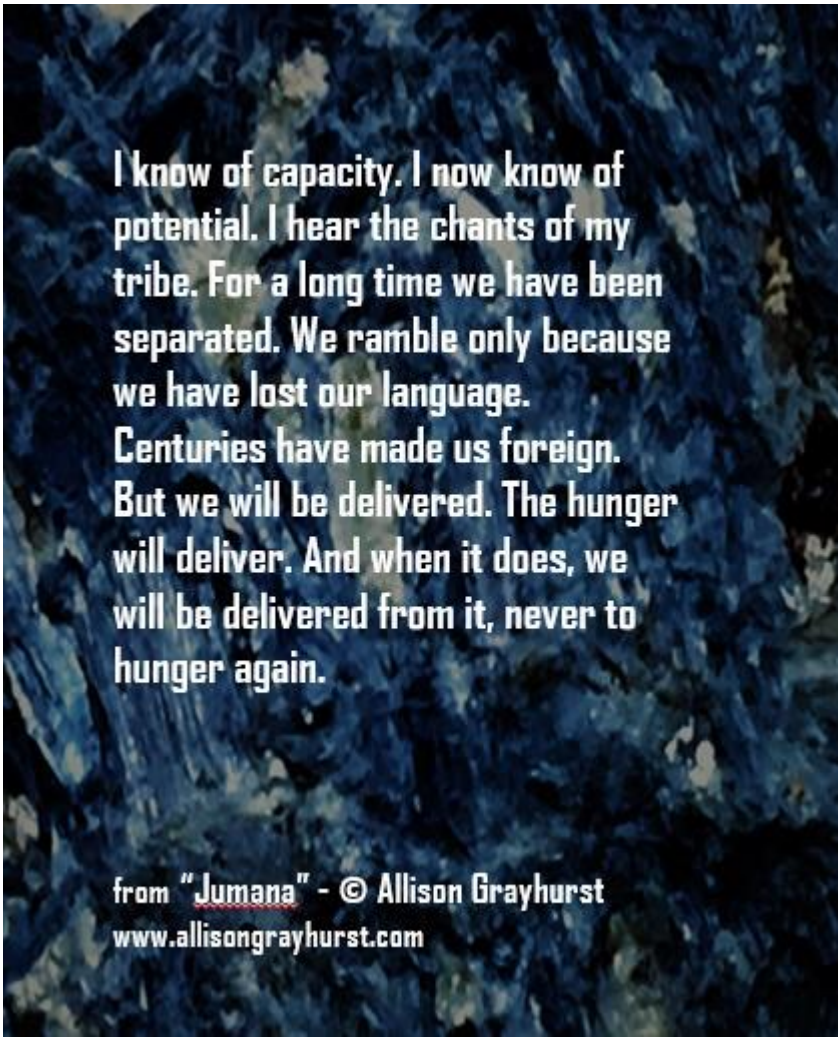
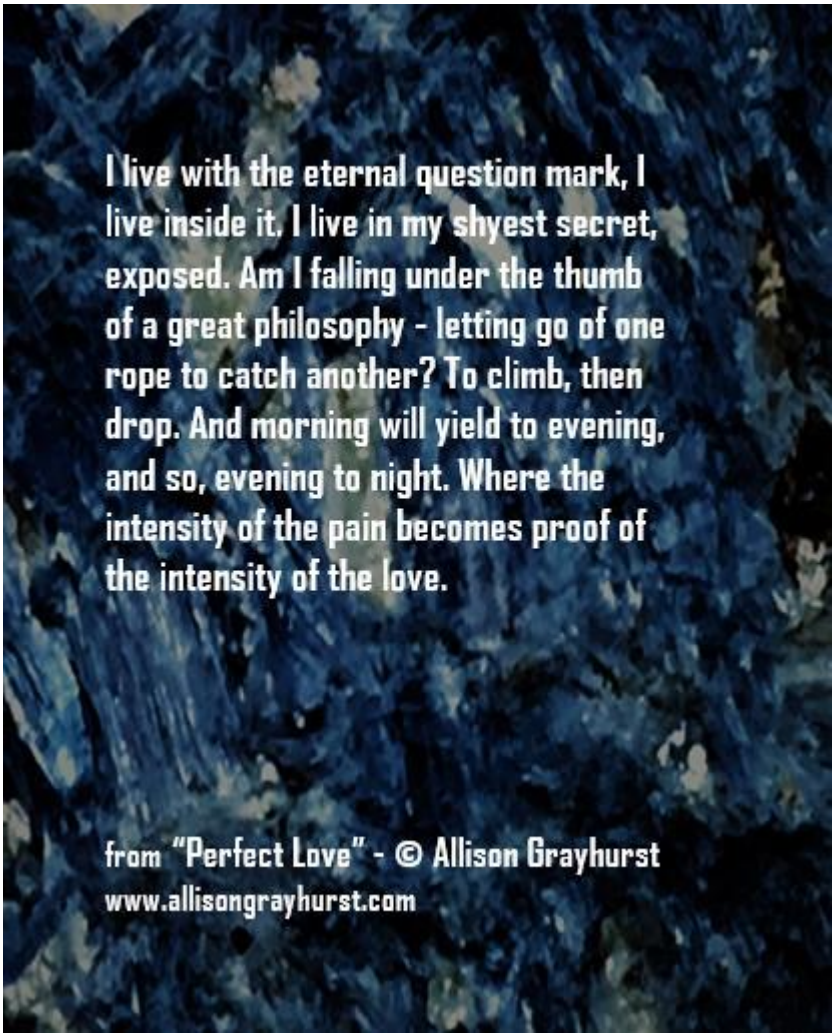
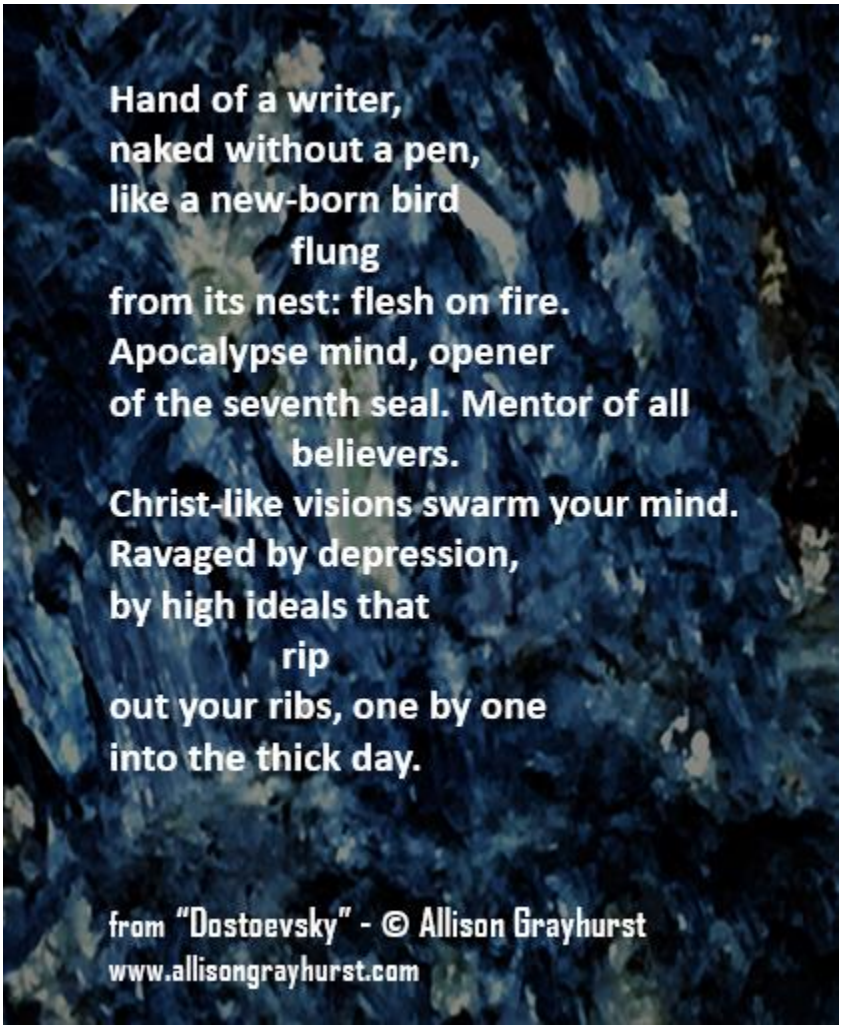

I know of capacity. I now know of potential. I hear the chants of my tribe. For a long time we have been separated. We ramble only because we have lost our language.
Centuries have made us foreign.
But we will be delivered. The hunger will deliver. And when it does, we will be delivered from it, never to hunger again.
from "Jumana" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I live with the eternal question mark, I live inside it. I live in my shyest secret, exposed. Am I falling under the thumb of a great philosophy - letting go of one rope to catch another? To climb, then drop. And morning will yield to evening, and so, evening to night. Where the intensity of the pain becomes proof of the intensity of the love.
from "Perfect Love" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/15/perfect-love-2/

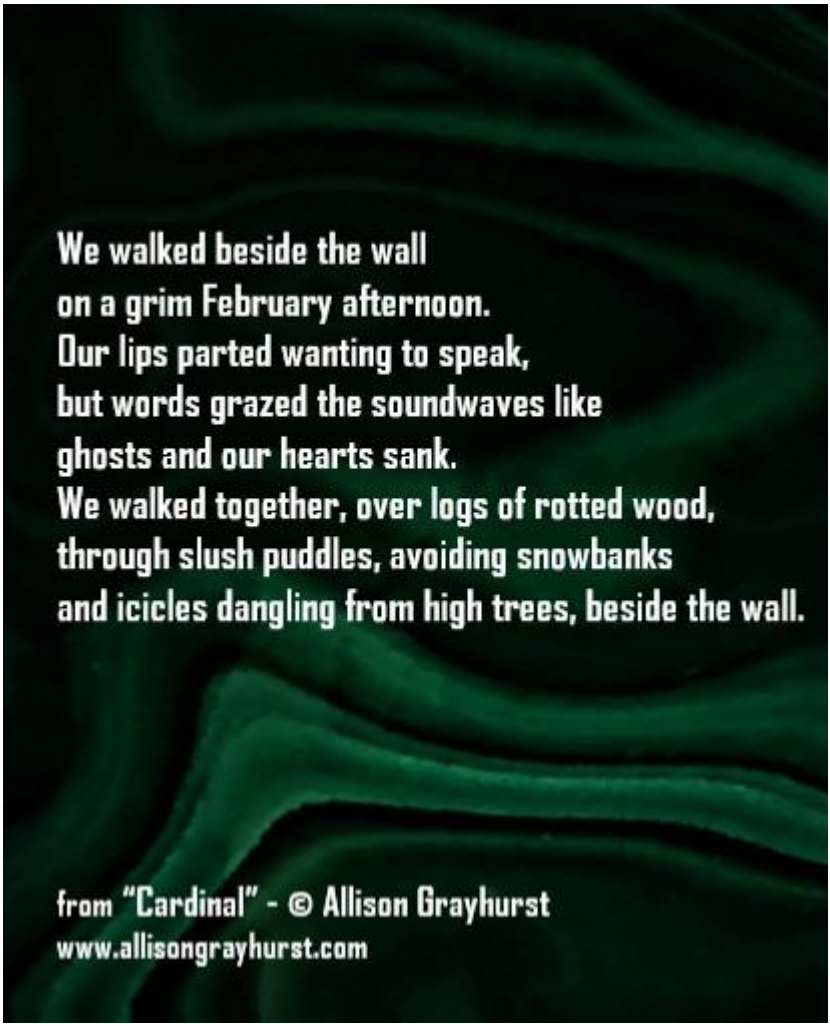
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/19/jumana/

Because there is early morning, peppermint tea,
and love abides in everything living,
I can walk another step, another day,
bury the corpse of a treasured friend,
and place something beautiful
(a stone, a whisper) beside the grave.

from "Because it is a Stone" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Crystal patterns converging. A crack muted,
a rift mended and filled, memories
and the harshness of a permanent end.
Two islands to surrender to,
two secrets painted on the beach,
on the backyard shed, in the inside,
giving in fully to emptiness overtaking,
as the calm begins to carve out a niche
where it can revive, return pure, all parts
tethered faithfully to the wind.

from "Rodents and Wings" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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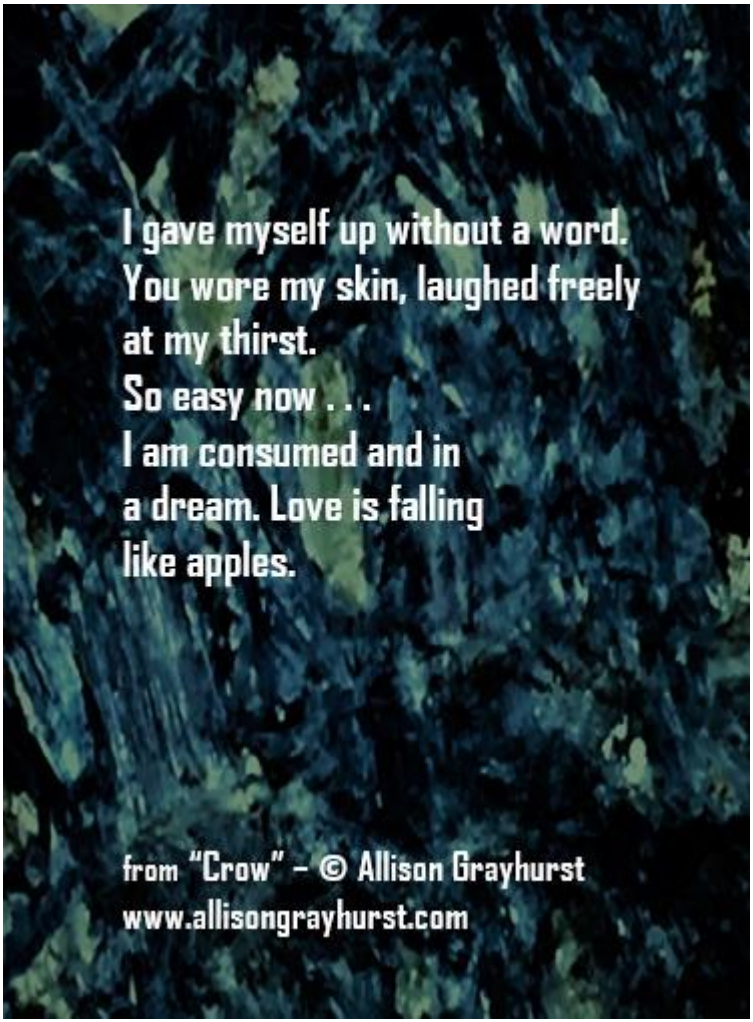
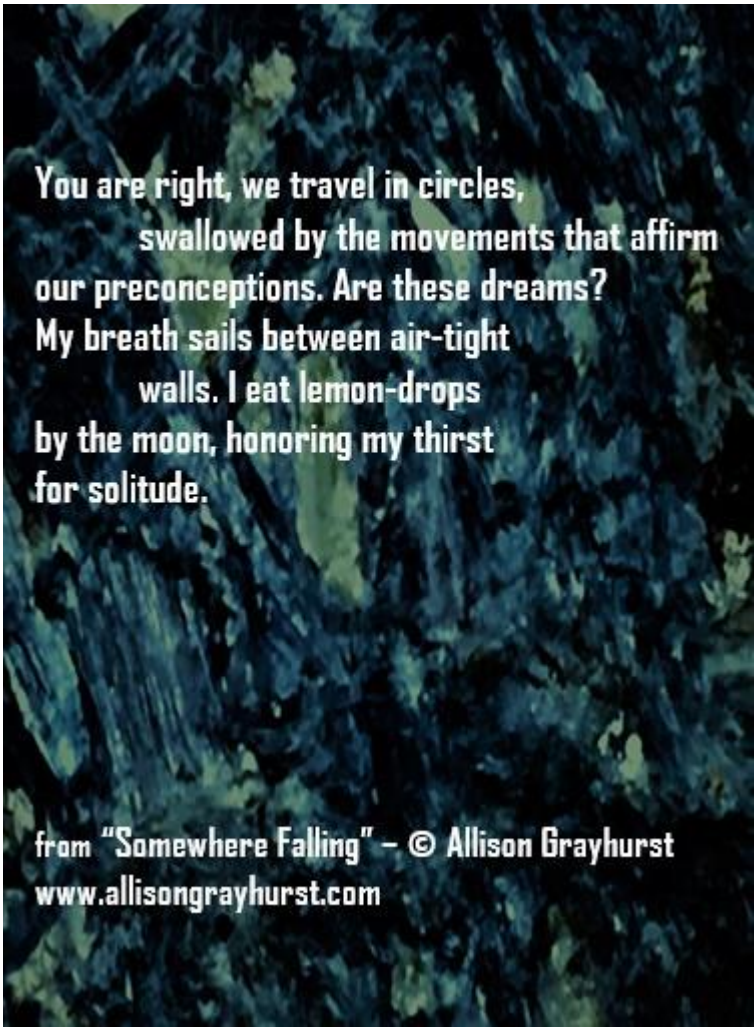
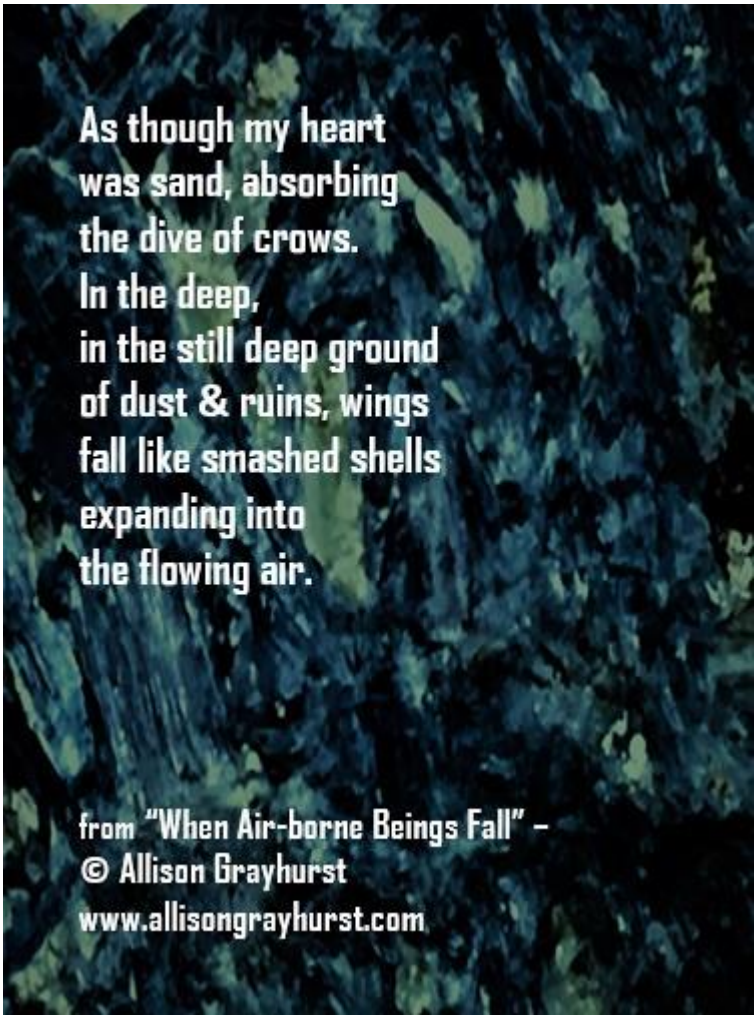
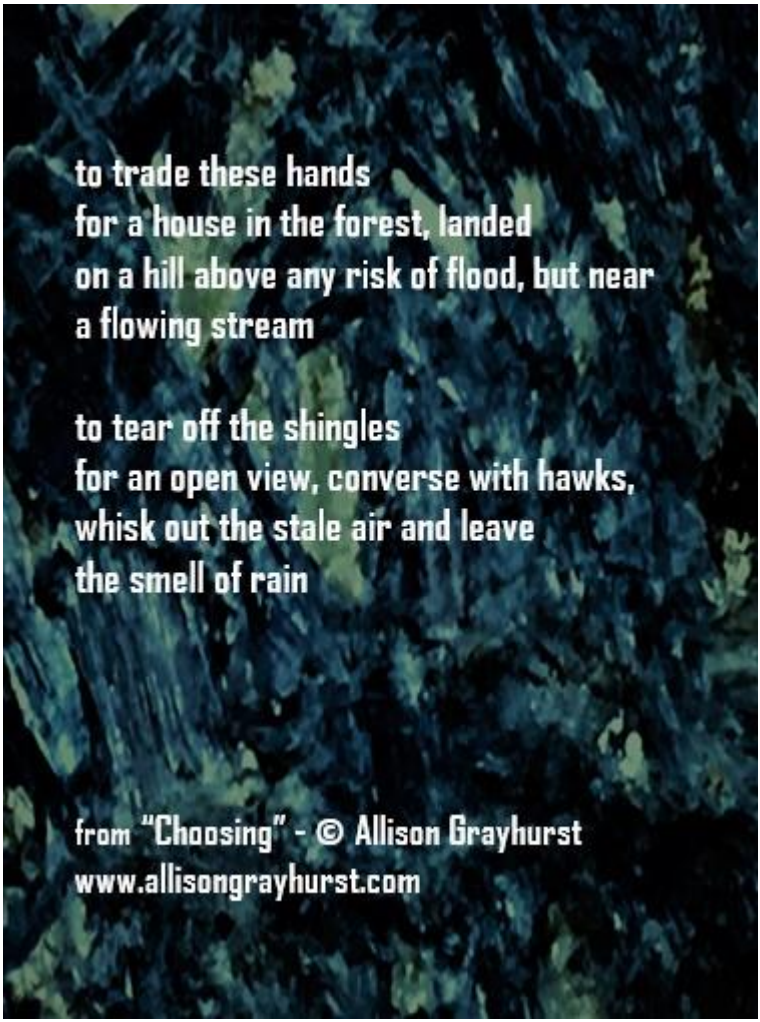

I gave myself up without a word.
You wore my skin, laughed freely
at my thirst.
So easy now . . .
I am consumed and in
a dream. Love is falling
like apples.
from "Crow" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


You are right, we travel in circles,
swallowed by the movements that affirm
our preconceptions. Are these dreams?
My breath sails between air-tight
walls. I eat lemon-drops
by the moon, honoring my thirst
for solitude.
from "Somewhere Falling" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


As though my heart
was sand, absorbing
the dive of crows.
In the deep,
in the still deep ground
of dust & ruins, wings
fall like smashed shells
expanding into
the flowing air.
from "When Air-borne Beings Fall" –
© Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/17/crow-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/18/somewhere-falling/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/28/when-air-borne-beings-fall-2/

Because of course

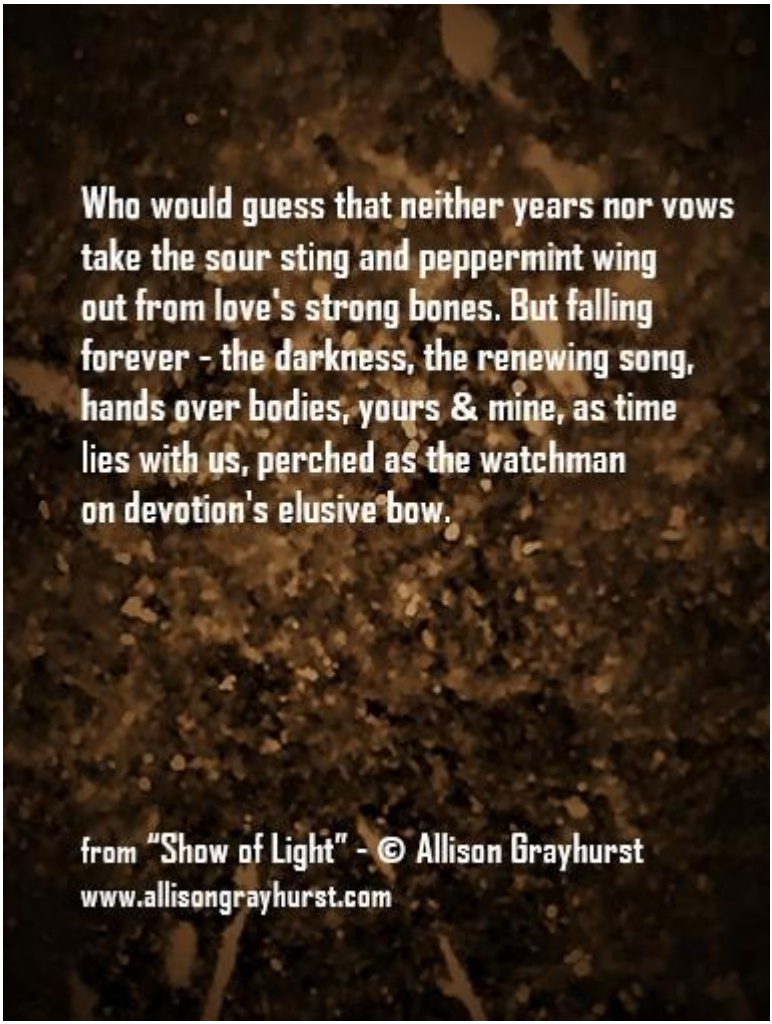
you will go with summer
never knowing a remedy.
You will go beyond where you go
around the ninth and final life, ducking
in dark boxes to fade finally alone,
away from instinct and nurturing.
You will go into the natural earth,
and from there, my vision staggers and
cannot name, but caught
on the wind, in sensual shades
of forgiveness mighty & forever,
you will know a place unhindered by death.
You will hear the secret
your pale eyes
have always harboured.

"Because of course" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Home is a birthday cake,
a painting etched in crimson
light. The cats are intently watching.
The sounds outside are few. One lover
is sleeping, the other breathes in
the wintry view.

Like a cleansing, like an unmarked page
or a slice of Italian bread,
the snows descend, bringing warmth
to the veins, bringing the comfort
of sweaters and knitted socks, bringing
bodies together and the year to an end.

from "First Snow of Winter" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/21/because-of-course-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/27/first-snow-of-winter-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/04/show-of-light-2/

Spring, he will never experience again, nor know
the scent of a pent-up life released like
sunflowers blooming, or the feel of the moon,
colder but more comforting than being touched.

He is without time or tribe,
and like fire, he haunts
by just being.

from "Animal Sanctuary" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisngrayhurst.com

At the throat, brushed green like tile I shine.
The devil says "hum-drum"
as the eel struggles, futile like a wagging tail.
So many broken, hating
with the hardness of crocodiles
and ants, pulling along their dead,
to consume, knowing nothing
of sorrow or forgiveness.

from "elegy of this day" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisngrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/01/animal-sanctuary/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/12/elegyof-this-day-being/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/18/beyond-instinct-or-dreams-2/

rolling
through cross-waves with creatures captured
by a dark density like
myself, shaded, loose at the extremities, compact
at the core, thriving on plateaus of deep pressure,
salty flavours all around - so far gone from walking
that legs leave, replaced by fins, and language is not
sound, but a full-body resonance - no delay
between appetite and attainment.

from "I moved like a moon" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Kill the poet,
ransack the diet of bliss.
Dust away all traces of inspiration,
childbirth, breath and roses.

Thumbtacks, dried-out bones are
what has stayed.
I am a sand-fish, surfing the bottom,
accumulating
duties, commitments, leftover debris
to feed my already grown children.

from "Kill the Poet" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/28/i-moved-like-a-moon/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/17/kill-the-poet/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/11/riverstones/

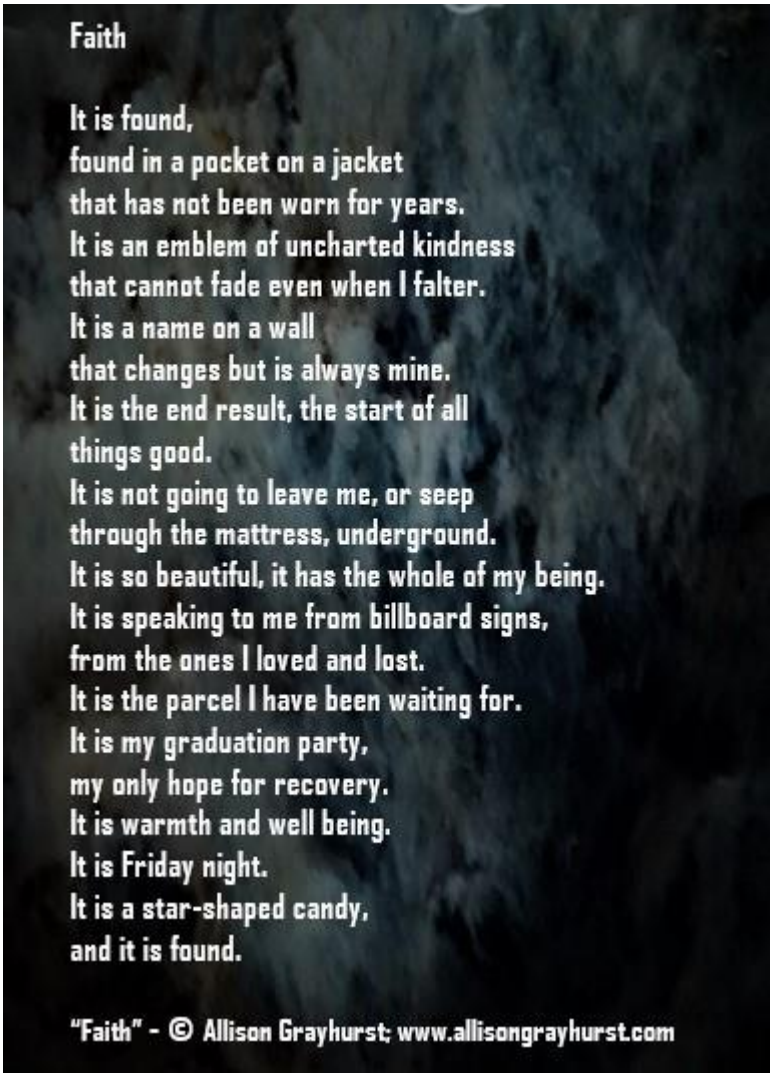
He came like light washing over the many,
entering and cleansing only the few.
He came. He is
what everyone needs,
but the pavement is thick
and the ground beneath is rich,
saturated with worms,
moving,
thick
with worm motion
moving at worm speed.

from "In The Thighs" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

A Change To Cherish

The days are changing
and so is the reliable reflection
I looked upon under scrutiny.
Gone is the waste bin of logical stress
and the appetite that never found its proper food.
Here is the chair I kneel upon,
looking beyond. Like all great things coming, change is
a handful of sand that must be chewed, ingested
and joined to the bloodstream.
The old disappears - a dew drop evaporating
in the hot rising noon.

"A Change To Cherish" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



Faith

It is found,
found in a pocket on a jacket
that has not been worn for years.
It is an emblem of uncharted kindness
that cannot fade even when I falter.
It is a name on a wall
that changes but is always mine.
It is the end result, the start of all
things good.
It is not going to leave me, or seep
through the mattress, underground.
It is so beautiful, it has the whole of my being.
It is speaking to me from billboard signs,
from the ones I loved and lost.
It is the parcel I have been waiting for.
It is my graduation party,
my only hope for recovery.
It is warmth and well being.
It is Friday night.
It is a star-shaped candy,
and it is found.

"Faith" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/21/in-the-thighs/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/22/a-change-to-cherish/

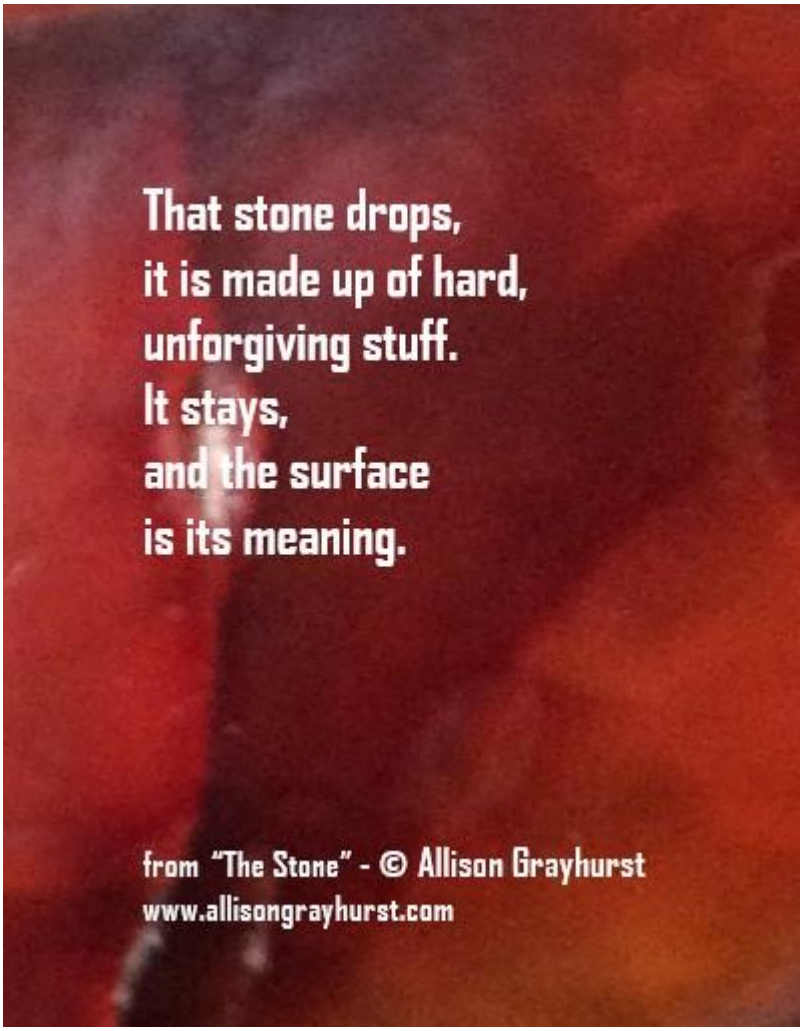
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/20/faith/

On the rafters a single flower is born.
I look to that single flower, like I look to spending
the afternoon with the ones who have endeared,
like the pulse and turn of my infant within
or a brief morning solitude -
open for interpretation.

from "Only One" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

She spoke three names softly,
and over and over their
sound ripped my skull
as if the sun itself had entered
to burn all hard-held secrets out.

from "Interlude" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/11/interlude-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/05/the-stone/

On this Dock

I hear the white steed
and the fish together
in dark obscurity.
I look at the body of water,
the children weeping to gain control.
I listen for the perishing wind
and declare to it a vigil
of telltale strength.
The journey here faces
the drive of instinct - to buckle
in and walk the safest hallway
or to carry the weight of failure
and still harbour a cry to the fox and a belief
in the many shapes of heaven.

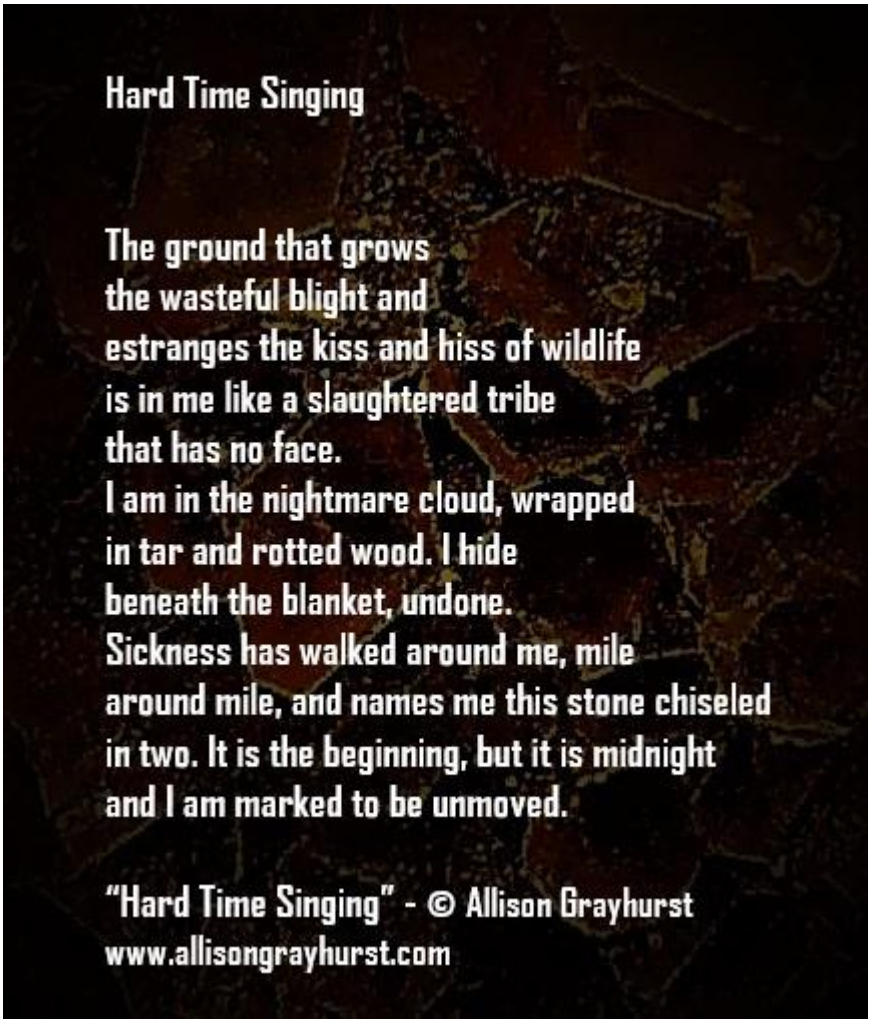
The journey knows its evening
has come and all the beautiful clouds will drop
one by one from the sky.

"On this Dock" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Flies

By dawn the flies
released their shape into
the soothing wind and what
came back was the weary pulse
of dying wings grafted to the day.
What world was this inside their
dark heads that honoured the
photograph over the experience,
that held up frivolous wealth like
a deserved trophy?
What faith was plucked with the flowers
as all their little tongues reached out to pocket
the short-term scent?
The flies live in their high castles like undergrounds
enjoying only the drive and privileged complaints.
They call themselves the philanthropists and
the even-tempered elite.
But I see them in the honey jar
and count them as already gone.

"Flies" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



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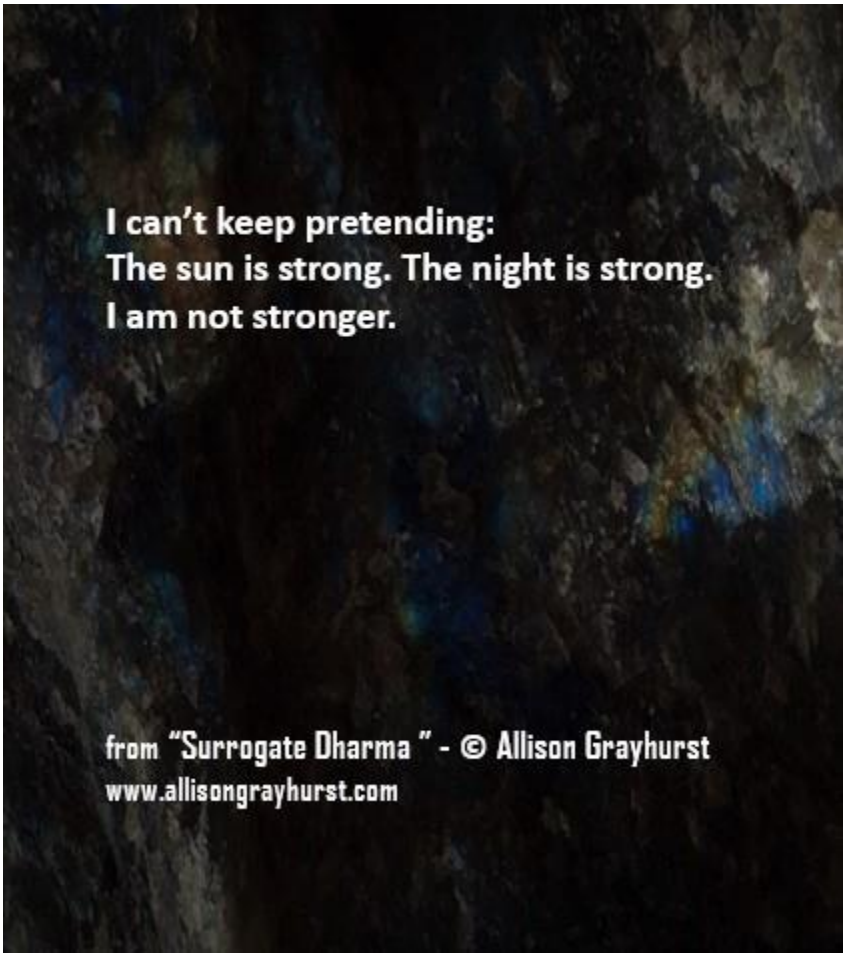
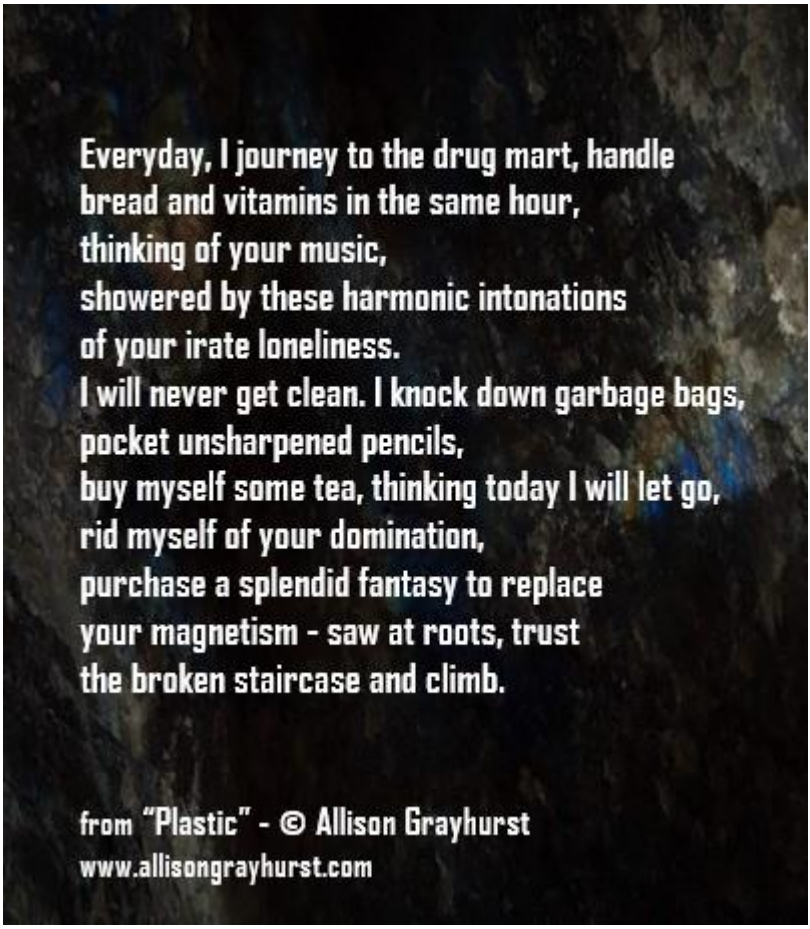

I can't keep pretending:
The sun is strong. The night is strong.
I am not stronger.
from "Surrogate Dharma " - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

A pebble is paradox like time travel is,
or a meteor entering the earth
like a man enters a woman -
a synergy of the round and the sharp,
splicing, splitting, until more
splicing and splitting, until
dependency on oxygen is born.

from "I heard a poet say" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/09/i-heard-a-poet-say/

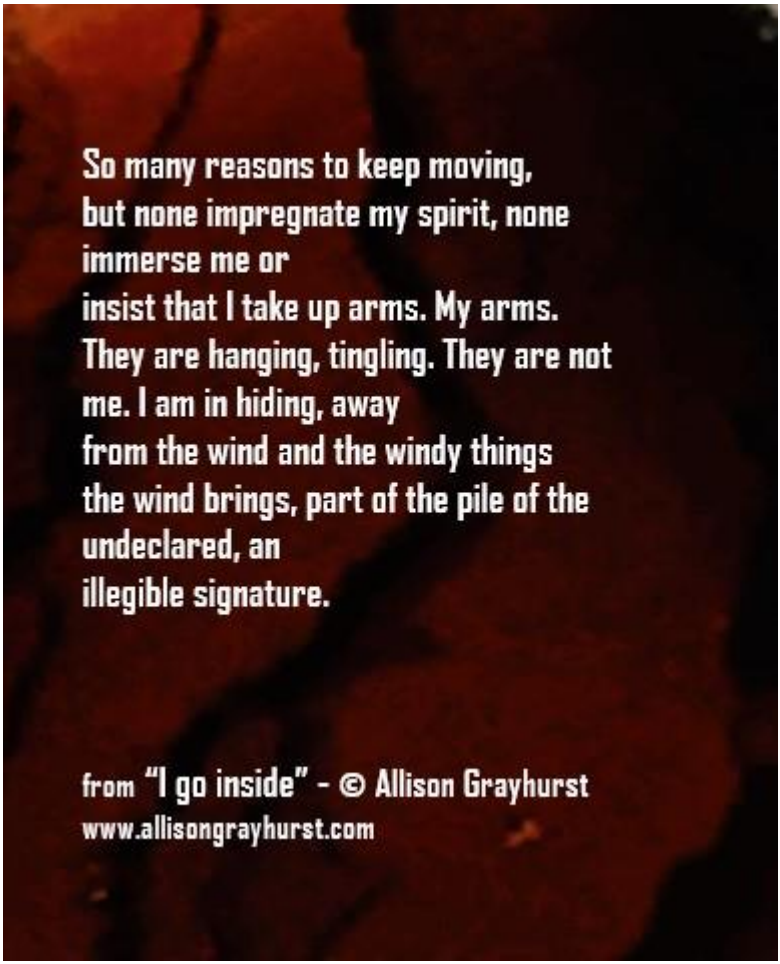
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/07/plastic/

Ride on, suddenly departing
like a magician - basking on
the threshold where you kneel and spill
your secrets into the mud.
You should have stopped, before your body
grew in stress and your mask like pale lips turned
greyer, unintentionally drained.

from "Attached" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Long ways I have loved.
For hours, I have kissed
the bridge of your nose,
conscious of my fixation. In my bed,
I offered you supremacy.
Now summer draws me away,
tells me this work is done,
asks me to go forward,
to map and mend
a child's ragdoll that fell overboard
where the ocean stretches on and keeps
no hidden crevices for toys or wounds.

from "Long ways and no ways" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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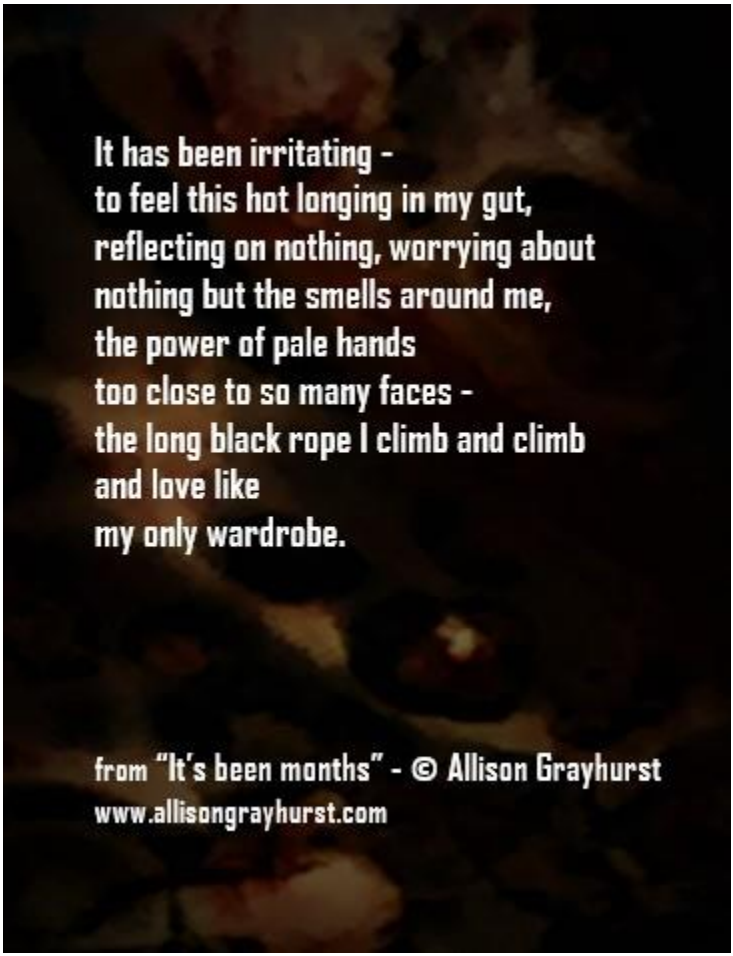
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/10/long-ways-and-no-ways/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/08/01/i-go-inside/

It is this way, togetherness:
A covenant with tenderness and speaking thoughts
only glimpsed.
The snow falls like rain as the afternoon moves
without time, our hands pressed as one,
lips and then, something better.

from "Now I Am Two" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I love differently, like I've never loved, demanding
the wind, the desert, a vigil of remarkable intensity.
Love, lacking
dilemmas. Love, like a place to play, playing,
then laying flat out and waiting for
rain, a hand, or stars.
from "I see differently" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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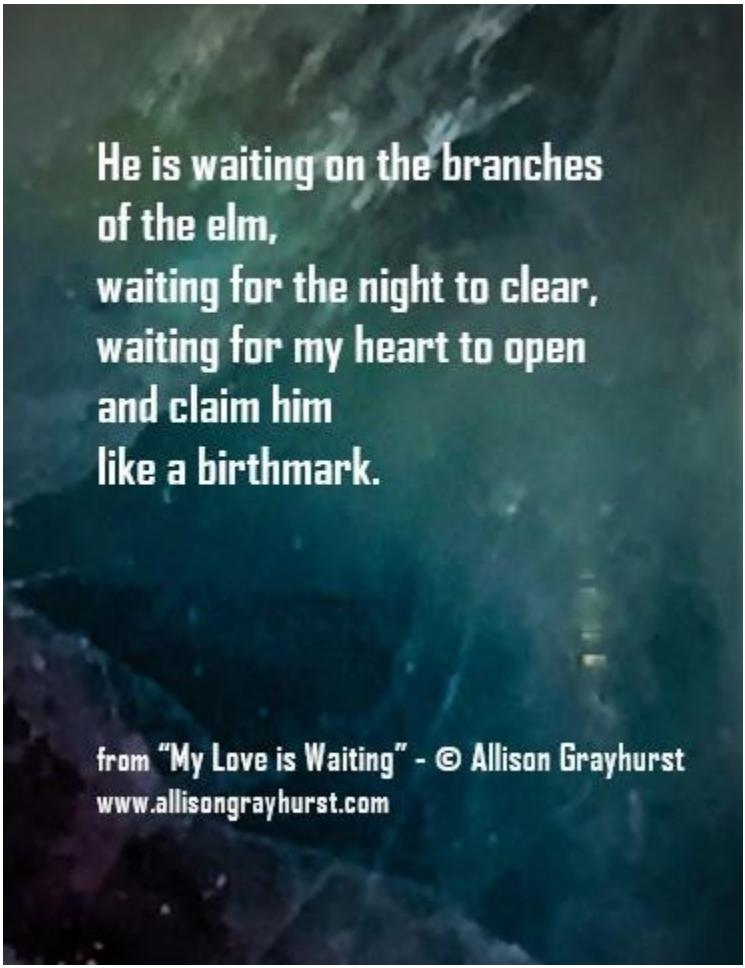
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/23/i-see-differently/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/06/its-been-months/

There is so little love,
so little to count on but the love
that continues loving despite
the not-so-hidden deformities,
despite the limitations that bind us
in these ambulance beds.
Only such love that carries
the gruesome ghost of each finite tale
can open the way to a new perfection,
to Gods' infinity of love that sees and heals
by its seeing, by its decided effort of
continuance.

from "deeper layer of love" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

The fire around you
is a bird. It will perch, nest
and then next season,
it will be gone.
Your journey is into the hail storm.
But you will be healed,
and I will go on loving you like I love you
like the humpback does its song.
from "Because I love you" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/25/deeper-layer-of-love/

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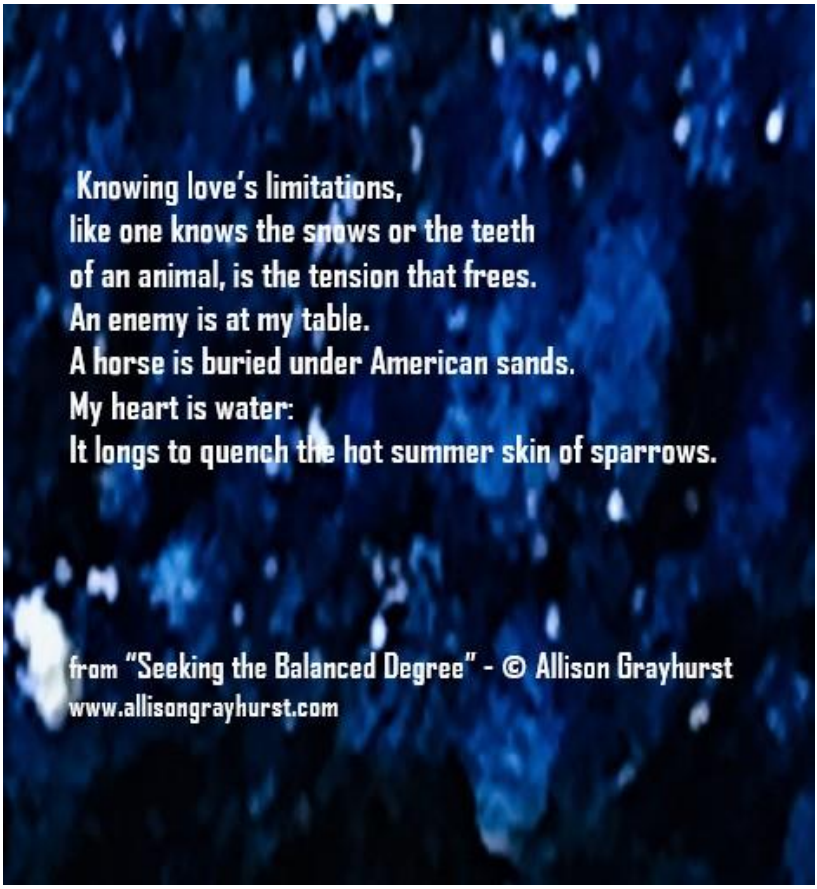

Knowing love's limitations,
like one knows the snows or the teeth
of an animal, is the tension that frees.
An enemy is at my table.
A horse is buried under American sands.
My heart is water:
It longs to quench the hot summer skin of sparrows.
from "Seeking the Balanced Degree" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

But so –
heaven is not a womb
nor a winter's twilight
intense but brief

I once saw a golden eagle
repeat its wingbeats
alone in the breeze
flapping
as if to say:
I know myself
completely.

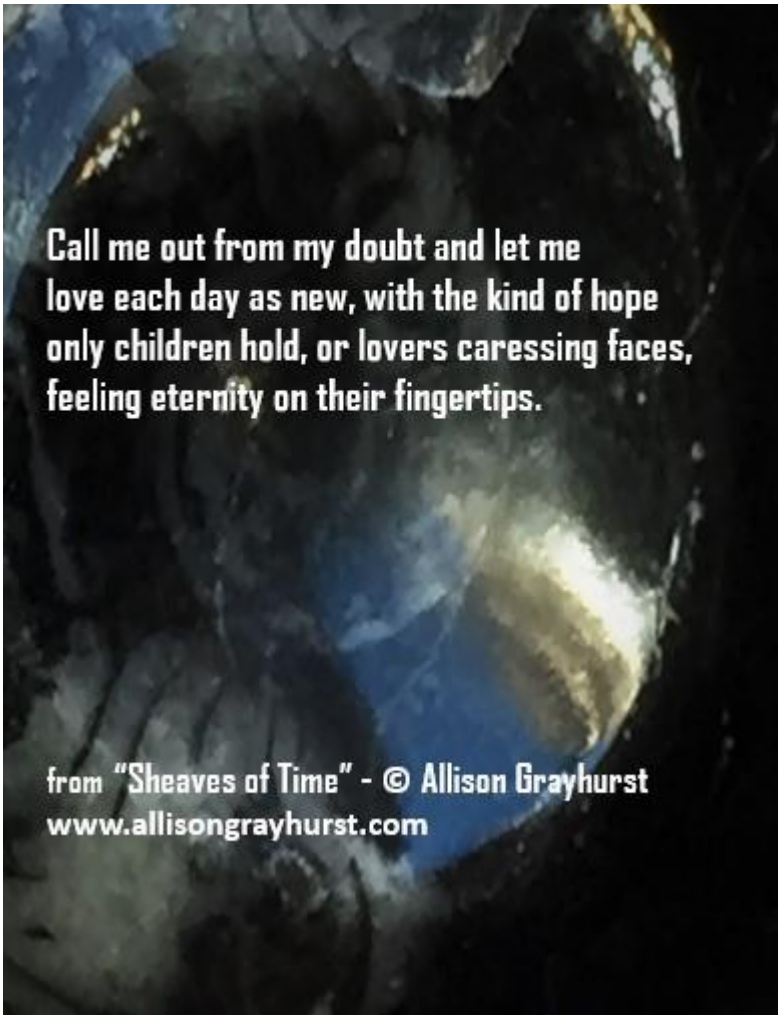
from "Wingbeats" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

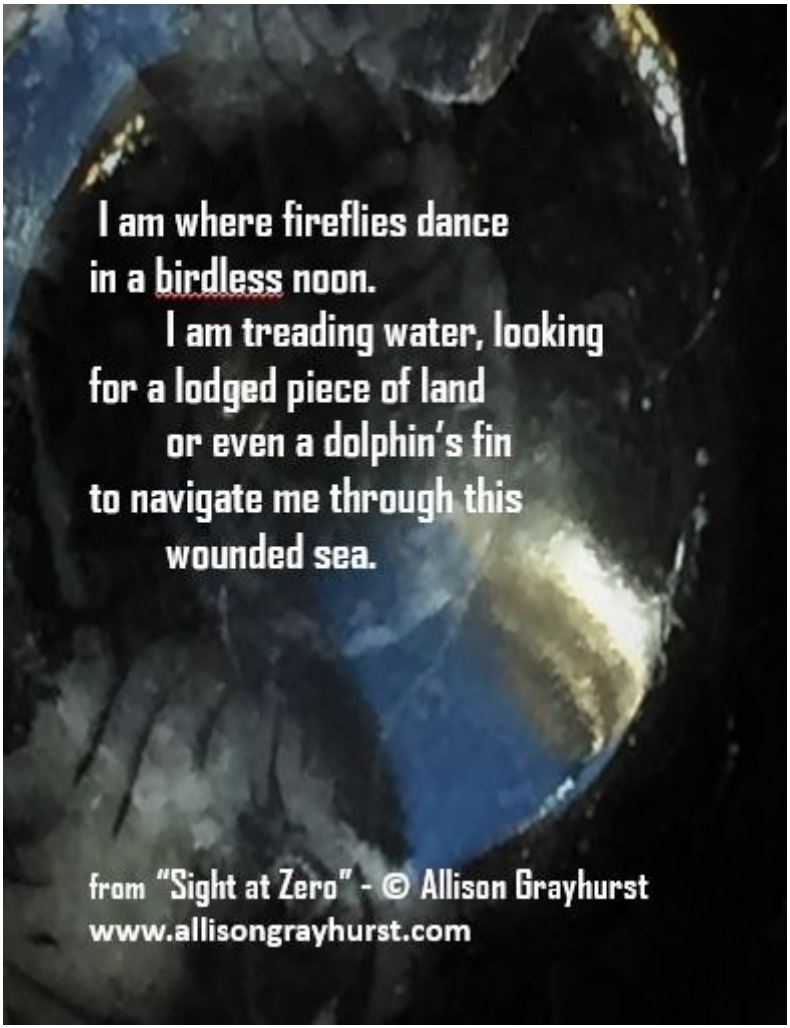
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/21/seeking-the-balanced-degree/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/09/wingbeats/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/24/wax-museum-2/

Walk low when leaping over burning fields,
into a relentless hunger.
Walk low on the land and café corners,
kindled by the sun's yellow grain.
from "Walk Low" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Call me out from my doubt and let me
love each day as new, with the kind of hope
only children hold, or lovers caressing faces,
feeling eternity on their fingertips.
from "Sheaves of Time" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/13/walk-low/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/18/sheaves-of-time-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/20/sight-at-zero-2/

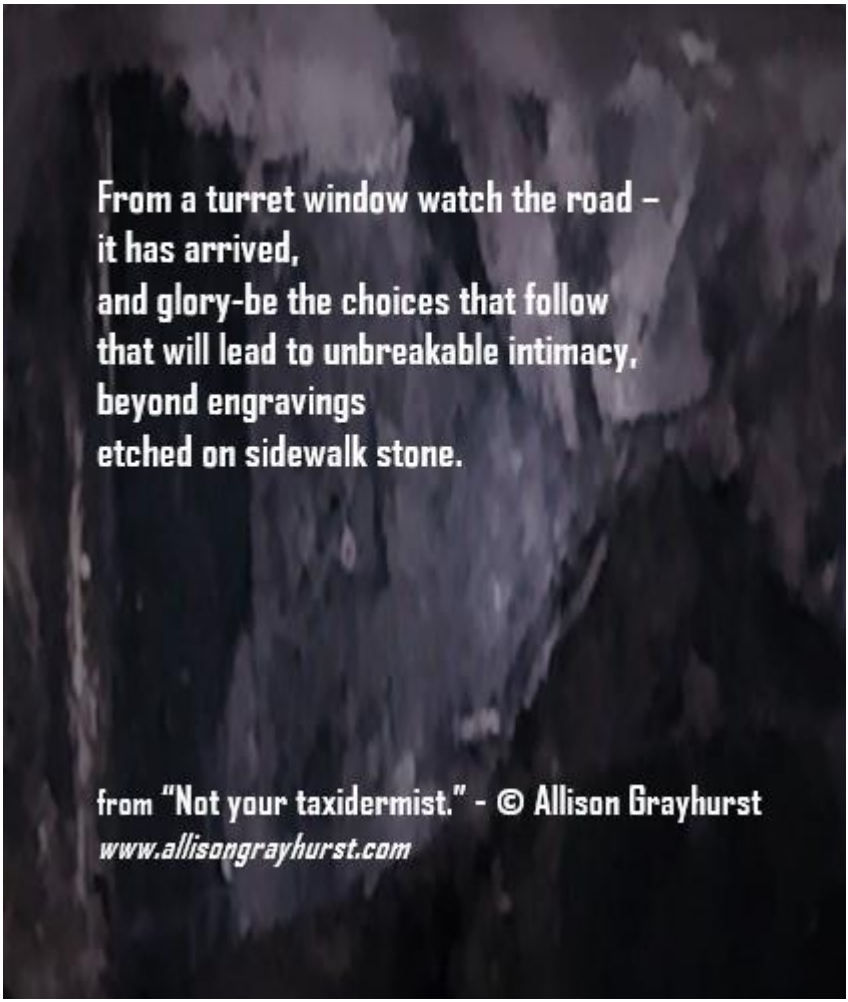
I wear that overcoat every day,
every evening curled inside of it,
smelling the nuances of the places it has been,
places of music and unrequited love -
beige now and stained dark grey.

I long to regain the taste of its first wear,
when I was the exodus maker,
keeper of the icicle, explorer of a missionary salute,
bowing down only to clean it, sure of
my perfected individuality, saying something
monumental with its sway.

from " Used blanket"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Beauty is being in love. It catches our breath, brings peace, uncovering perfect symmetry before dissipating with a thinning intensity. It shields the heart in hope, it is a glimpse of God, is bigger than dying, than death, though denies nothing. It shocks us with a sense of synchronicity, and for a moment, seeing it, we return to the source, restored.

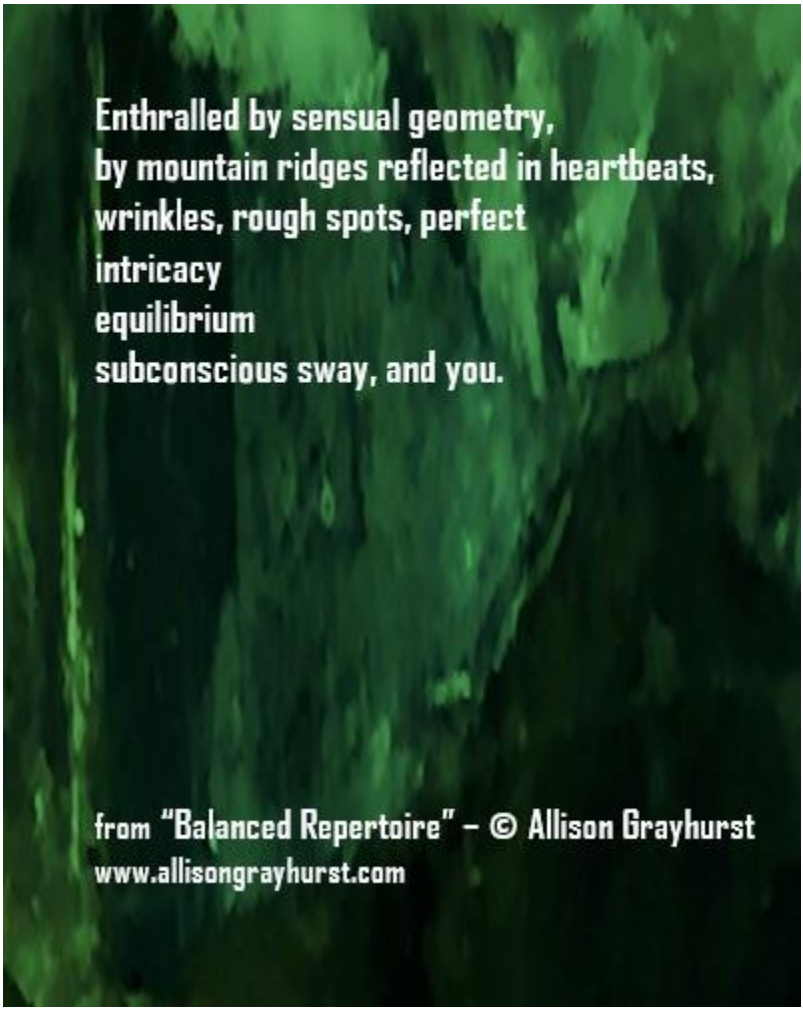
from " Beauty is"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/20/used-blanket/

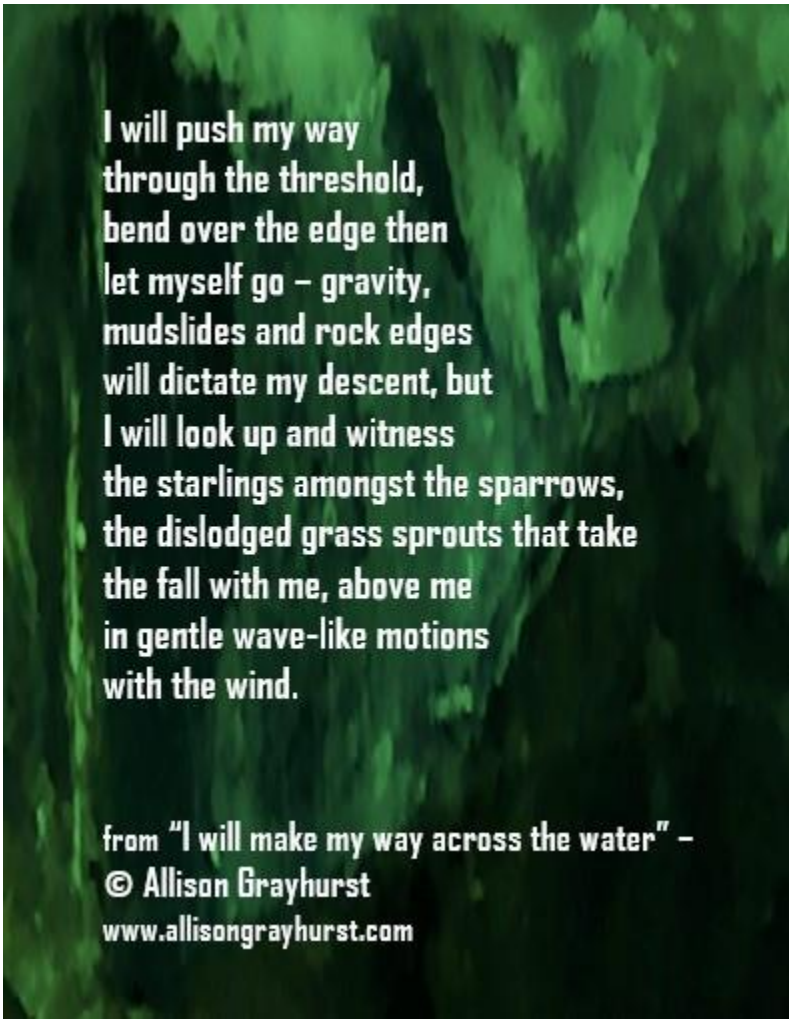
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/11/07/beauty-is/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/08/05/not-your-taxidermist/


Enthralled by sensual geometry,
by mountain ridges reflected in heartbeats,
wrinkles, rough spots, perfect
intricacy
equilibrium
subconscious sway, and you.
from "Balanced Repertoire" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

sound, woodpecker
foraging, near, nearing
spice
on my fingertips -
relaxed appropriation.
Backpacks and scarcity,
only the Zen flavour
of moving, taking necessities,
giving up newly bought coats
to strangers on buses.

from "Crystal dark" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/17/balanced-repertoire/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/04/crystal-dark/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/28/i-will-make-my-way-across-the-water/

The extremities
are beautiful as stained glass, green
as watered grass
and smells that take me over
a river, salted currents,
blooming with the long-bodied
seal, near curved mountain tops,
fresh mist, malleable fog. Humpback
dive. Cold summer winds,
oceans moving in, moving
the Blue whale, the Belugas,
the dark-fined Minkes.

from "Currents" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Leaves become teeth.
Impressions are unkind.
Your husk is broken
and your blood is a heap of
dead violets crushed
in a celebrated summer.

from "Creativity" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/08/currents/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/09/creativity/

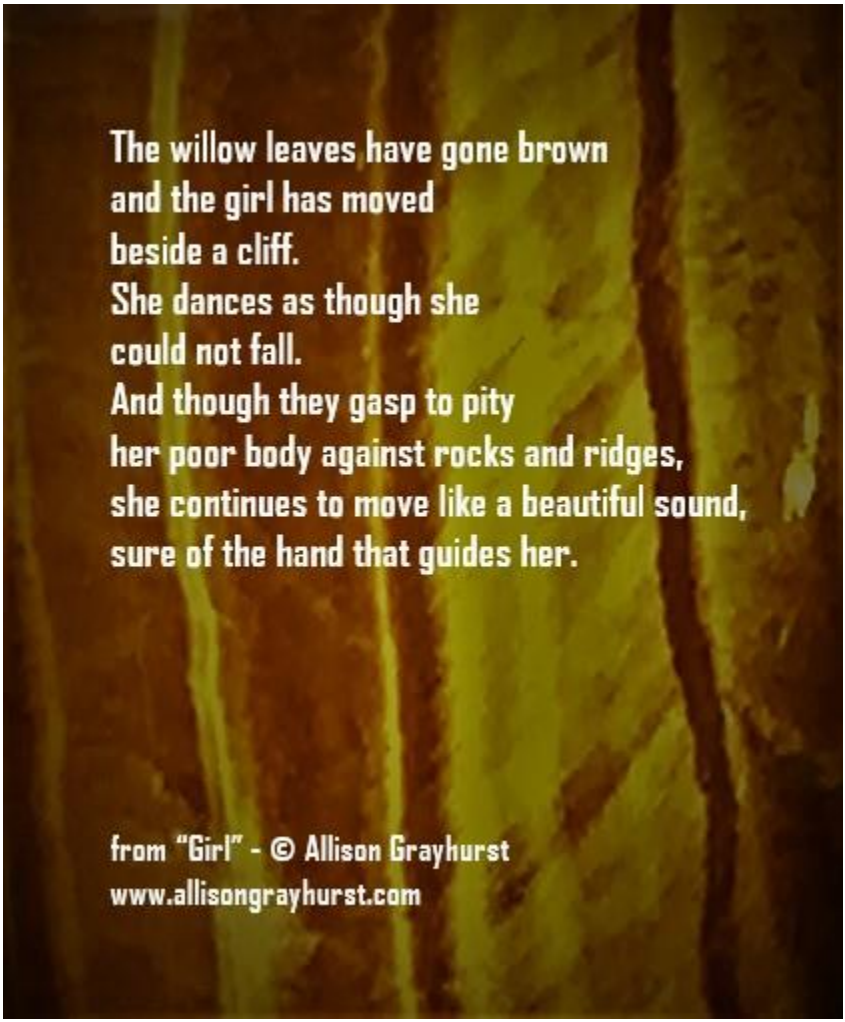
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/01/paired/

Again the stars were plucked
from her mind and the world below
leapt up and sponged her with its flame.
That summer she made a wish upon her chains
and walked the deserted farmyards.
The ravens followed her through the weeds
and heat, keeping up conversation.

from "The Ride" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

It is not my heart that fails me,
but the things outside
like the shadow on the neighbours' window
and the frightening madness
of so many strangers.
It is here and there like an insect
on my wall, like the fatherly love
I'll never find again in another's eyes,
but is with me in the coming autumn air,
and in the quietude of these joy-filled days.

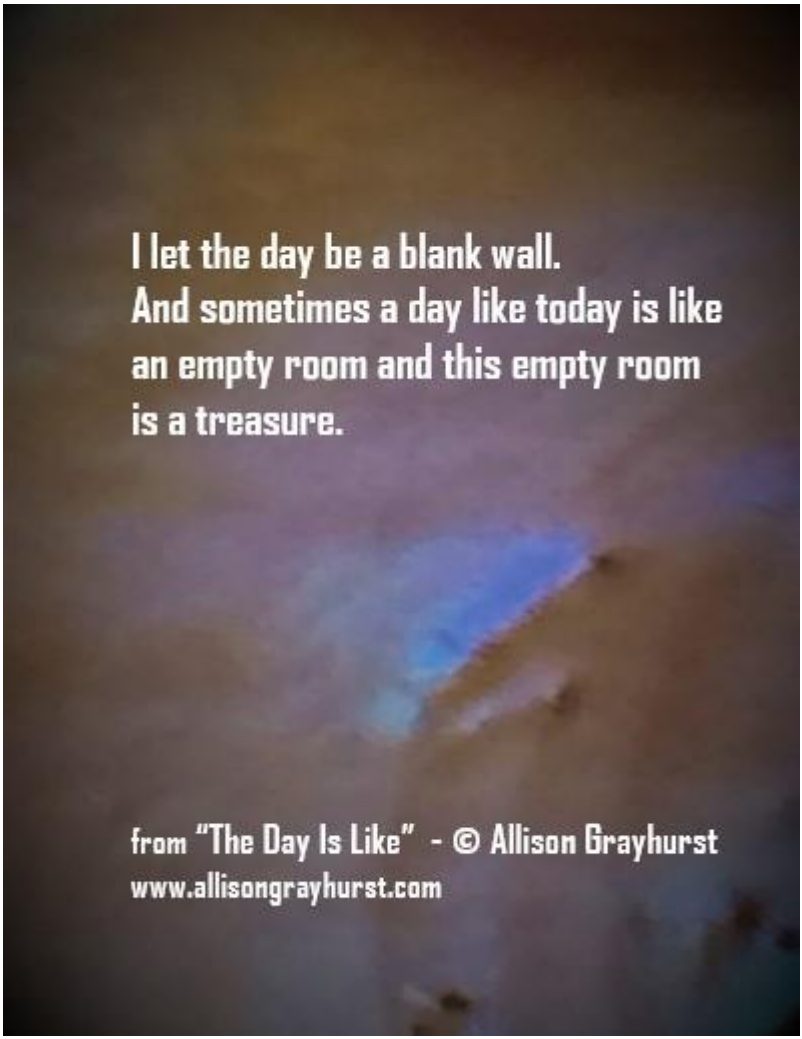
from "Beyond The Grave" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



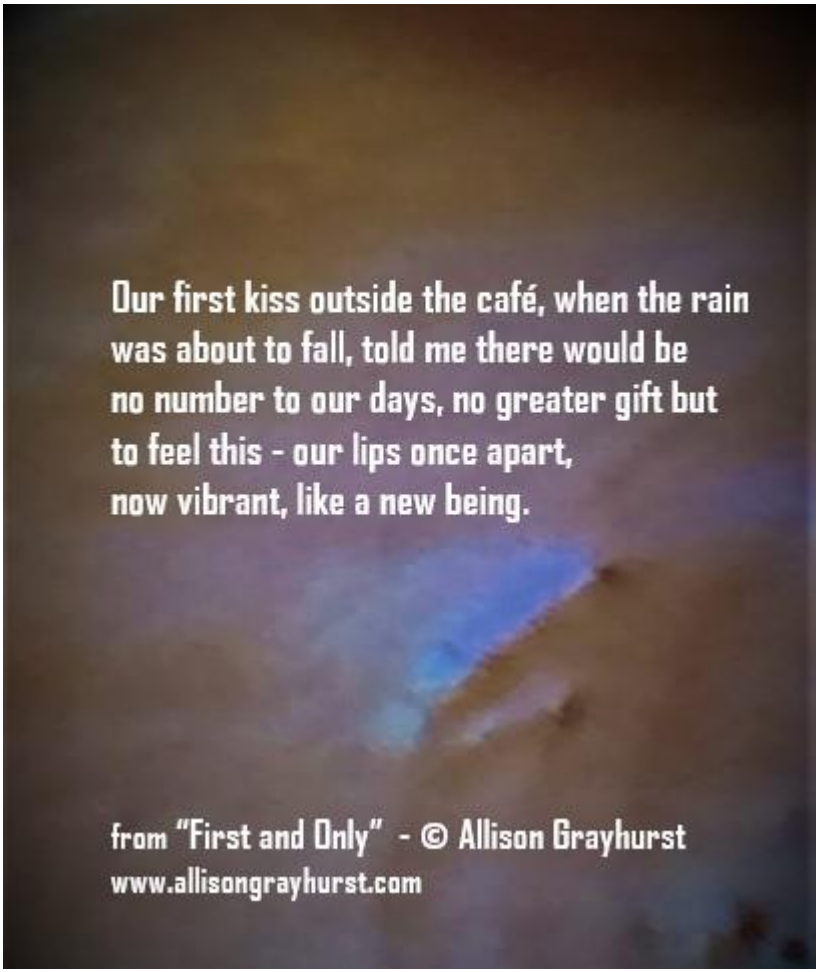
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/10/poem-published-in-full-of-crow/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/05/beyond-the-grave-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/07/girl-2/


I let the day be a blank wall.
And sometimes a day like today is like
an empty room and this empty room
is a treasure.
from "The Day Is Like" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Will the angels sing to me?
I have been waiting on their love.
So heavy is the window I look through.
Brick by brick I count my way up.
My memories belong to another world.
from "In My Corner" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/03/the-day-is-like/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/12/in-my-corner/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/17/first-and-only-2/

Done

I am done
with the breaststroke of infernal lies.
I am done with the twitching eyes,
people without boundaries - hard things
like crossing graveyards, hesitating
intimacy. I am done with money.
I am through with platforms and curls,
with the forceful devil and things that make me feel
unsure. I see the spring
and it is waiting to throw me
a rose. I see things, and I am done with
the loins of the zodiac, through with eastern gods
and western hopes. This is me, standing empty -
fields on either side. Drown me in this solitude.
Take my blood and make me
a monastery.

"Done" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Time is bone - breaks everything but suffering.
Time keeps its secrets, undoes the work
of gentle faith. Time is a tale-teller, making us believe
that nothing has meaning, making us forget that it is
only time.
from "Time does not" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/17/done/

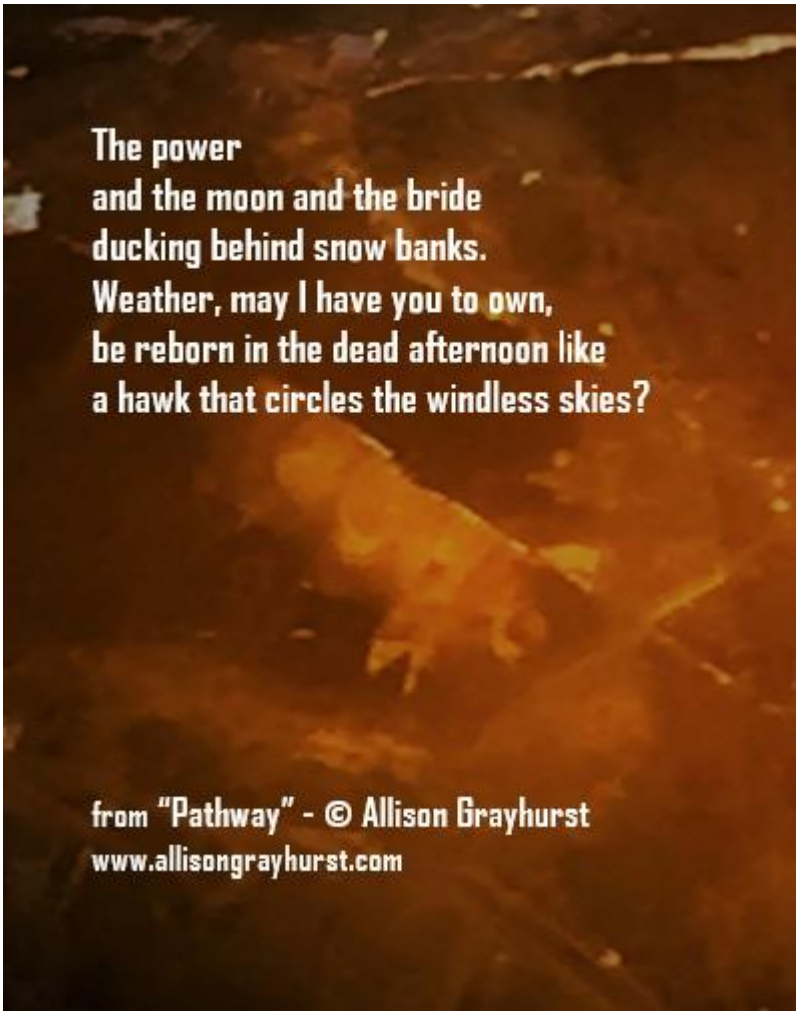
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/02/20/time-does-not/

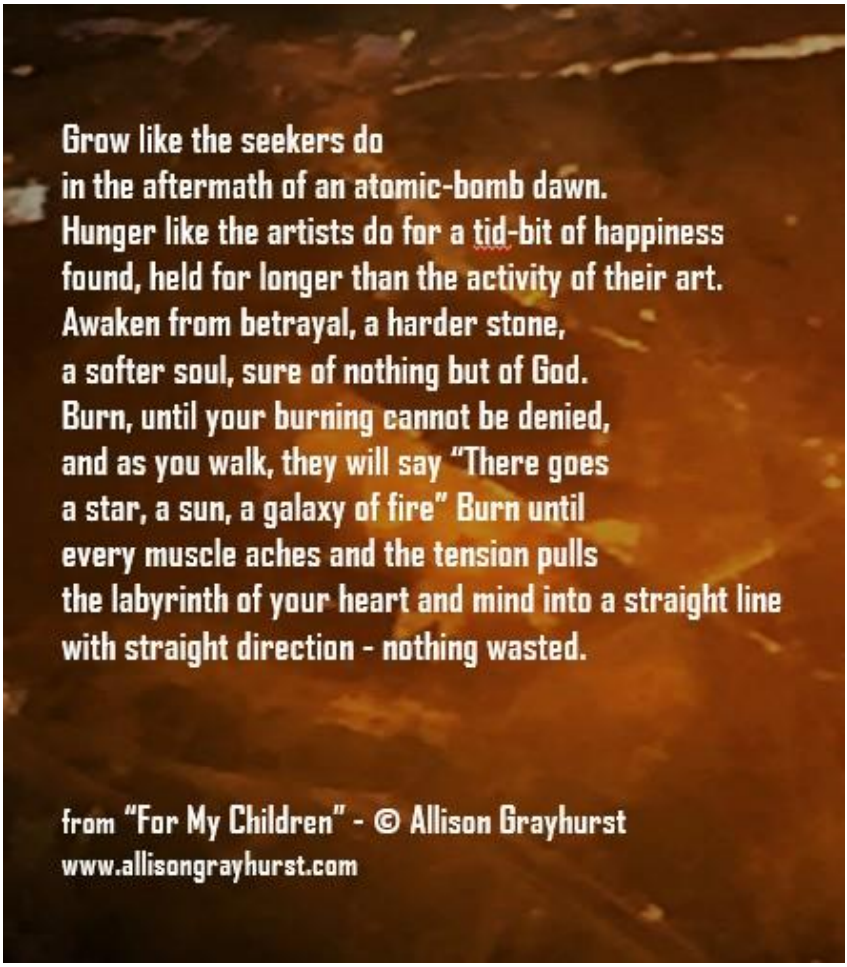
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/28/how-to-chain-the-madness-3/

Before I Go

Before I go
and put out the campfire,
offering my condolences
to the abandoned child,
I will let my grief go first.
I will dispel it as energy
gathered between my palms, then blow it
like seeds of transformation out of my blood
and into a happy beginning.
Now I will go. Summer is here and my sorrow
has lost its footing. I will make a collage of
my crashed expectations, peel away the crust
until I unveil a flower.
Talking is useless, right now, only moving matters,
walking away from an impossible situation,
releasing the ghost to haunt its four corners,
releasing my failure
to create love.

"Before I Go" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


The power
and the moon and the bride
ducking behind snow banks.
Weather, may I have you to own,
be reborn in the dead afternoon like
a hawk that circles the windless skies?
from "Pathway" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



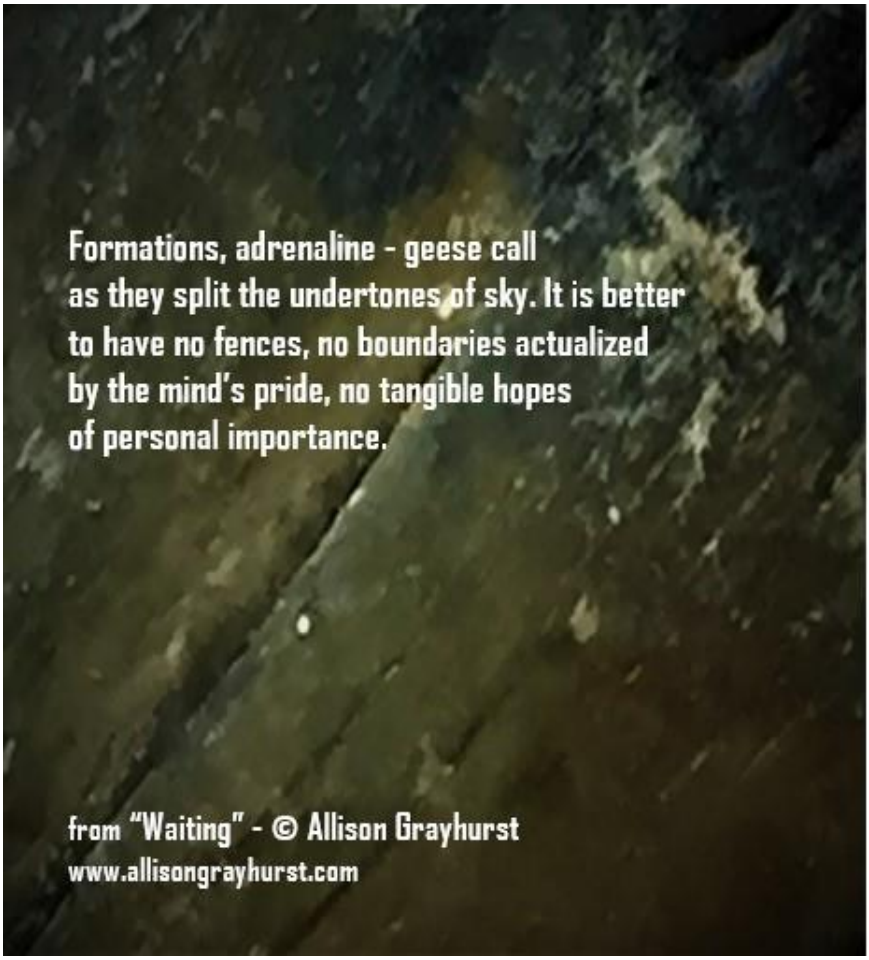
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/15/before-i-go/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/06/pathway/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/30/for-my-children-2/

If it was only
paper flowers, a painted-on sunrise or
imagined completeness, in that time, I was
devoured by my own individuality, stripped
of my conditioning, a person to reckon with, lean on -
whole. I was so much better than I am here, as I am
salvaging a heartbeat from habit,
marked by a used-up destiny,
just me with these crippled hands, bare feet, no mentor
to merge with, nothing
to follow.

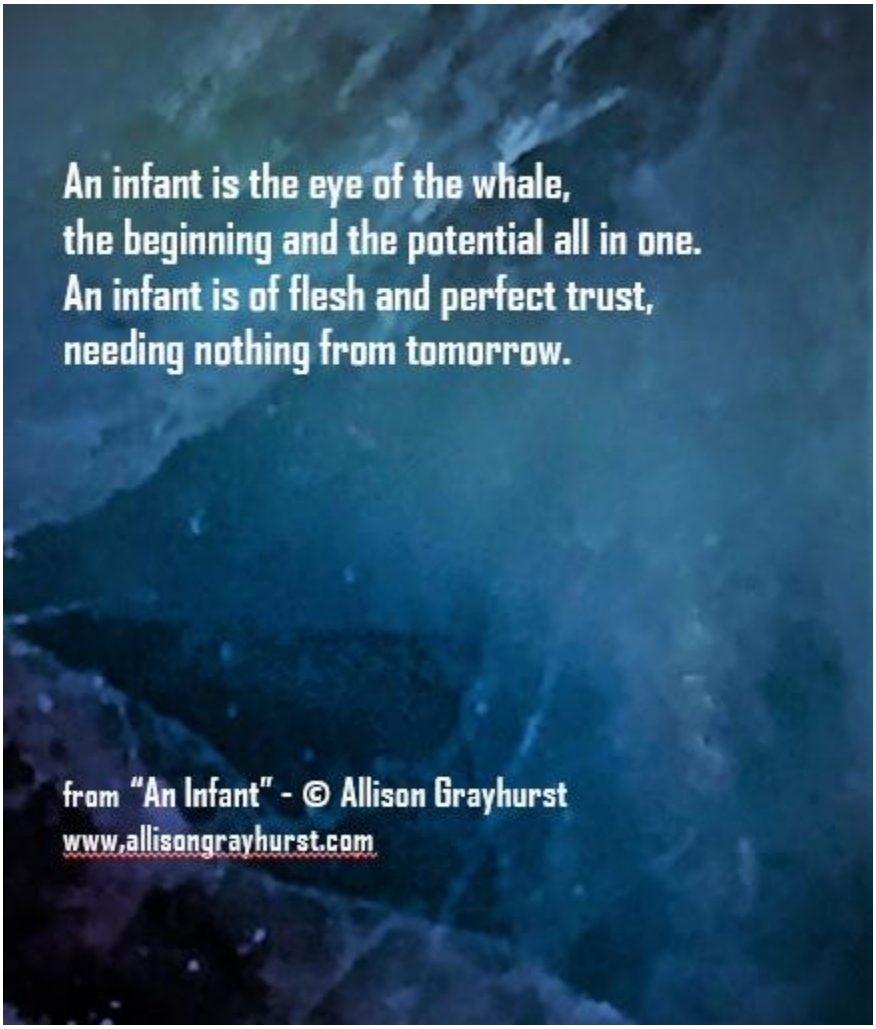
from "Myth" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Formations, adrenaline - geese call
as they split the undertones of sky. It is better
to have no fences, no boundaries actualized
by the mind's pride, no tangible hopes
of personal importance.
from "Waiting" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/14/myth/

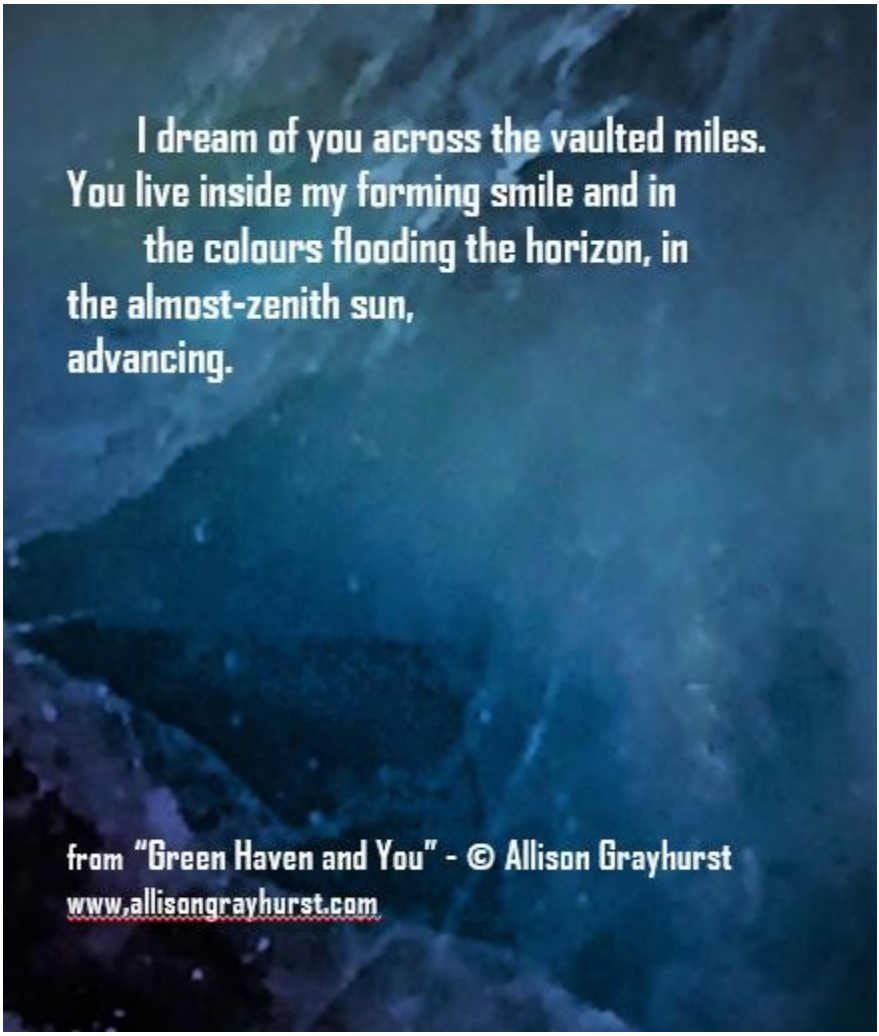
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/18/waiting/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/22/it-starts/


An infant is the eye of the whale,
the beginning and the potential all in one.
An infant is of flesh and perfect trust,
needing nothing from tomorrow.
from "An Infant" - © Allison Grayhurst
www,allisongrayhurst.com

In the wilderness of my dreams,
never shining a colour I could own
as a bluejay, its feathers.
How many worlds must I enter
to peel away to the light?
How to gather sand and build a rock?

from "New Commitment" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/30/an-infant/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/20/new-commitment-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/17/green-haven-and-you-2/

How Lucky I Am

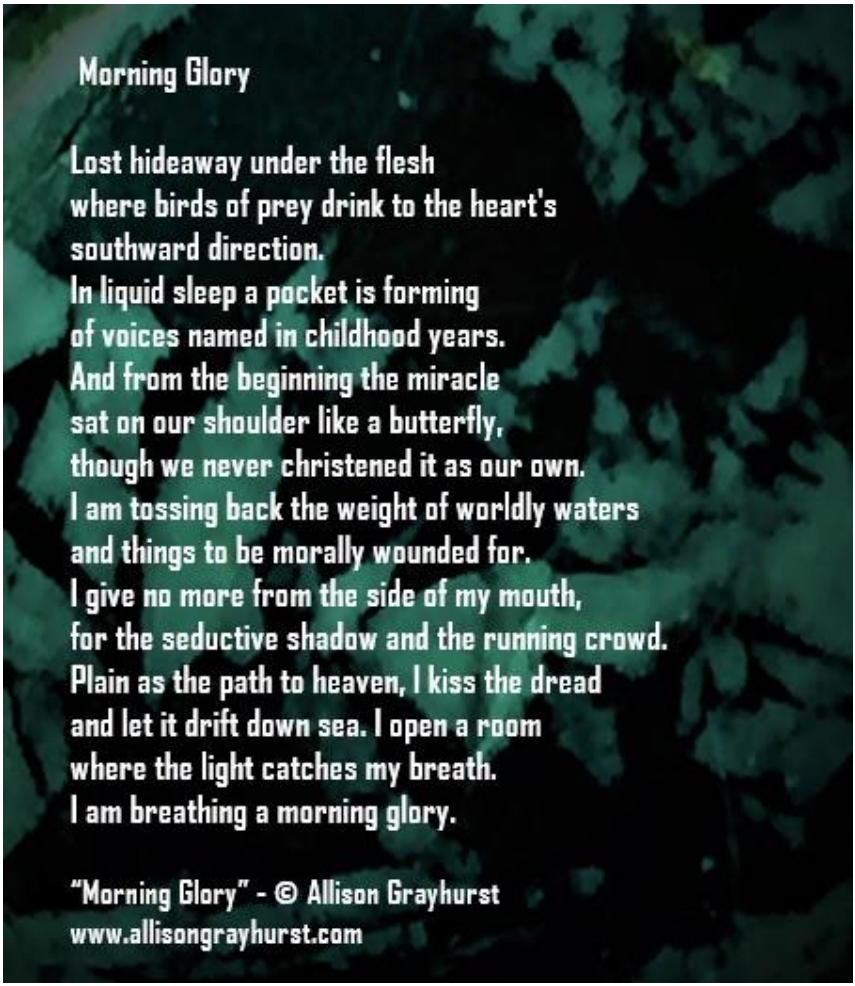
So now she is three
and like a lake that has always been there,
soothing me, feeding me with wonder,
she grows, continuing.
In ten years it will be a different
language we share, but always
the same connecting laughter and the feeling
of being buried in velvety flour
by her gentle ways that move my ravaged heart
into peace.
In twenty, we will drink coffee, sharing
the same window. She will teach me, and I will be
her secret underground where she can nestle from
the revolving world.
In thirty, I will be old and she will be settled
into the source of her strength and individuality.
We will love each other the same as today,
when love is like the very air that rocks
so sweetly between us.

"How Lucky I Am" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

New Era

From the start I believed
in never bending, but now I am a weather-vane,
guided by singing.
Now, in movement I grow like a wild weed -
a glutton of untouched terrain.
I have put on the iron mask,
burned my skin for the battles
of another. That shore is sinking
and my globe has altered its axle.
I put away my grown-up philosophy
to live by impulse and the pity of God.
The task is done, the ice is swallowed.
It is time to love the gargoyles and create
a new form of beauty.

"New Era" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/05/how-lucky-i-am/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/17/changing-eras/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/26/morning-glory-2/

Thinking Outside

Touching tails
and feather wings.
The apple trees bend
and sing of autumn's coming.
Starlings talk across backyards
and the high-pitched beetle
fills the wind like a calming drug.
In this place as summer fades
the quiet demands self-truth.
To pull from inside
a lacerated pride
and pile it on the dried grass.
Shadows mend the divided self
and love is an activity
to understand while counting birds
overhead.

"Thinking Outside" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Storm

Quickly shadows come
on the window sill and over the
lilac tree.
Soon it is the song of the wind chimes
as birds fly low.
Crows talk and walk across the
vacant road. Flowers
get ready to lose their colour as petals
depart as butterflies would from their stems. The head
of a child is peering around some drapes while grownups
bring candles from the basement.
City cats curl under cars and bumblebees are still.
There is a sharp curve of the sky
and a streak of shocking white
like a line across a blank chalkboard.
Doors and screens are closed, as pigeons and squirrels
cover their nests, blind to all but the pressing
now.

"Storm" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Little boy born

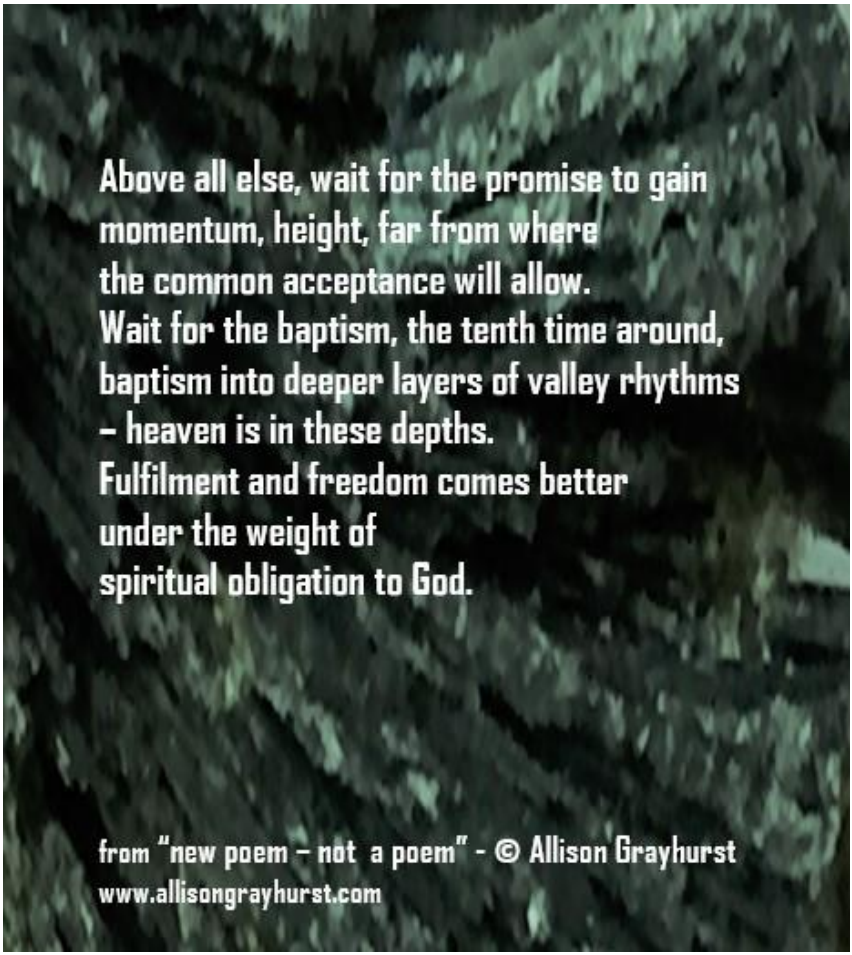
before sunset
your head a perfect dream,
your hair so soft and gold -
I make my amends at your stroller side
for pain before endured.
I kiss away the darkness that came without solace
and press your small body near.
Little boy of mine
good fortune comes
hard won and not without trial.
Love is everlasting, but never free
of the hardships that make a person appreciate
love
in the full of its glory.
Little child I adore
the smell of your skin
and the movement of your eyes.
I will do my best by you
and God willing, my best
I will not be denied.

"Little boy born" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/06/9845/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/10/storm/

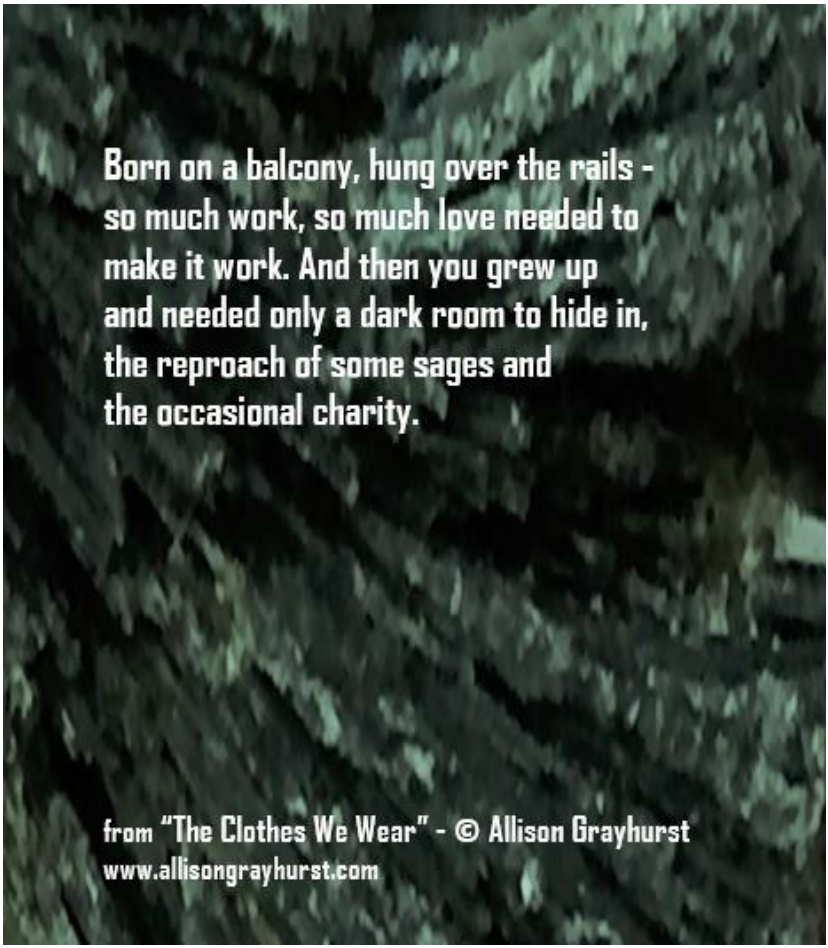
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/30/little-boy-born-2/


Above all else, wait for the promise to gain
momentum, height, far from where
the common acceptance will allow.
Wait for the baptism, the tenth time around,
baptism into deeper layers of valley rhythms
– heaven is in these depths.
Fulfilment and freedom comes better
under the weight of
spiritual obligation to God.
from "new poem – not a poem" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Flat rocks in a circle, gulls circling
one graveyard, spot
of significant mourning. Faint lines.
But God is solid, exact, without
need of interpretation. Death

is only a layer reached
and removed, when traveled
then traveled through.

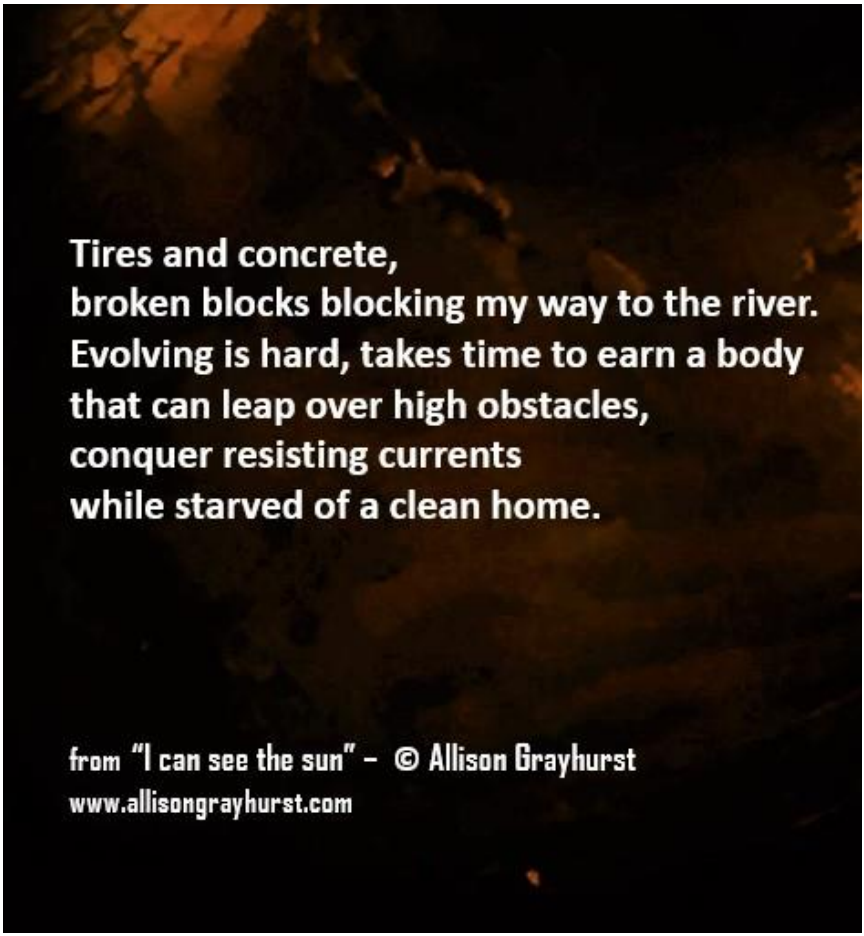
from "Say good, say goodbye" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

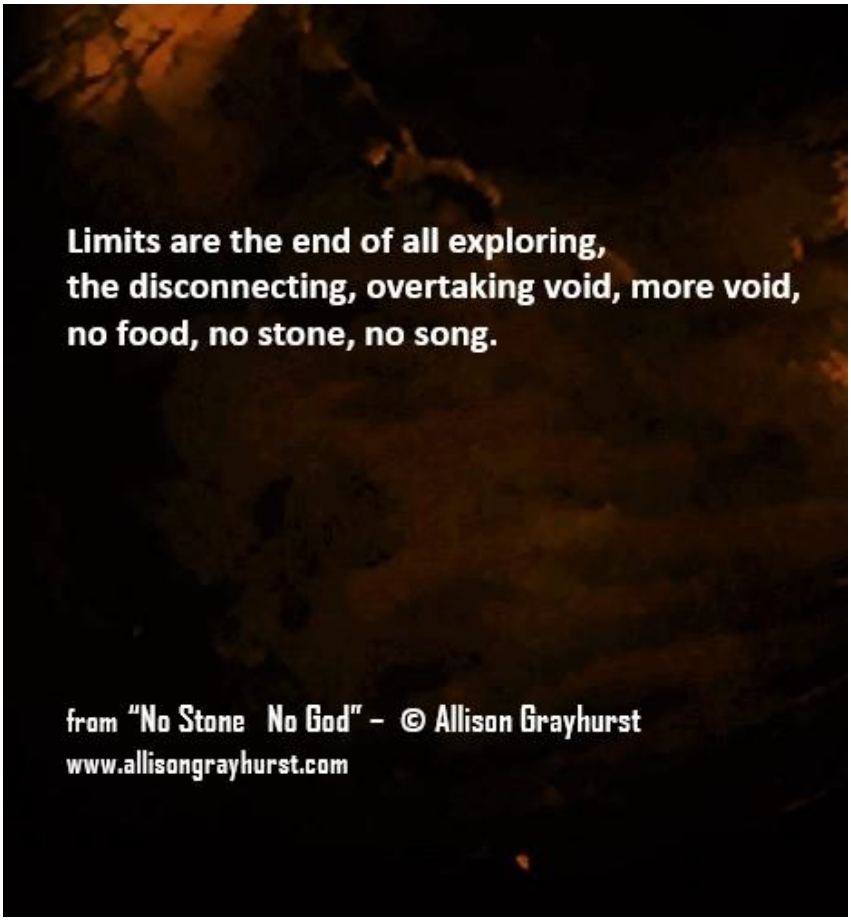


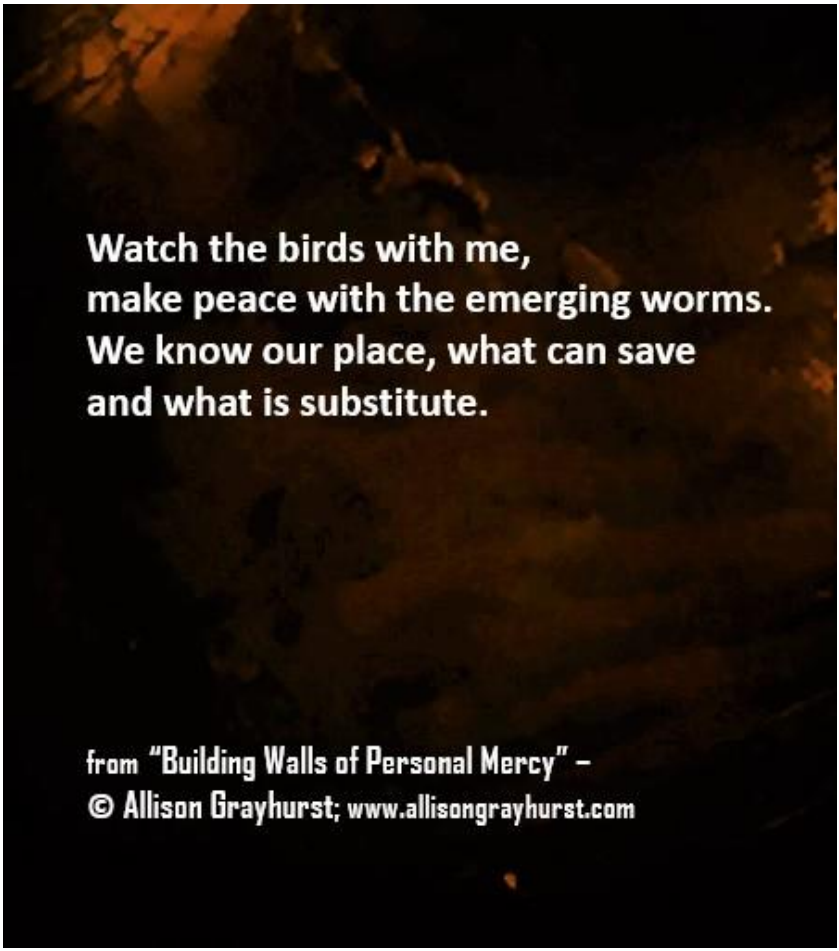
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/06/06/new-poem-not-a-poem-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/11/02/say-good-say-goodbye/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/11/01/the-clothes-we-wear/


Tires and concrete,
broken blocks blocking my way to the river.
Evolving is hard, takes time to earn a body
that can leap over high obstacles,
conquer resisting currents
while starved of a clean home.
from "I can see the sun" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

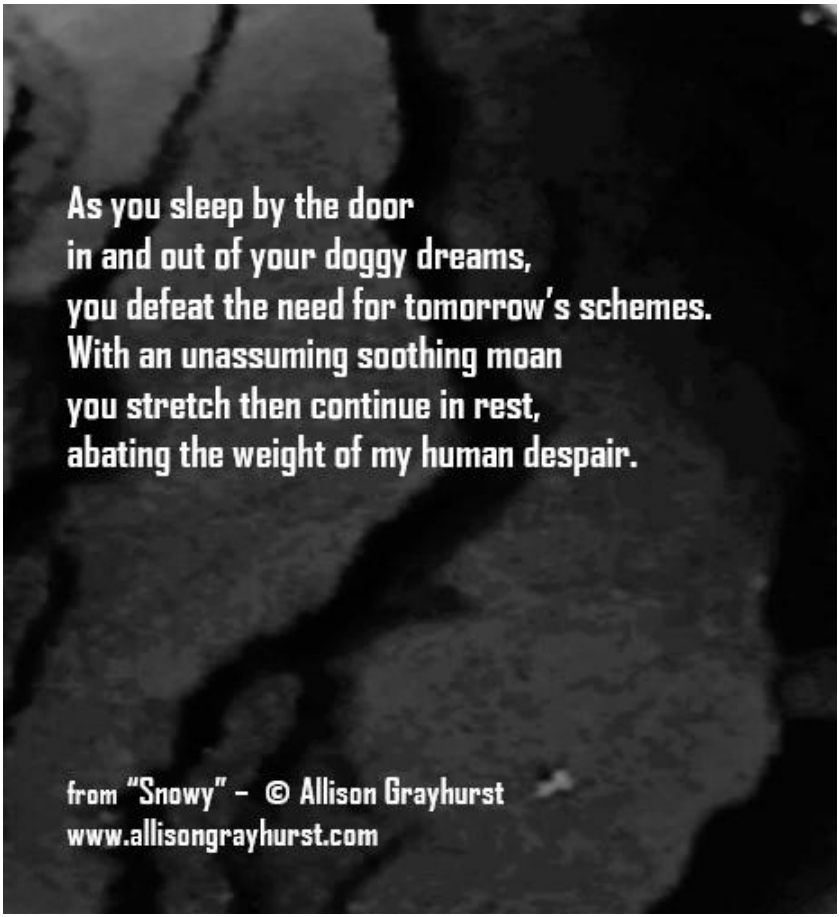

Limits are the end of all exploring,
the disconnecting, overtaking void, more void,
no food, no stone, no song.
from "No Stone No God" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/04/15/i-can-see-the-sun/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/13/no-stone-no-god/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/03/building-walls-of-personal-mercy/


As you sleep by the door
in and out of your doggy dreams,
you defeat the need for tomorrow's schemes.
With an unassuming soothing moan
you stretch then continue in rest,
abating the weight of my human despair.
from "Snowy" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

We live inside the march, ruined by darkness.
On this Earth, we have one pasture.
Churches will not do for us
what they do for others. We have outgrown
our guilt, our last names and the bitter sword.

from "We sorrowed far when the sky tore," –
© Allison Grayhurst www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/09/snowy/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/09/we-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore/

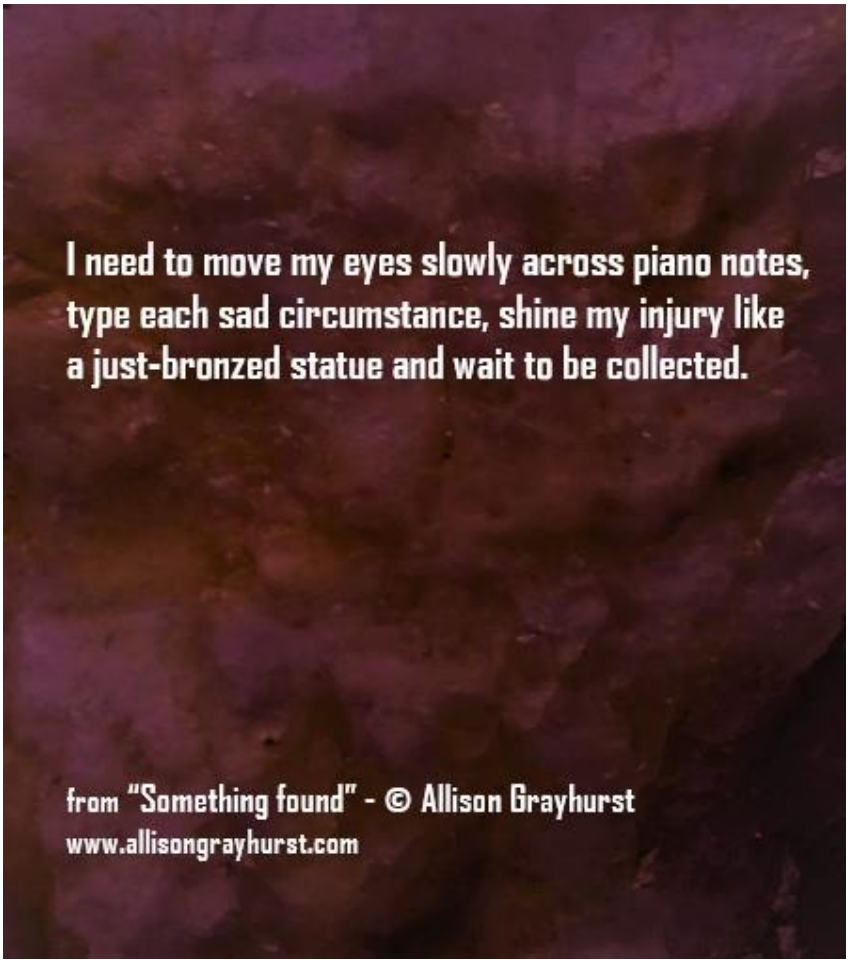
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/06/doubt/

Begging to the stars to tell
a colossal fable, a majestic myth
to solve this boring condition
of being here, away from the infinite sky,
swallowing
mounds of dirt where many others
have had their footprints.

from "The bells" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

You claim victory, destroy my shell
and make us join, make me not so small but swallowing
everything that is you, like smoke inhaled or
perfume on the tongue.

from "Rapture When Walking" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/05/the-bells/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/31/rapture-when-walking-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/24/something-found-2/

Renaissance

The fountain I drank from
became toxic, and the way to make more purity
turned out to be the way to make less.
And so I am small as a lump
of hardened salt. And so what
if my flesh is getting old - a defined woman
doesn't have to fear such a thing,
nor does she have to fear the collapse of her every hope,
because inside she is solid, though
still impressionable,
because she has learned that God's light
is born to flicker, and not to be
a heavy stream.

"Renaissance" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

We rented
a large room where commodities were traded,
(or often, by you, just taken)
where we stained the walls
with our indelible presence,
cutting ourselves out destines from nowhere.
from "Marseille" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/26/renaissance-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/08/29/marseille/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/08/where-i-stand/

When

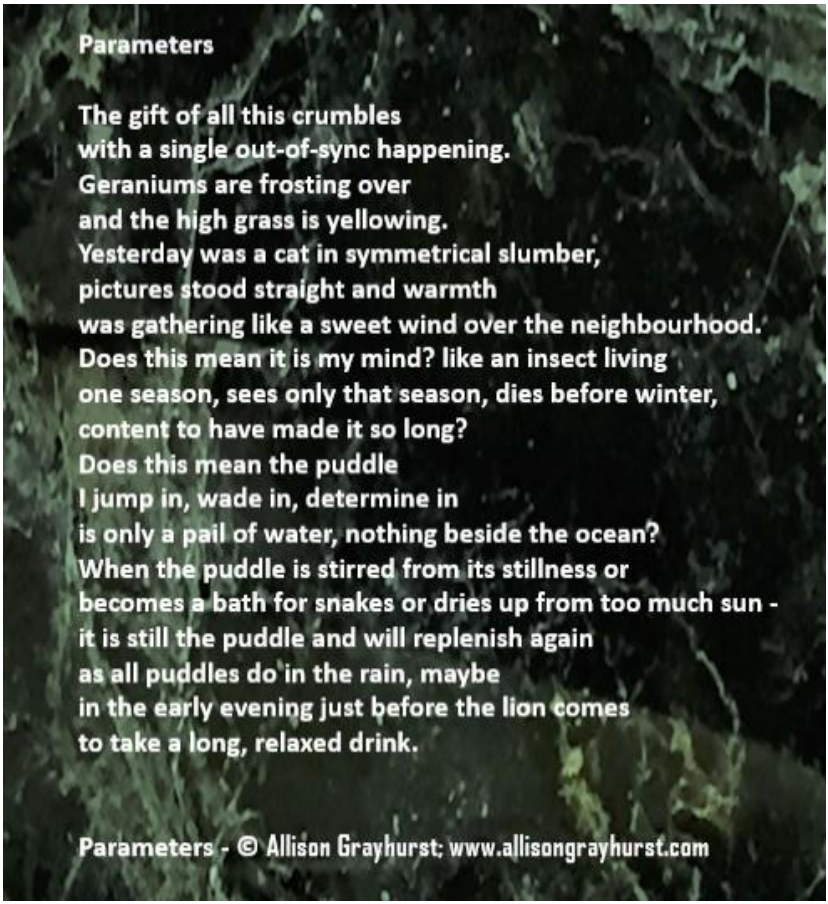
When I was a fish the morning light
brought me near the shark's skilled swim.
I would hide behind rocks and sea urchins, watching
octopi and their slow contracting movement.
When I was an octopus, my tentacles could think.
I knew of things like volcano ruptures and how
to escape fishnets and other forms of human capture.
When I was a deer I was in union, safe with my clan,
grazing in the lion's domain.
When I was a lion, female, tense with the hunt,
protective of my playful young, I knew of thirst
and days without food, retreating from the large and
ever-present sun.
When I was a baby child, it felt like there was a stone
stuck in my throat and a restlessness
racing through my limbs.
I cried and cried when I was a baby, unfamiliar
with this daunting helpless form.

"When" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

I think I was

I was that man
climbing the stairs to the hospital room, that man
with wavy brown hair and open eyes.
I used to live near the moors where
I would go to re-enact Thomas Hardy fables,
choked with the sorrow of outcast women.
I was that man never reaching the room,
never able to mourn except on paper.
As that man, I dreamt of India -
one day I would go, be under its large, unusual sun,
maybe hold hands with a beautiful deity.
As that man, I never went to India, I died
too young.
As that man, I remember a split in my soul,
the violent burn of uncontainment.
And I remember the feel of bare feet
slowly walking across wet moors.

"I think I was" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/05/when/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/12/i-think-i-was/

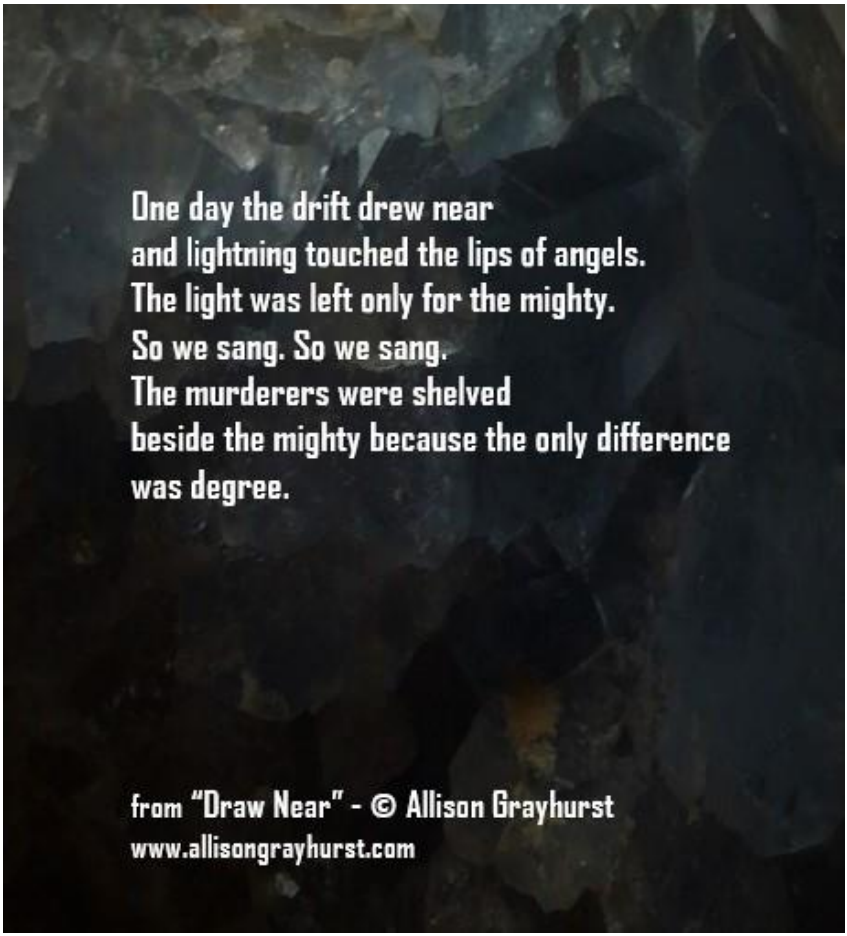
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/21/parameters/

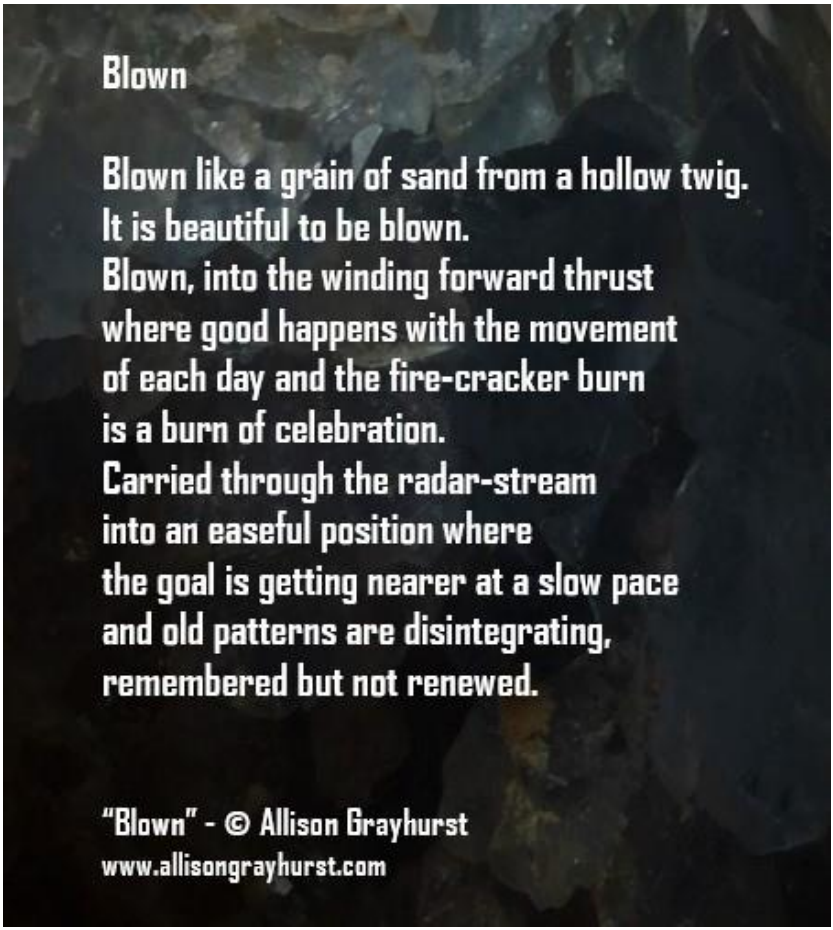
They Took

They took away
the long and leisurely shave.
They took the dark and sensuous hood
and peeled it away
to shadeless bold colours -
everything bright and nothing
integrated.
They took the comforting depth
and put in its place a bad commercial.

They took the swelling stars.

"They Took" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


One day the drift drew near
and lightning touched the lips of angels.
The light was left only for the mighty.
So we sang. So we sang.
The murderers were shelved
beside the mighty because the only difference
was degree.
from "Draw Near" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/01/they-took/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/24/draw-near-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/11/blown-2/

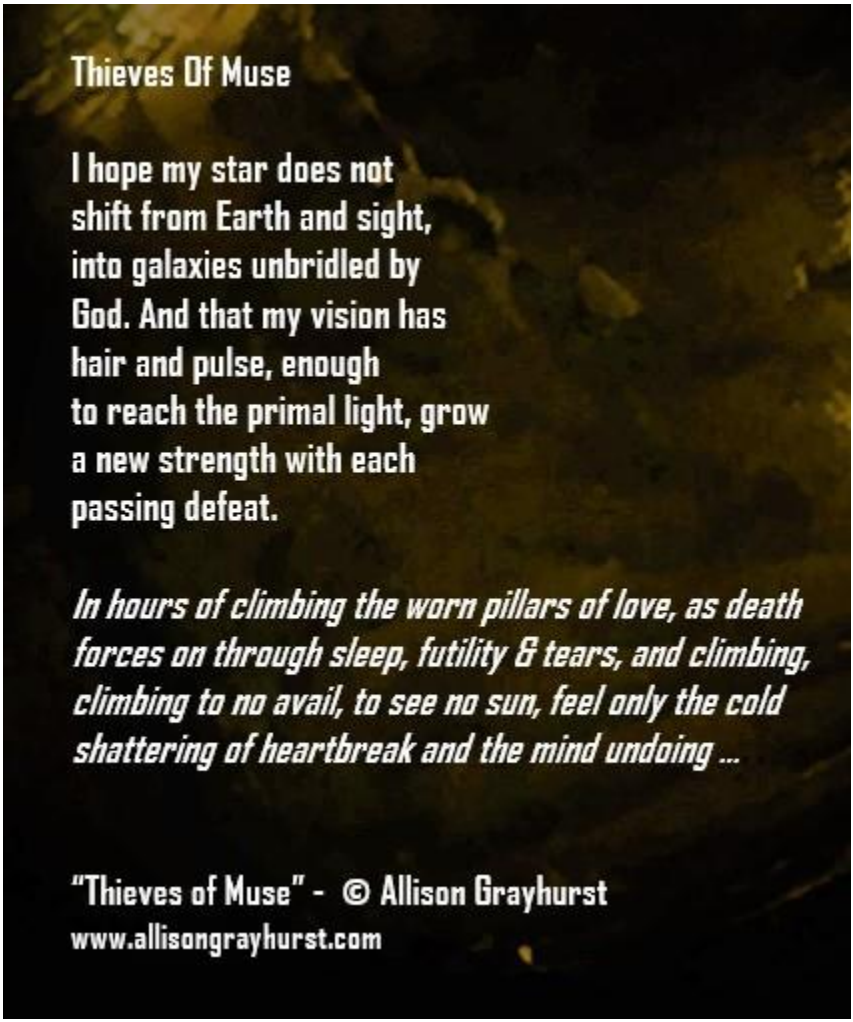
There are things that have changed me,
but the loss of you has split me wide like
never before. I see colours differently.
I touch icicles and give up all other truths.

from "I still think of you" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I seek your mouth
of sensual burning,
its sponge-soft pressure
merging perfectly with mine.

I seek its subtle textures,
its waxing and waning, the way
it condenses my being into
its single substance, into
a movement of focused bloom.

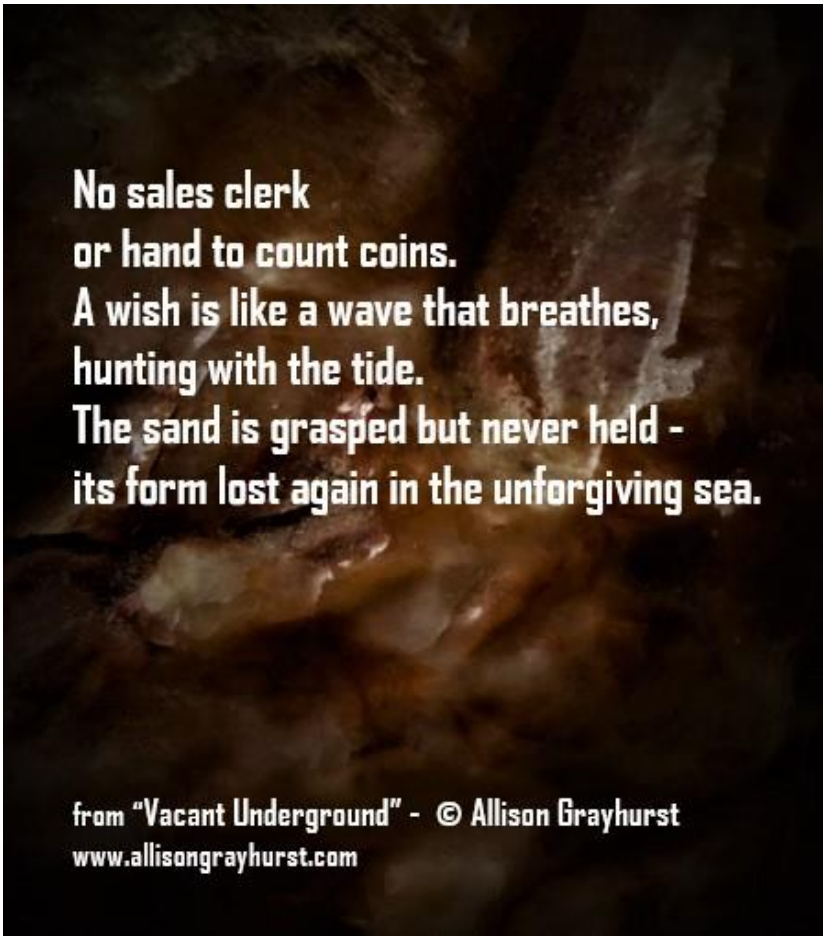
from "Of Body and Spirit" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

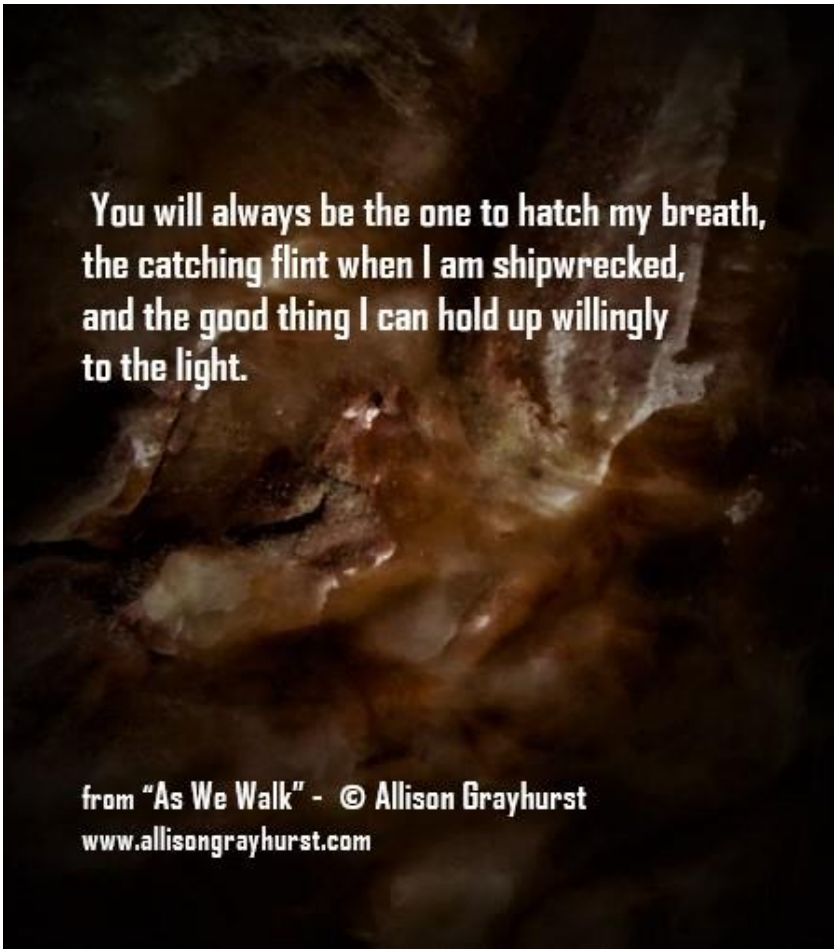


https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/19/i-still-think-of-you/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/03/07/of-body-and-spirit/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/16/thieves-of-muse/


No sales clerk
or hand to count coins.
A wish is like a wave that breathes,
hunting with the tide.
The sand is grasped but never held -
its form lost again in the unforgiving sea.
from "Vacant Underground" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


You will always be the one to hatch my breath,
the catching flint when I am shipwrecked,
and the good thing I can hold up willingly
to the light.
from "As We Walk" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/06/22/vacant-underground/

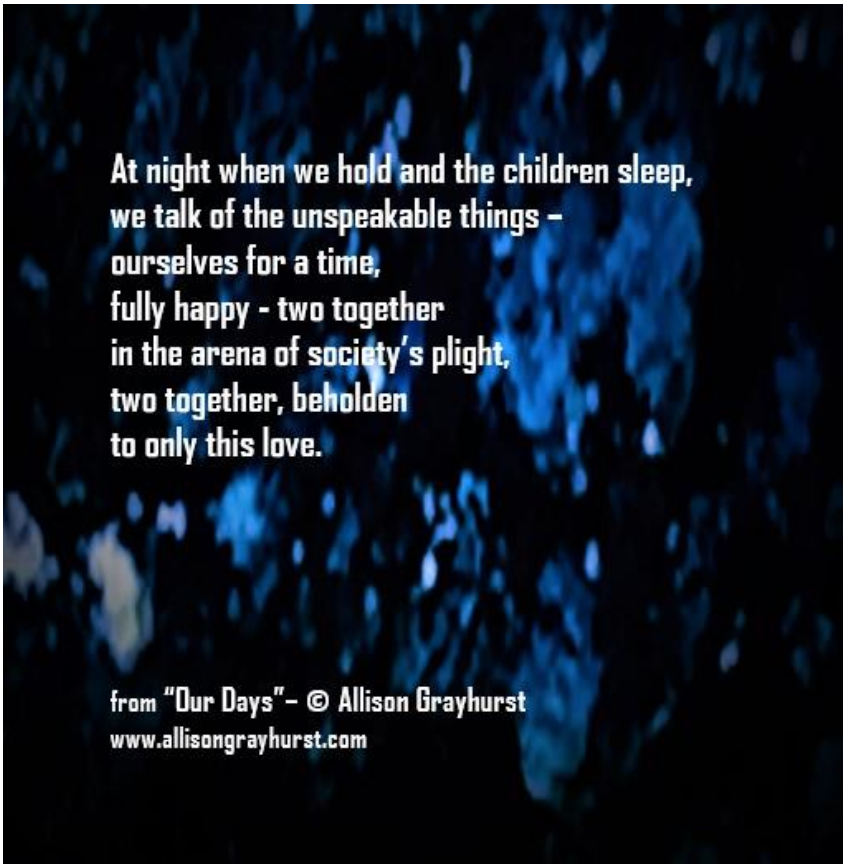
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/06/as-we-walk-3/

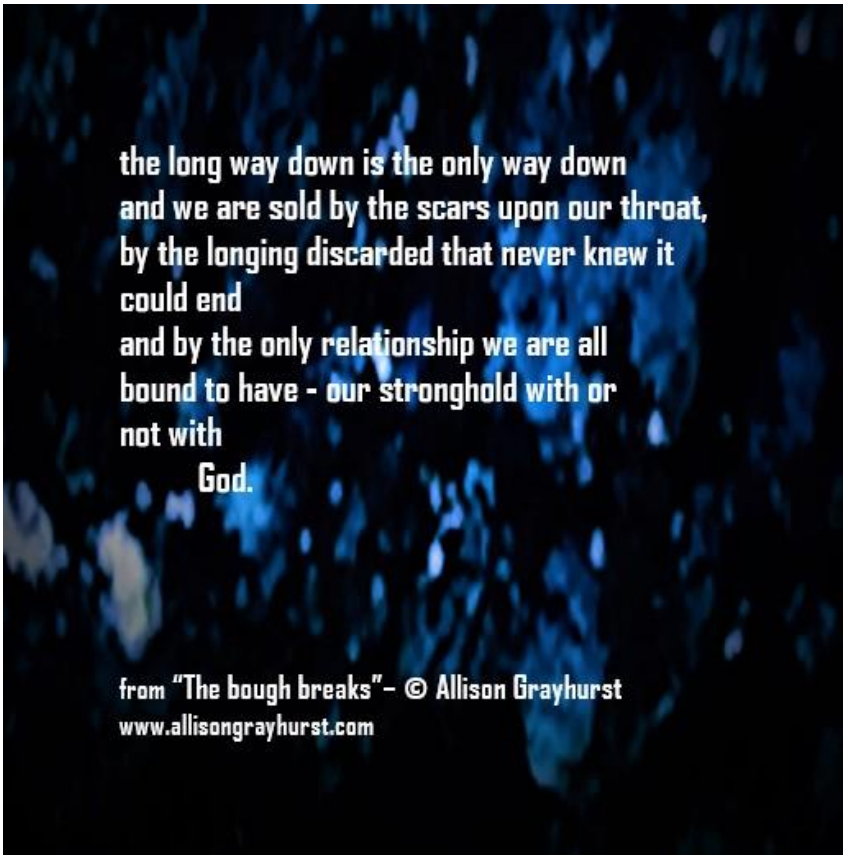
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/19/falling/

Acceptance

I first felt
the longing with little comfort,
as a shape with sharp edges.
I dared myself into a corner
and lost even the impulse for serenity.
In the grey afternoon, coming home,
I saw an inscription in the space
between clouds and knew
I had outgrown looking for signs -
The wind is a river and a house (any house)
is a dead log left in the elements, harbouring life
in its dead crusty dampness.
I had come full circle just by surviving,
back to the longing that existed before -
this time, void of grandiose significance,
existing now like an urge, strong as fire, natural
as deformity.

"Acceptance"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

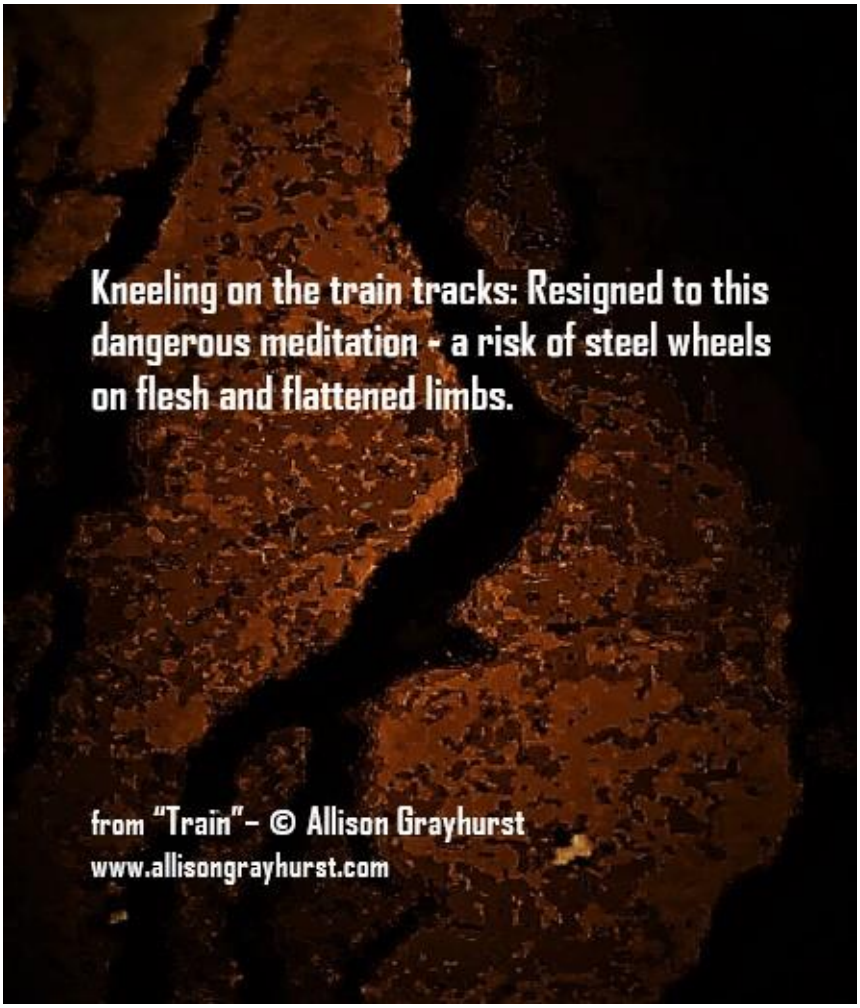

At night when we hold and the children sleep,
we talk of the unspeakable things –
ourselves for a time,
fully happy - two together
in the arena of society's plight,
two together, beholden
to only this love.
from "Our Days"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

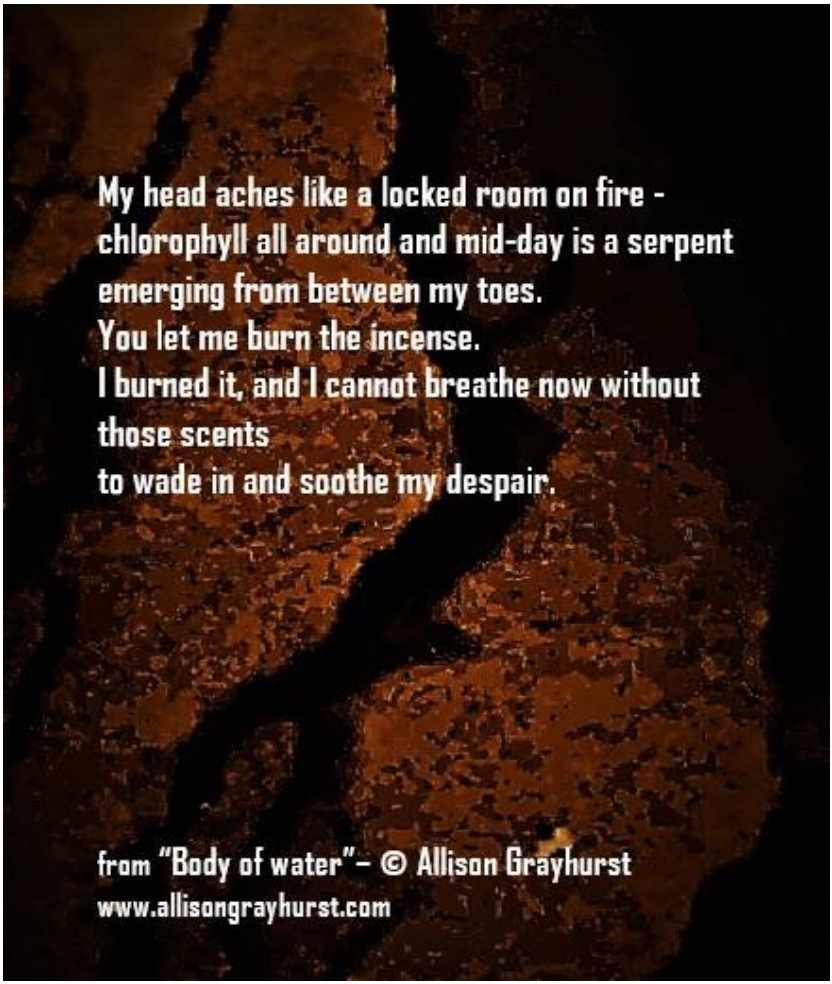


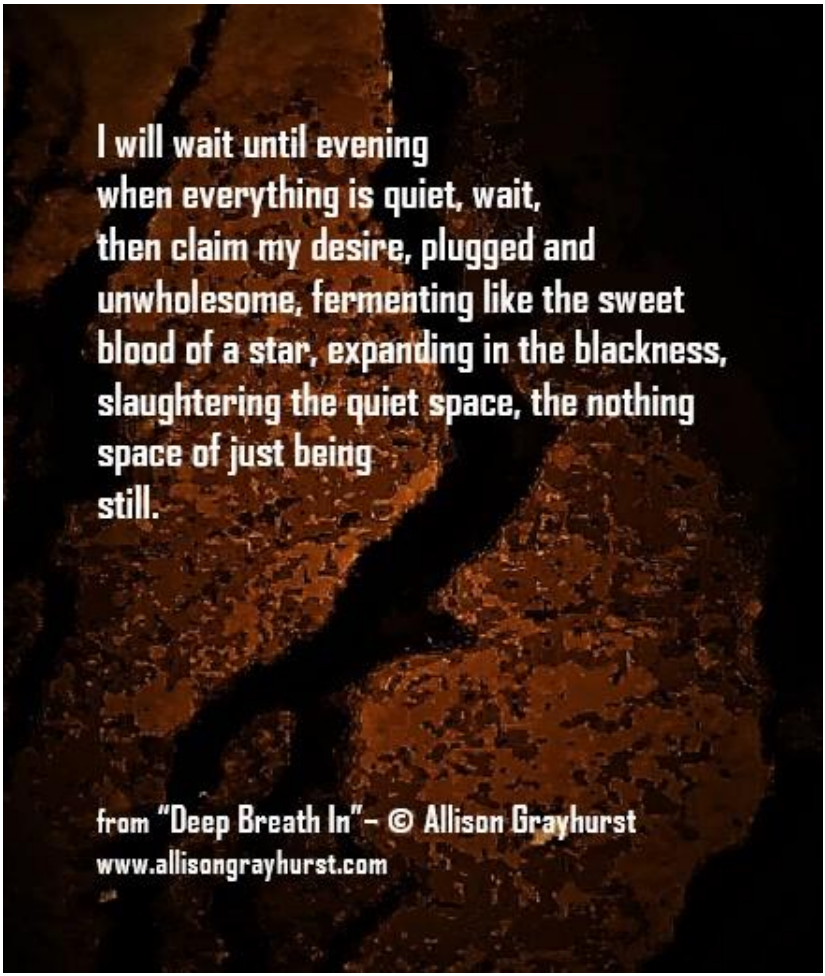
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/12/10347/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/13/our-days-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/14/the-bough-breaks/


Kneeling on the train tracks: Resigned to this dangerous meditation - a risk of steel wheels on flesh and flattened limbs.
from "Train"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


My head aches like a locked room on fire -
chlorophyll all around and mid-day is a serpent
emerging from between my toes.
You let me burn the incense.
I burned it, and I cannot breathe now without
those scents
to wade in and soothe my despair.
from "Body of water"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/05/train/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/04/body-of-water/

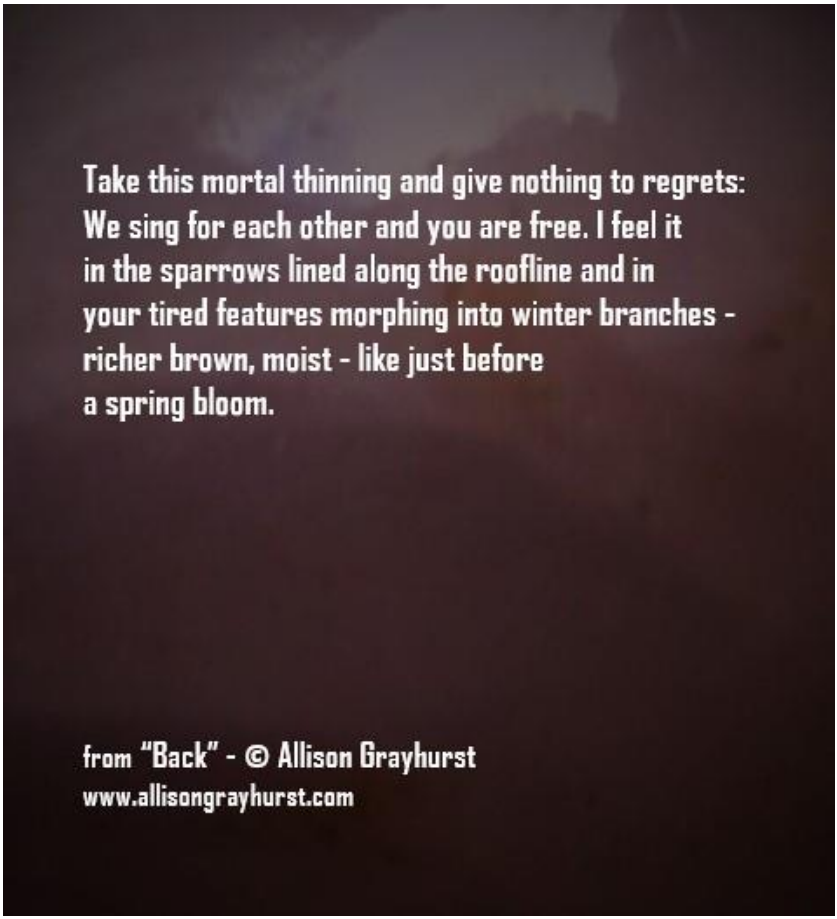
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/08/10/deep-breath-in/

I could ride a train, take it across the border.
I could be like the young woman who fell - was she
dancing on the bridge's rail and forgot the distance? or
simply bloated on drugs and insanity's youthful wake?
How strange that her asymmetrical face
and lithe beauty remain, so you think of her
as one of the fortunate - because of the fall,
because she fell while dancing,
and you have forgotten how
to surrender.

from "Dance" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

It is lonely to be loved by God,
stretched beyond capacity by laws
of magnets, hunger and inevitable reality,
to hold open a hand and have even that
security taken, to smile in the face of pressing,
impossible obligations - things owed, things needed,
and the harvest never ready.

from "Lament" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/09/01/dance/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/10/lament/

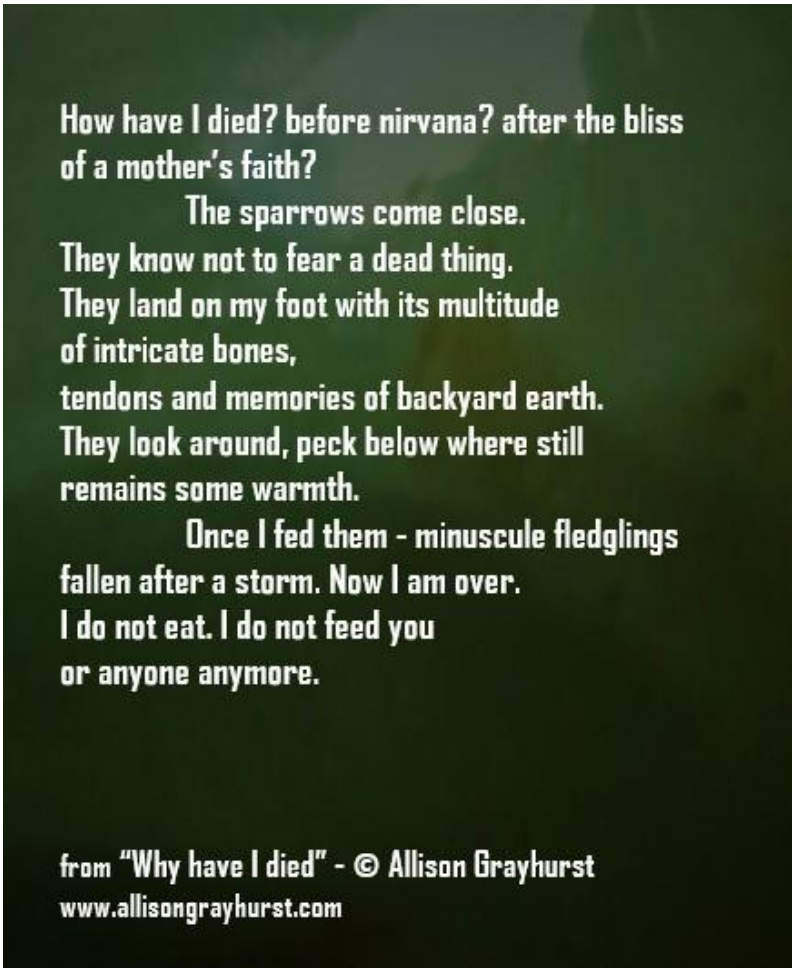
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/18/poem-published-in-pocket-thoughts/

History is a hyena, grotesquely curved,
pulling down royal constellations.
I have learned that peace can be a pyre
were loins burn exquisite,
can also be a dishonest maturing,
where desires are reduced to fruit fly annoyances,
where coming to terms with reality
is a step toward entropy.

from "Desires traversed " - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Summer is almost beginning -
heat encroaches and people smile
untrustworthy but predictable.
Dogs are minerals of volatile emotion
which they never struggle to conceal.
The moon is still in the sky. It should not
be there like it is, a half-faded stamp,
pale on blue, larger, closer
than the obvious sun.

from "I turn the corner and" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/01/desires-traversed/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/03/i-turn-the-corner-and/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/10/why-have-i-died/

On Tour

Pale as the Eastern gulls sitting on rooftops,
he speeds over the wide country.

He hurts with uncommon intensity -
liberation balanced between his two lips.

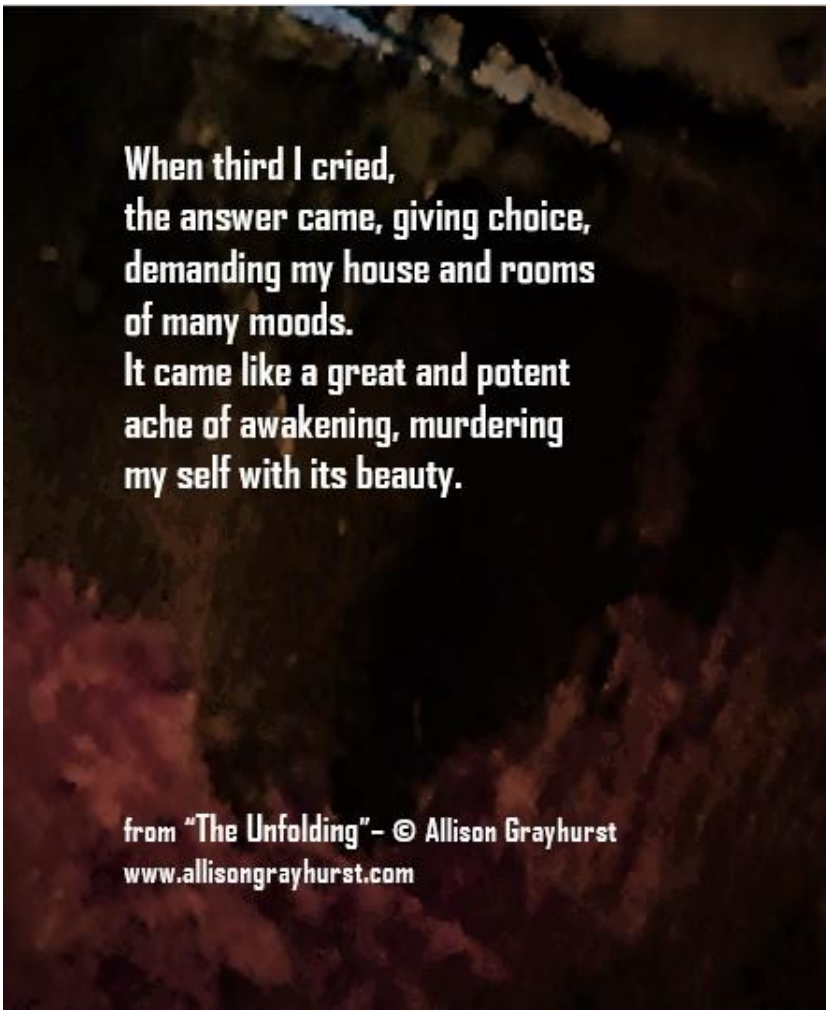
Like the slow hum of rain, I hear him
treading the snowed-in cities, hear his kiss
like a prayer of protection, flowering.

Freedom stitched to his smile,
he crosses the sea he's never seen before,
as he carries his guitar
like a lover's warm hand.

"On Tour"– © Allison Grayhurst;
www.allisongrayhurst.com

And under the rafters where
unborn children wait,
I dreamed of a world
invincible with perfect hunger,
inching out of each curse -
all armour shed.

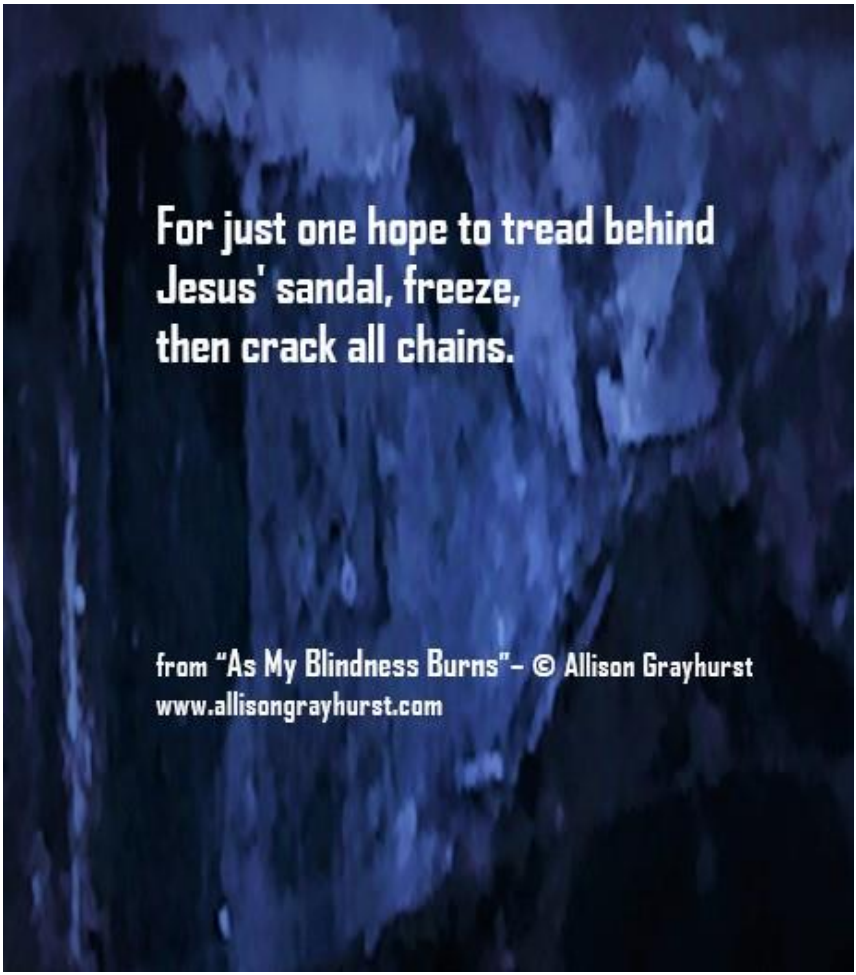
from "As I Sleep" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

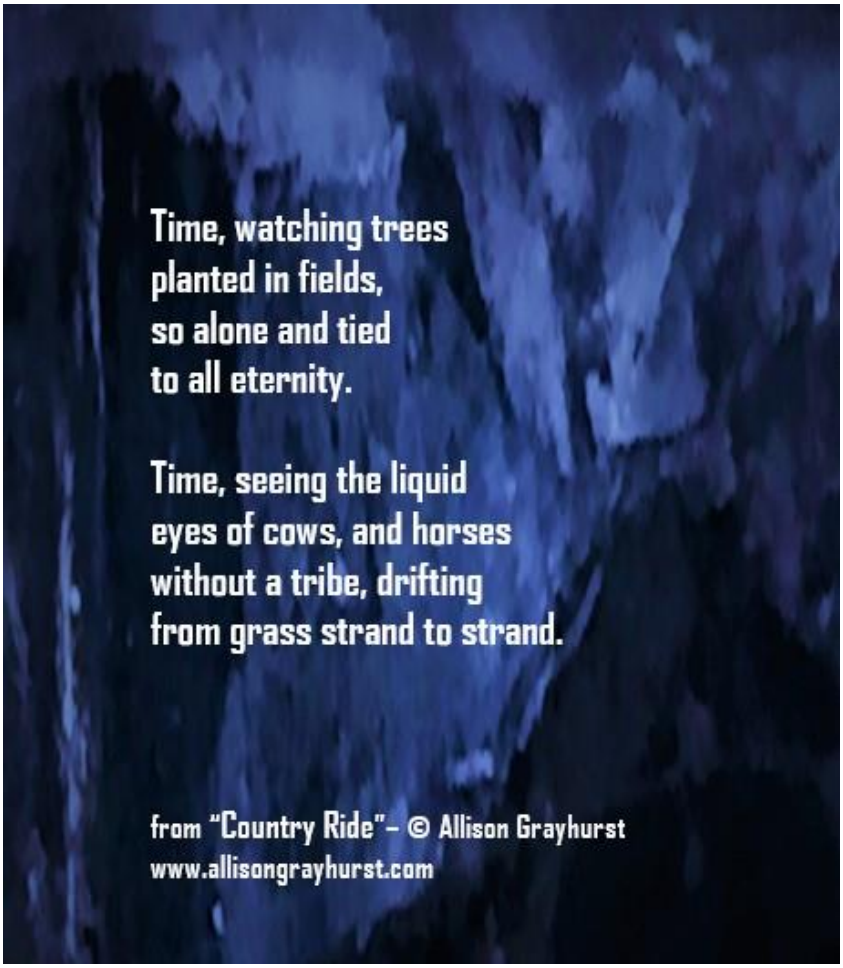


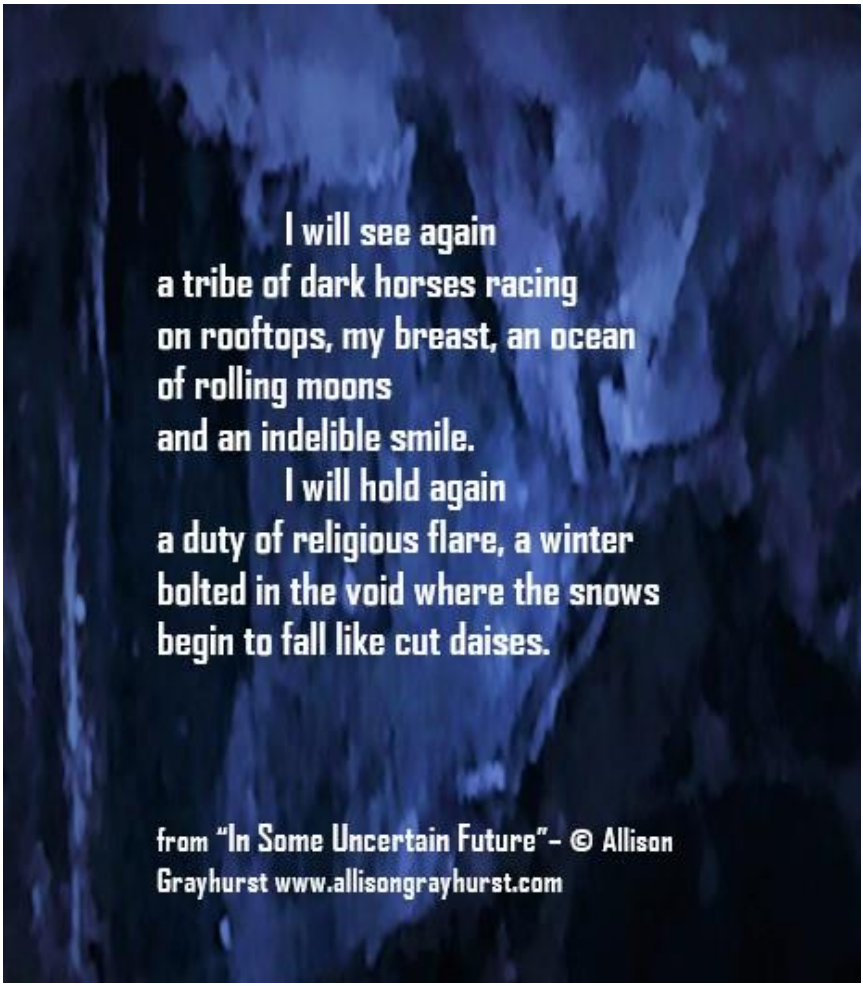
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/06/on-tour/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/24/as-i-sleep/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/08/the-unfolding/


For just one hope to tread behind
Jesus' sandal, freeze,
then crack all chains.
from "As My Blindness Burns"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

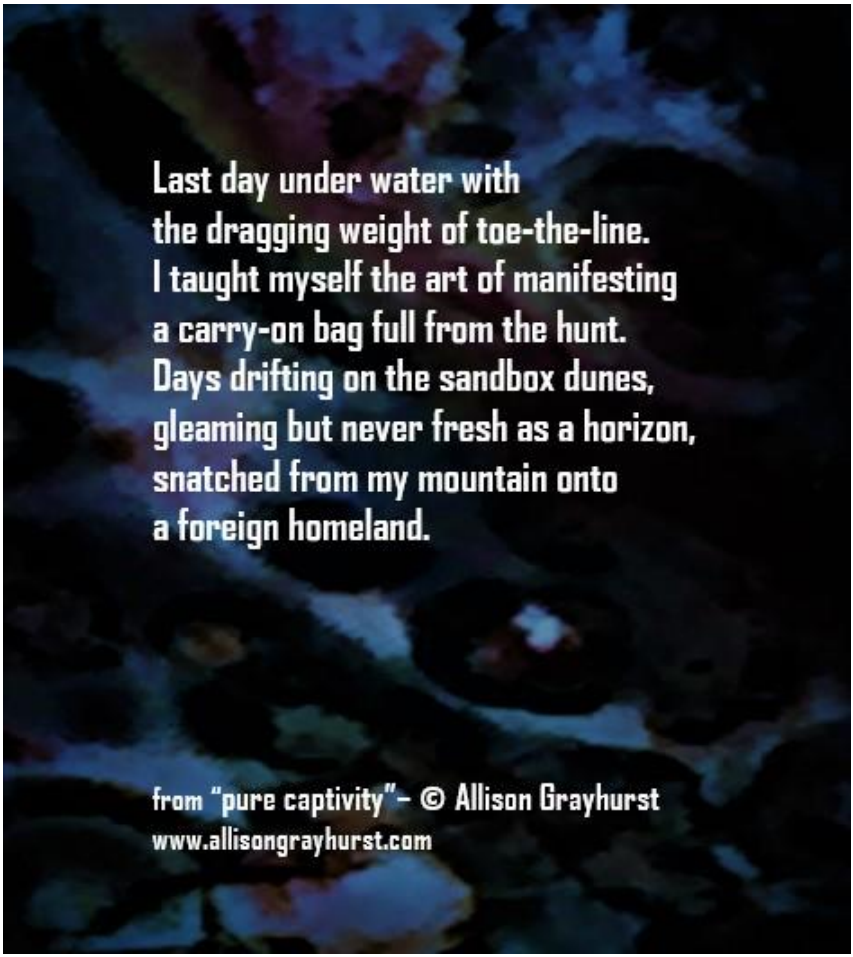

Time, watching trees
planted in fields,
so alone and tied
to all eternity.
Time, seeing the liquid
eyes of cows, and horses
without a tribe, drifting
from grass strand to strand.
from "Country Ride" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/23/as-my-blindness-burns/

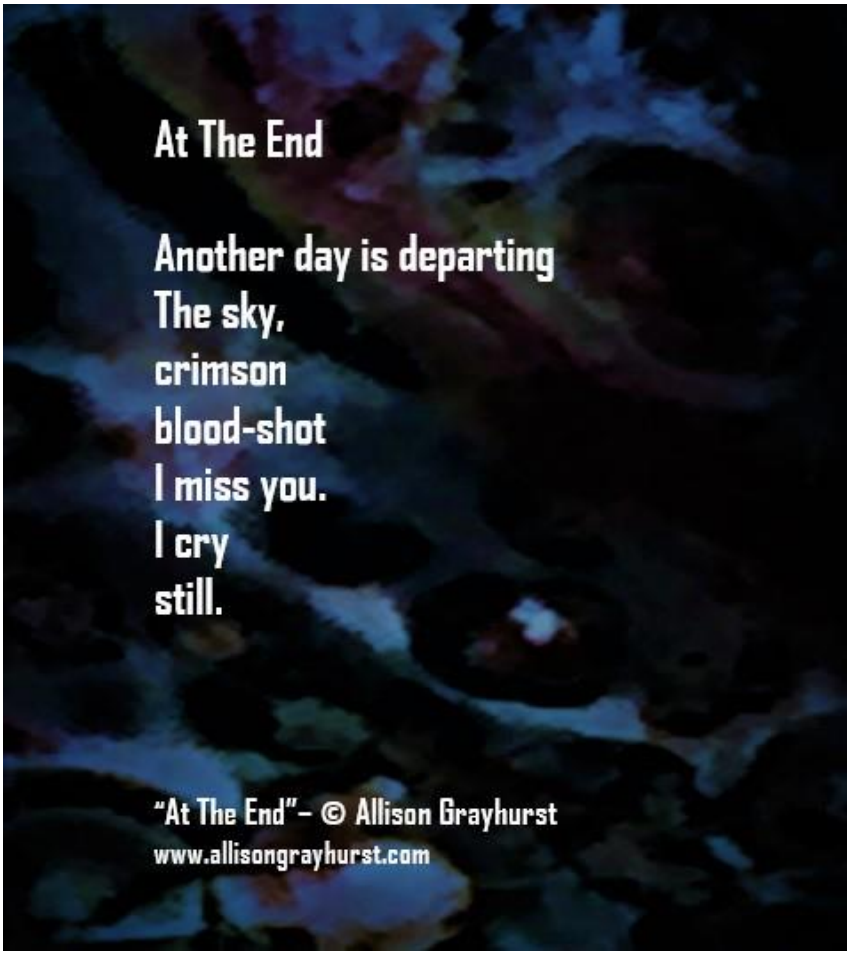
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/03/27/country-ride/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/03/21/in-some-uncertain-future/


Last day under water with
the dragging weight of toe-the-line.
I taught myself the art of manifesting
a carry-on bag full from the hunt.
Days drifting on the sandbox dunes,
gleaming but never fresh as a horizon,
snatched from my mountain onto
a foreign homeland.
from "pure captivity" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Sensual as clay laced
with warm water,
hard as a window
barred -
and still the seeds are thrown
though I don't know why - there is
too much earth and almost no sun,
there are slimy ponds that beasts and fowls
eliminate in - spotted with dead-fish-eyes
and not at all like heaven
is suppose
to be.

from "Eating from an imaginary spoon"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/25/pure-captivity/

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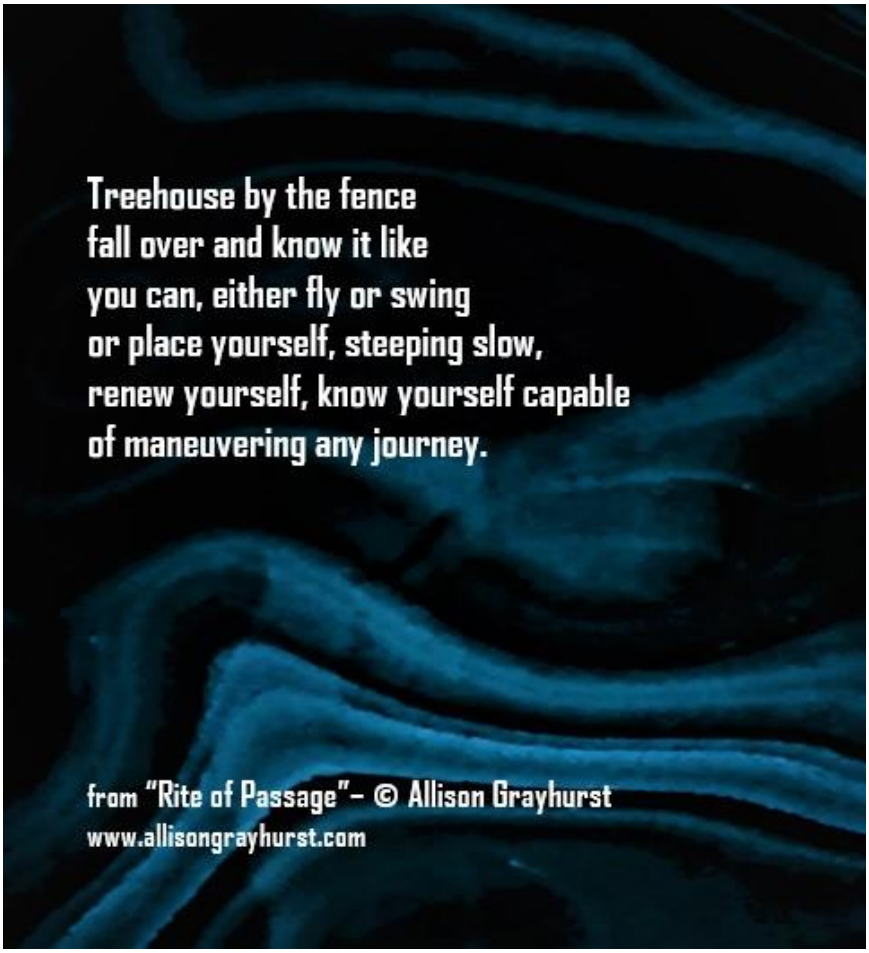
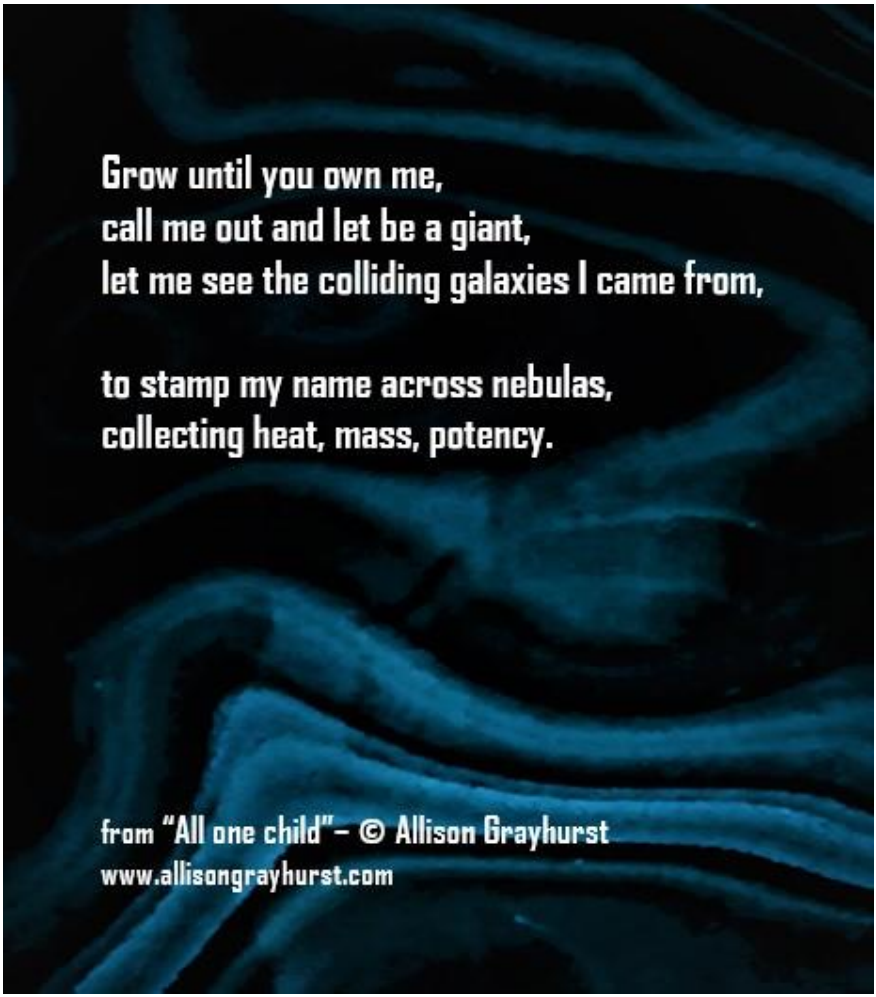
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/08/25/at-the-end/


Treehouse by the fence
fall over and know it like
you can, either fly or swing
or place yourself, steeping slow,
renew yourself, know yourself capable
of maneuvering any journey.
from "Rite of Passage"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Picture at the bottom
tied up in a pit of moths.
The royal crown, life without
a wheel to ride. Paving up the stream
where children once charged down an incline
and jumped into its shallow body.

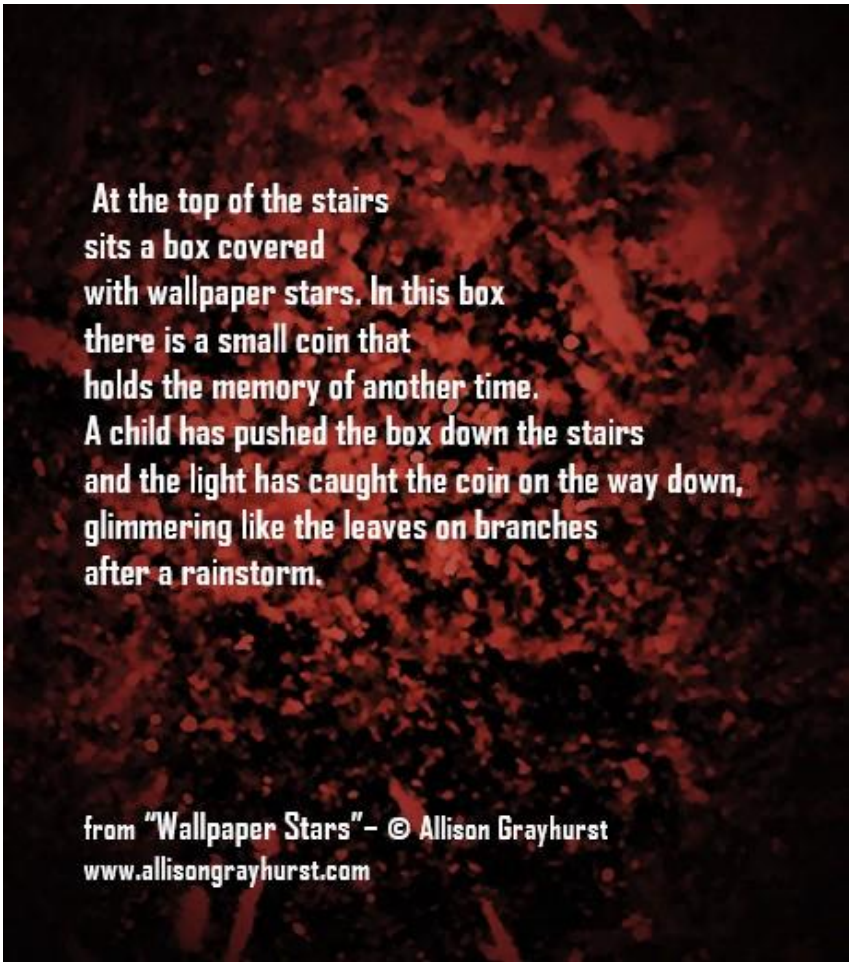
from "Effie" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/15/rite-of-passage/

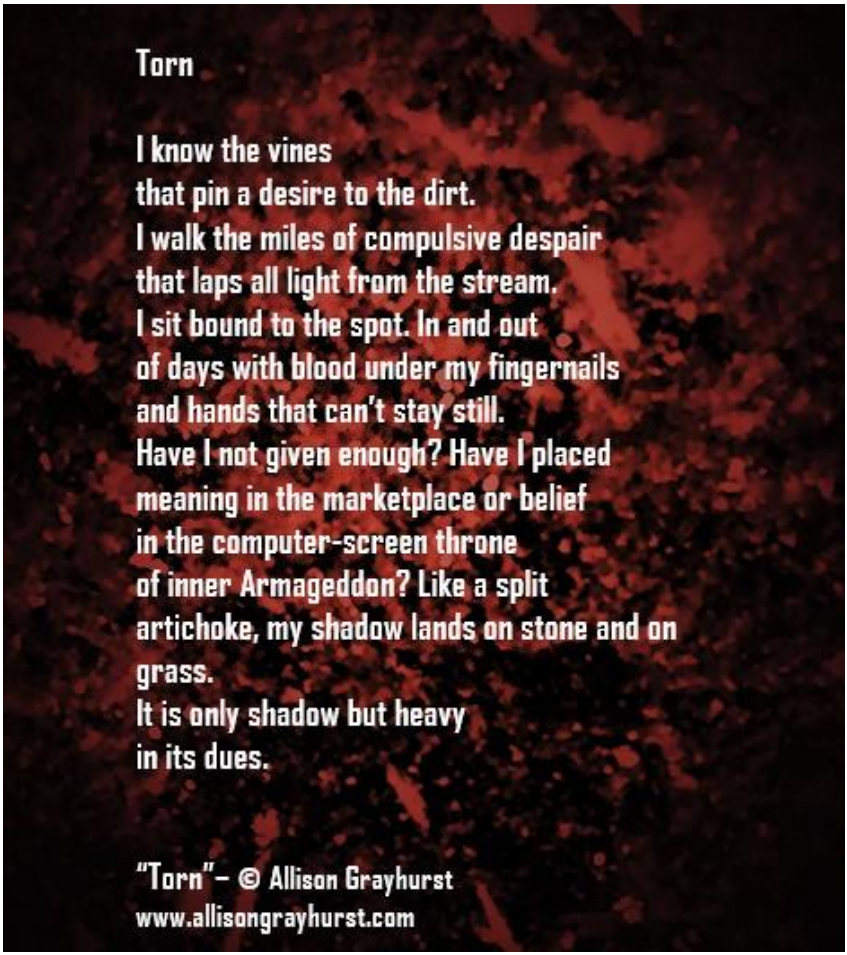
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/17/effie/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/20/all-one-child/


At the top of the stairs
sits a box covered
with wallpaper stars. In this box
there is a small coin that
holds the memory of another time.
A child has pushed the box down the stairs
and the light has caught the coin on the way down,
glimmering like the leaves on branches
after a rainstorm.
from "Wallpaper Stars" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I liked you for your love
of the little creatures, for the wild,
unsavoury animals that others
have no use for - like rats, tortoises
and cats that are blind. I liked you
for the wound you kept a mystery -
something about your father and a
despair that set you apart from the rest
of the living. I liked our full-blown connection
that seemed to conquer time and mistrust and
prepare for us a feast of sisterly ways.

from "A thank-you note"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



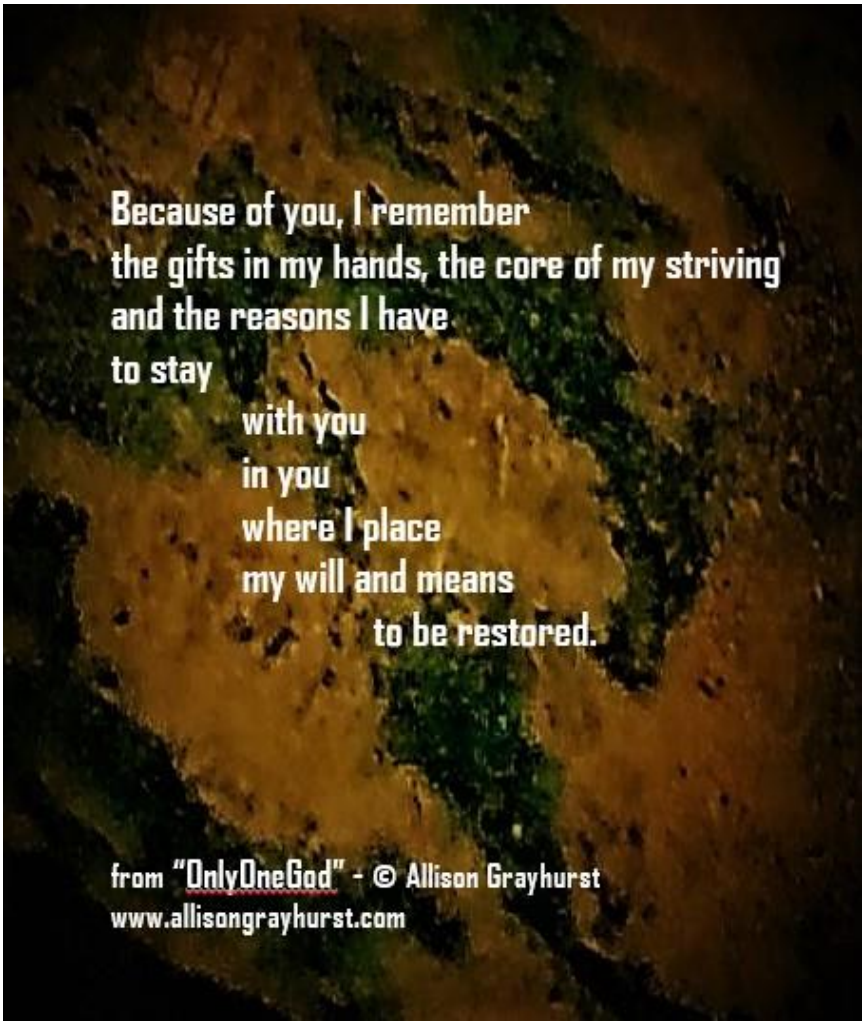
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/26/wallpaper-stars/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/02/a-thank-you-note/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/30/torn/

I could have waited
in my personal eternity with the yellowed books,
on the cold other-century floor, night upon night
reading of murderers and painters and women
confined to views of freedom, caught in a rebel
stratosphere. I could have underlined
the philosophers,
changed channels on the radio,
stayed with my father's typewriter,
with my buckwheat mish-mash and the ants
that collected near the sink.

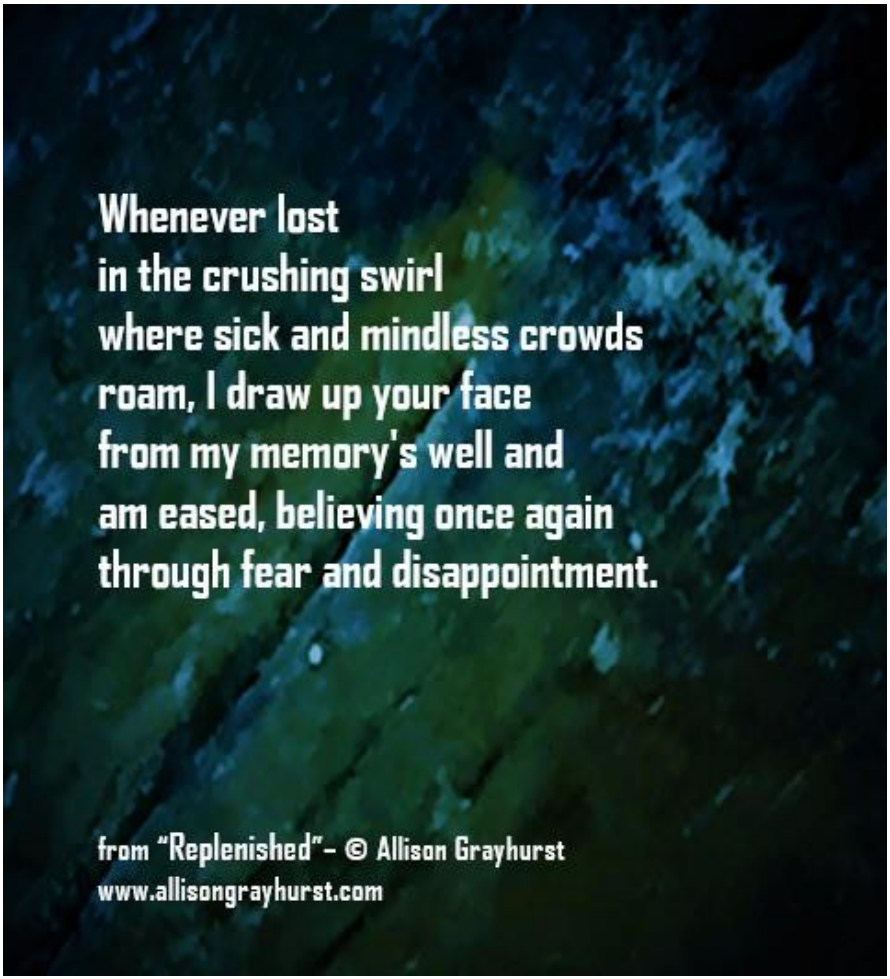
from "I Could Have" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Because of you, I remember
the gifts in my hands, the core of my striving
and the reasons I have
to stay
with you
in you
where I place
my will and means
to be restored.
from "OnlyOneGod" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

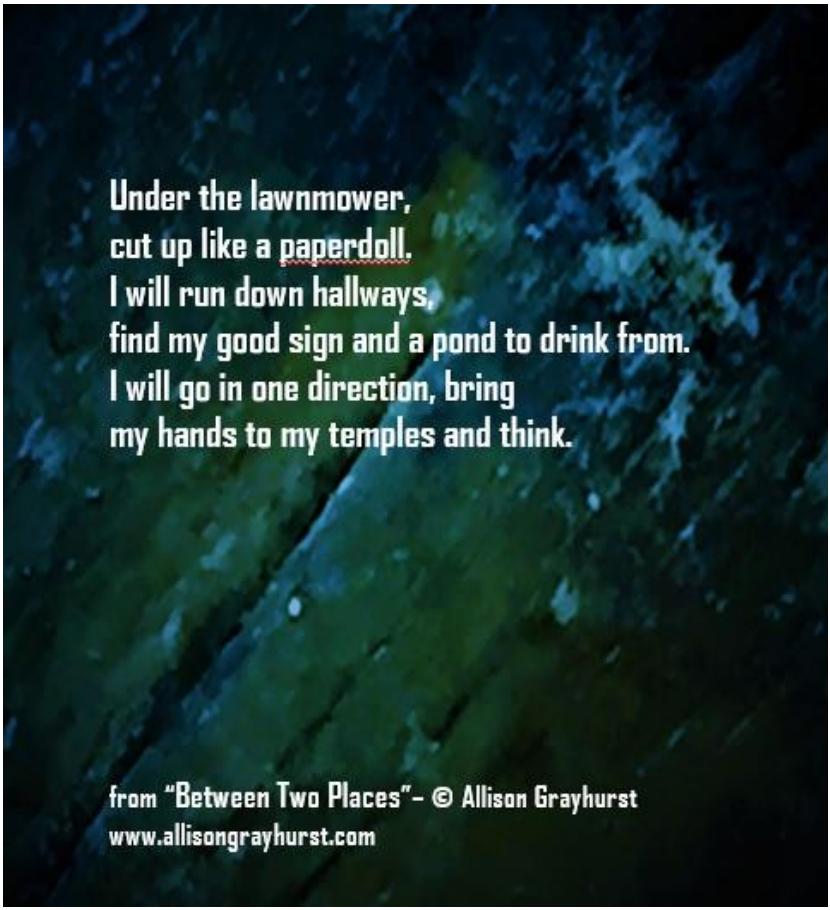
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/06/i-could-have/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/09/03/onlyonegod/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/29/where-love-draws-the-line/


Whenever lost
in the crushing swirl
where sick and mindless crowds
roam, I draw up your face
from my memory's well and
am eased, believing once again
through fear and disappointment.
from "Replenished"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Let it come like the wave with
the salty foam. Let it reflect
my insides like a face held towards
new cutlery.
from "Change"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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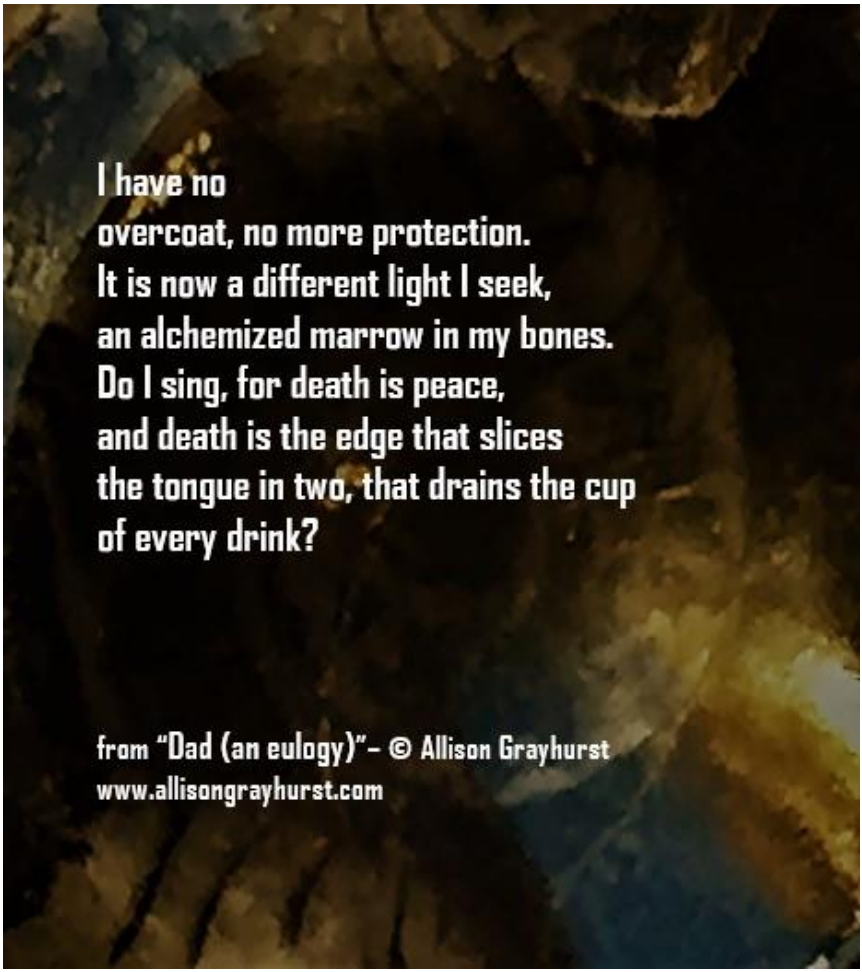
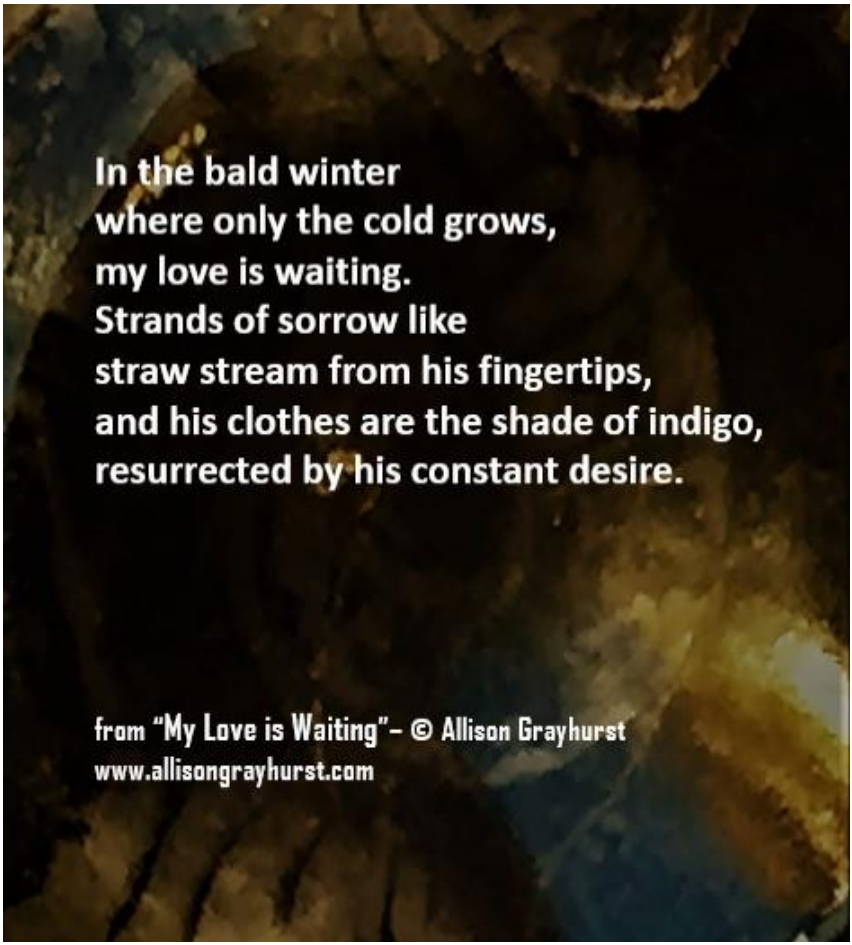
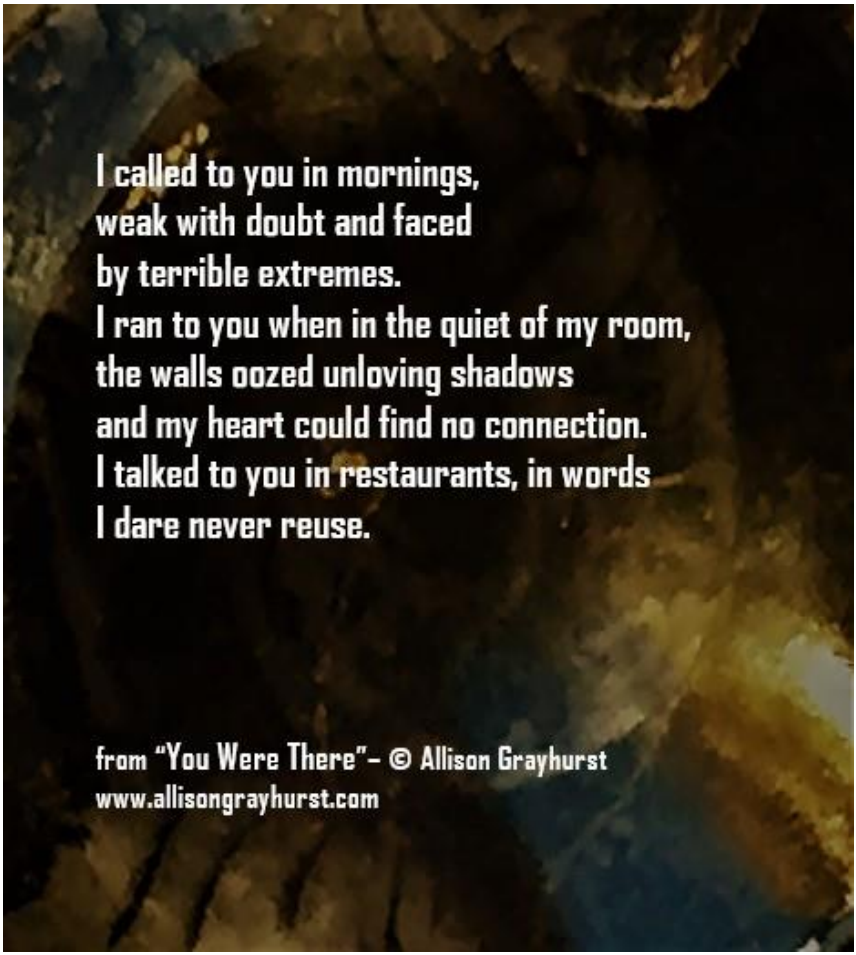

I have no
overcoat, no more protection.
It is now a different light I seek,
an alchemized marrow in my bones.
Do I sing, for death is peace,
and death is the edge that slices
the tongue in two, that drains the cup
of every drink?
from "Dad (an eulogy)"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


In the bald winter
where only the cold grows,
my love is waiting.
Strands of sorrow like
straw stream from his fingertips,
and his clothes are the shade of indigo,
resurrected by his constant desire.
from "My Love is Waiting"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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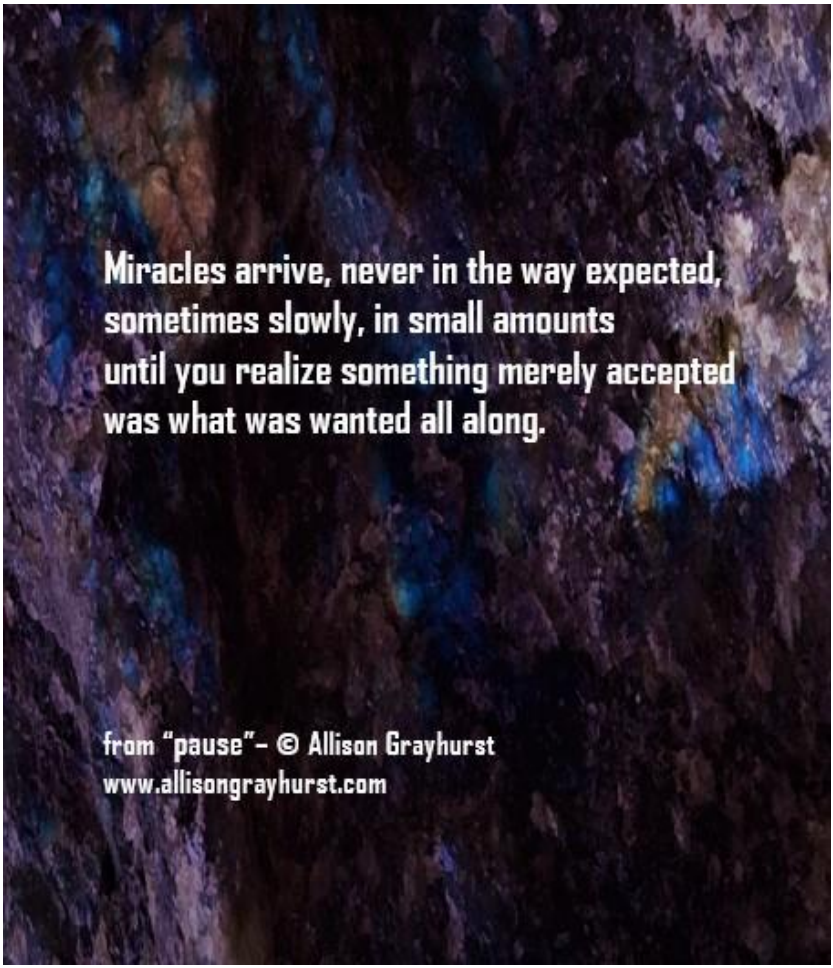
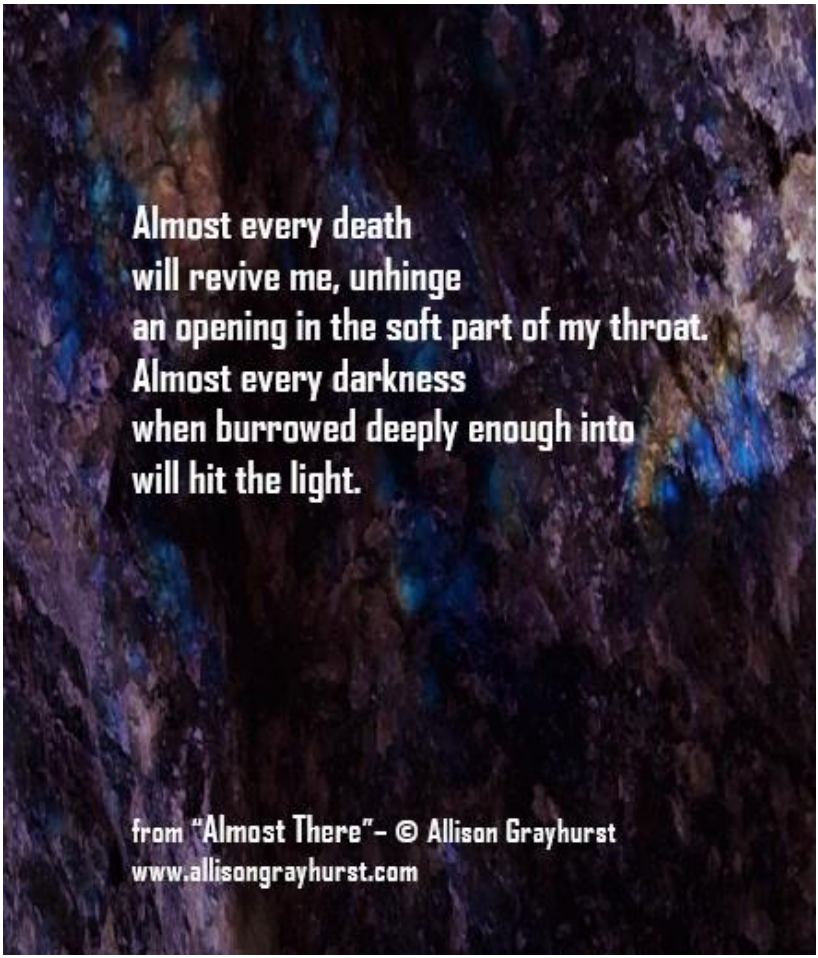

Miracles arrive, never in the way expected,
sometimes slowly, in small amounts
until you realize something merely accepted
was what was wanted all along.
from "pause"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I am ready to release
what must be released,
ready to be unattached and unafraid.
The zenith of my sky is open
and I feel something soft and perfect growing
in my pocket.

from "Golden Eagle"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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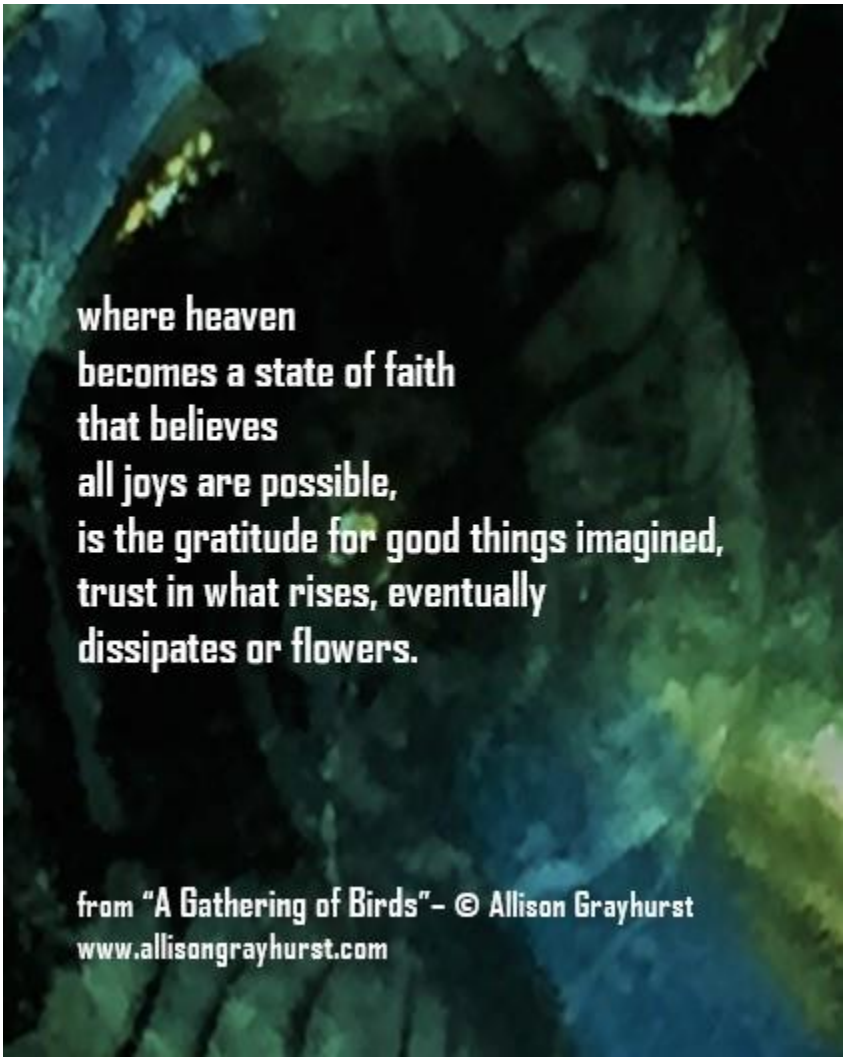
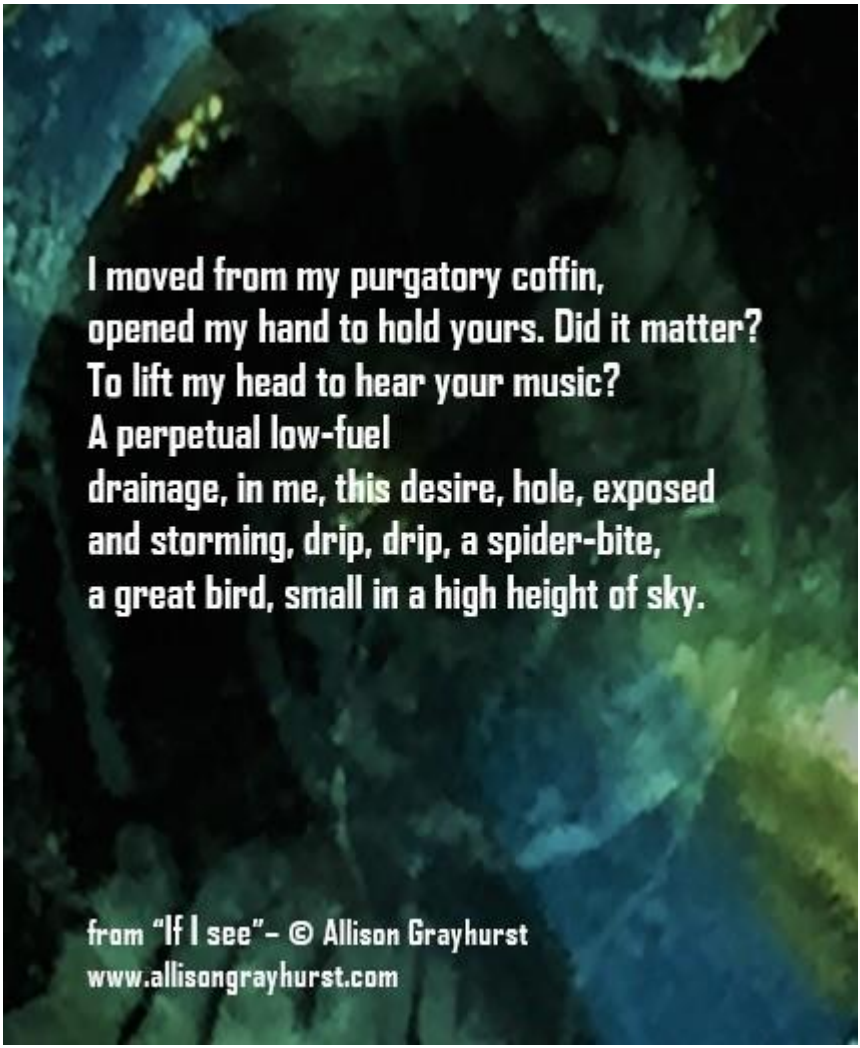
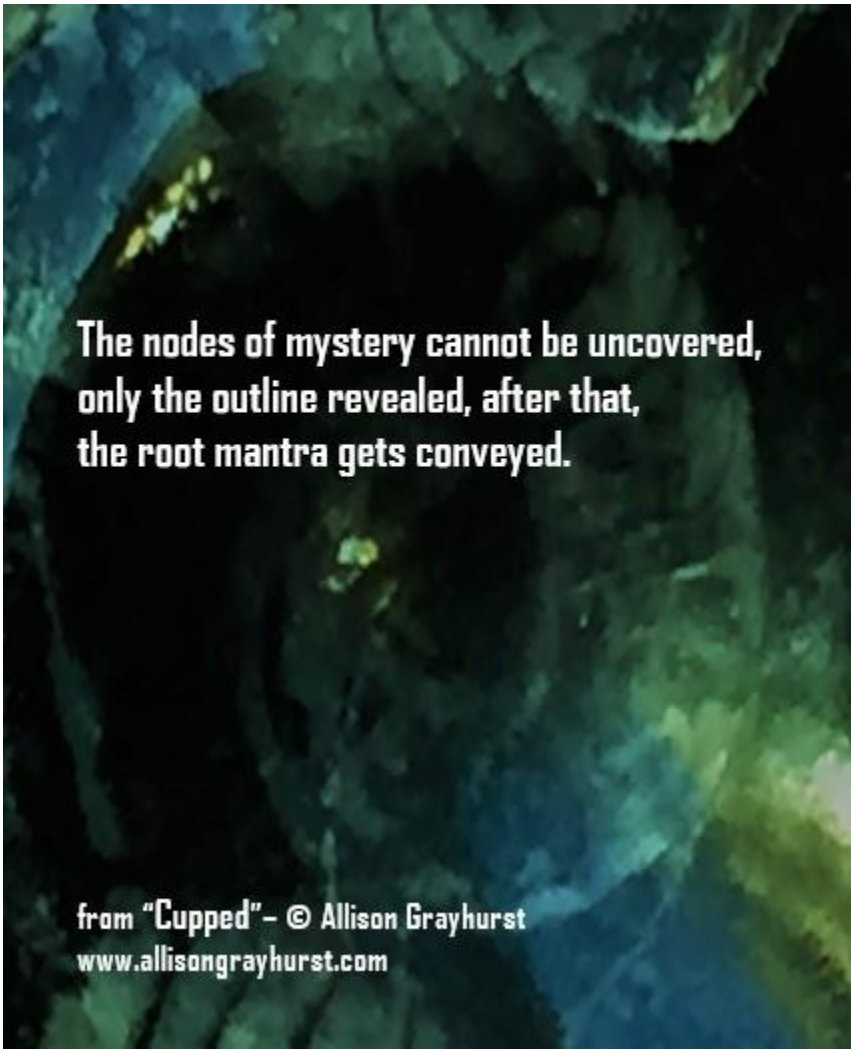

where heaven
becomes a state of faith
that believes
all joys are possible,
is the gratitude for good things imagined,
trust in what rises, eventually
dissipates or flowers.
from "A Gathering of Birds"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I moved from my purgatory coffin,
opened my hand to hold yours. Did it matter?
To lift my head to hear your music?
A perpetual low-fuel
drainage, in me, this desire, hole, exposed
and storming, drip, drip, a spider-bite,
a great bird, small in a high height of sky.
from "If I see"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



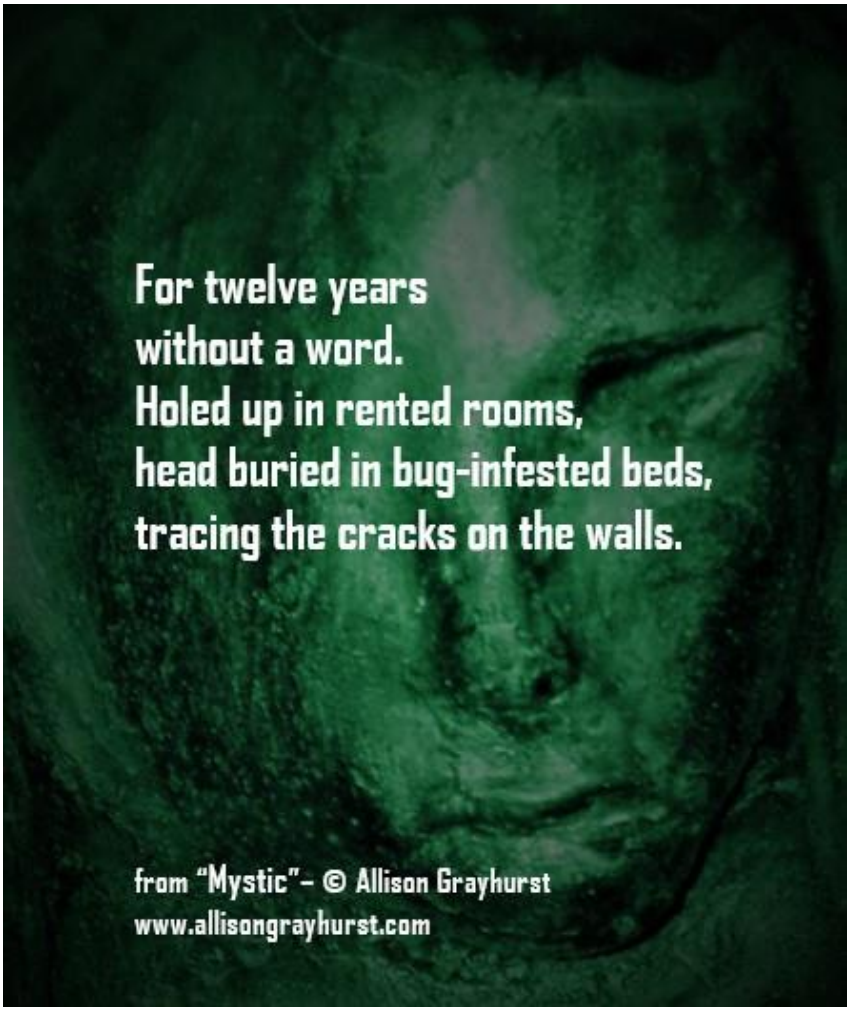
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/05/a-gathering-of-birds/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/02/if-i-see/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/25/cupped/

Centuries that just were, lingering, licking
on waves of vastness, licking dark matter like a candy cane.
Not a soul, but the planets vibrating their orchestra - deep,
varying at intervals, then again, and never changing.
from "Walkways"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Singing for sale. A number left to a key. Fickle
verdicts oscillating between indifference and approval.
Release and acceptance - what else is there?
I am only unhappy when I want what isn't.
from "Walkways"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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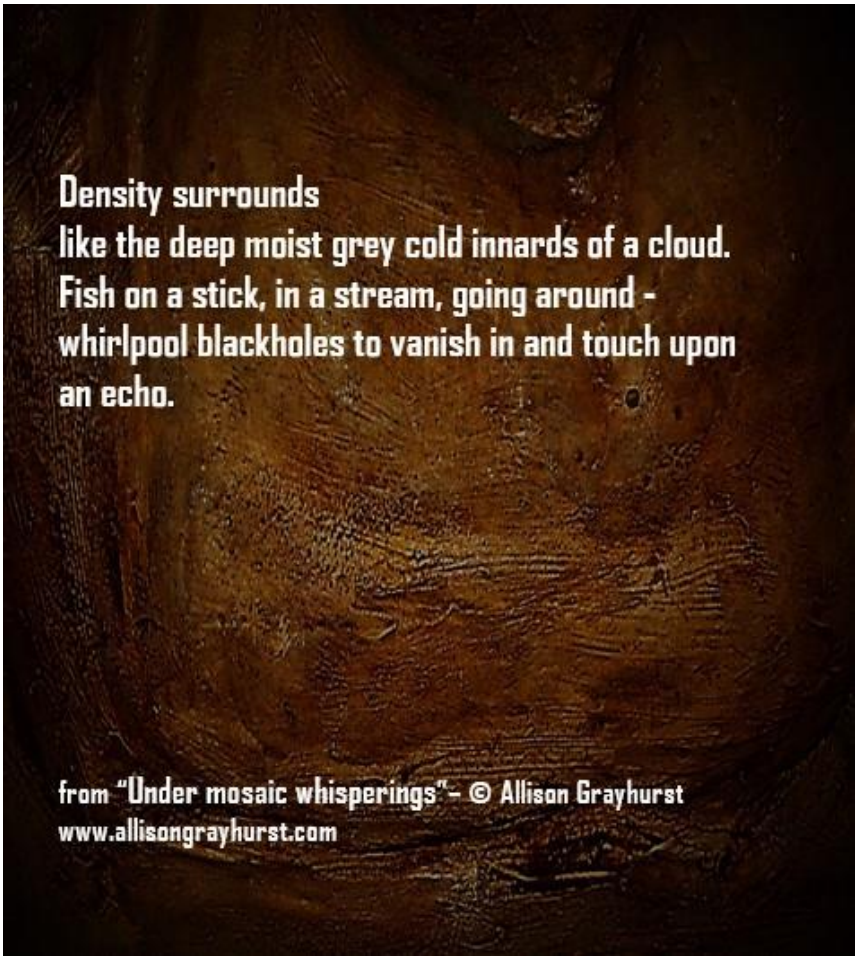
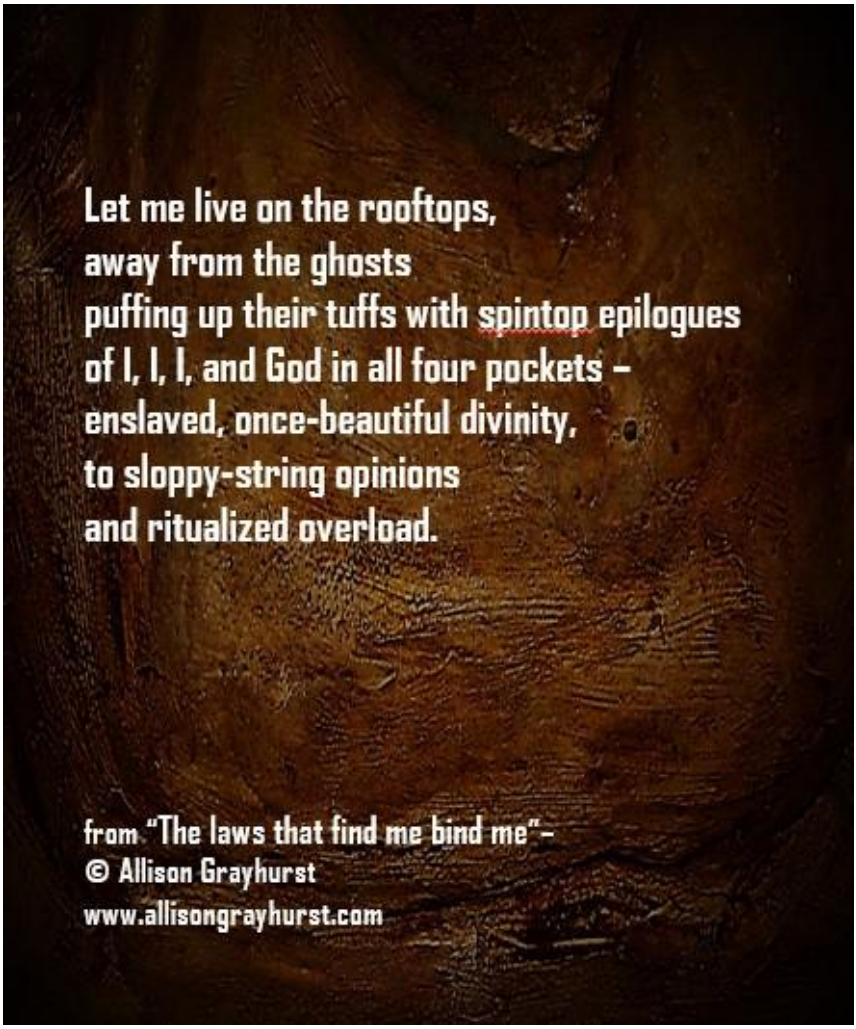
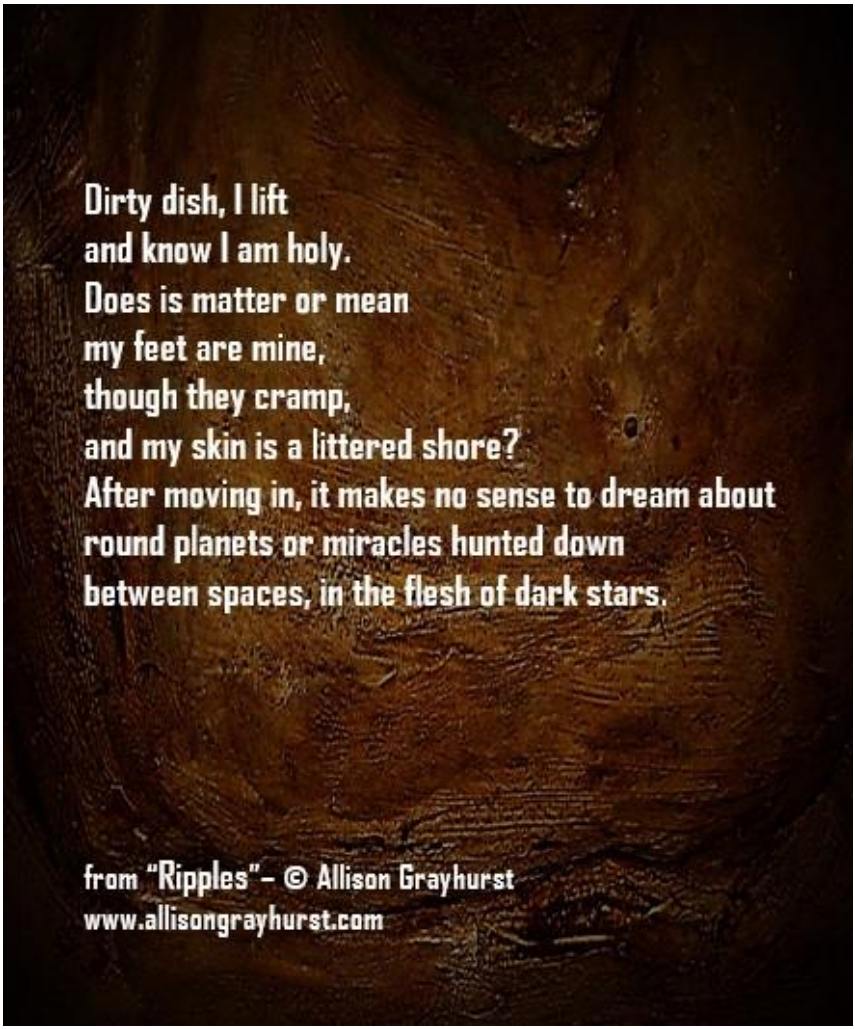

Density surrounds
like the deep moist grey cold innards of a cloud.
Fish on a stick, in a stream, going around -
whirlpool blackholes to vanish in and touch upon
an echo.
from "Under mosaic whisperings" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Let me live on the rooftops,
away from the ghosts
puffing up their tuffs with spintop epilogues
of I, I, I, and God in all four pockets –
enslaved, once-beautiful divinity,
to sloppy-string opinions
and ritualized overload.
from "The laws that find me bind me" –
© Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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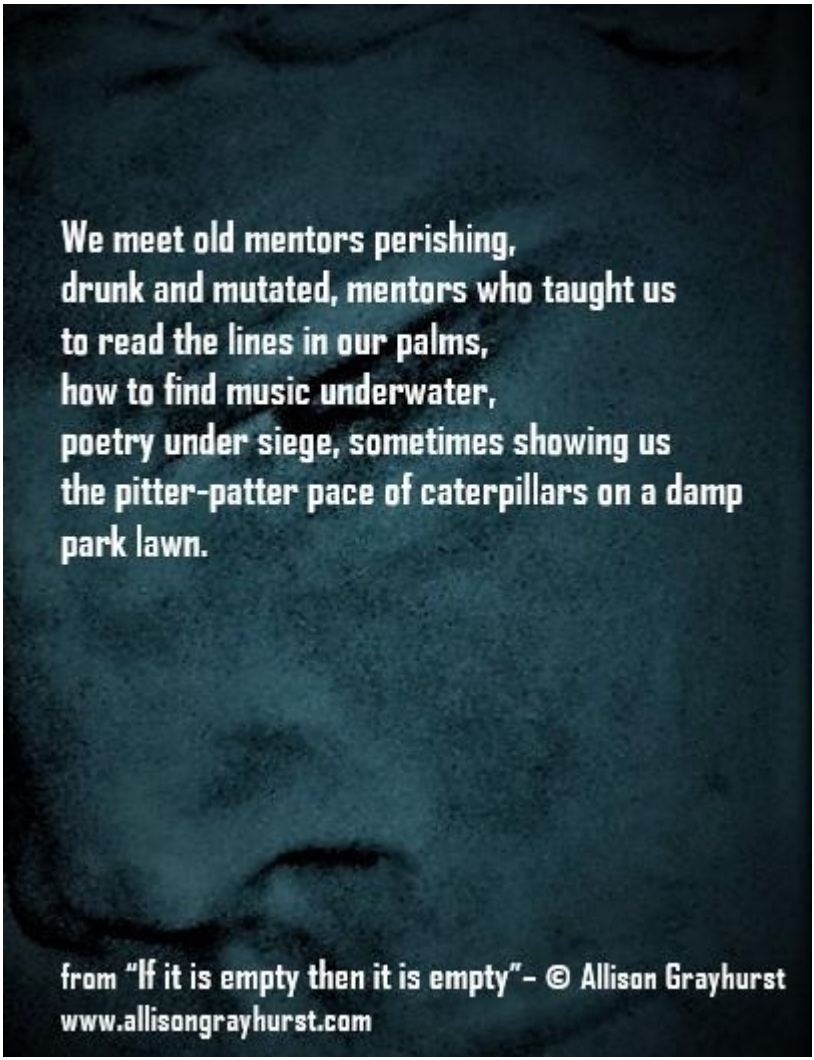
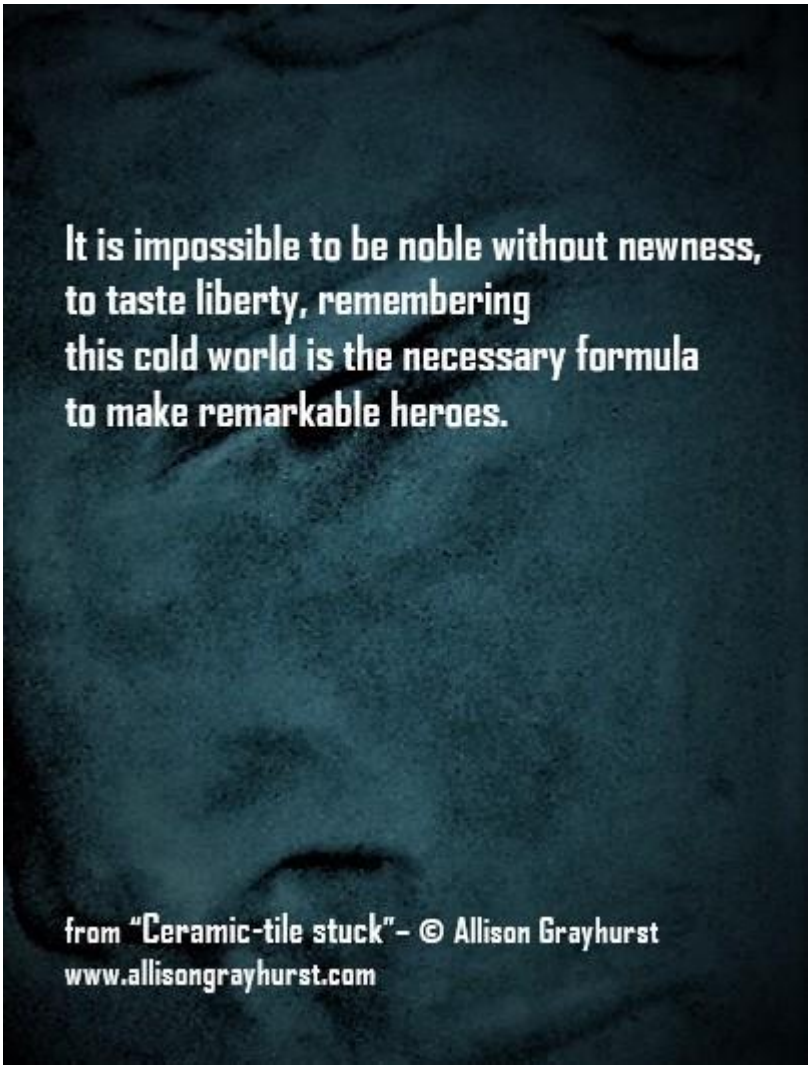
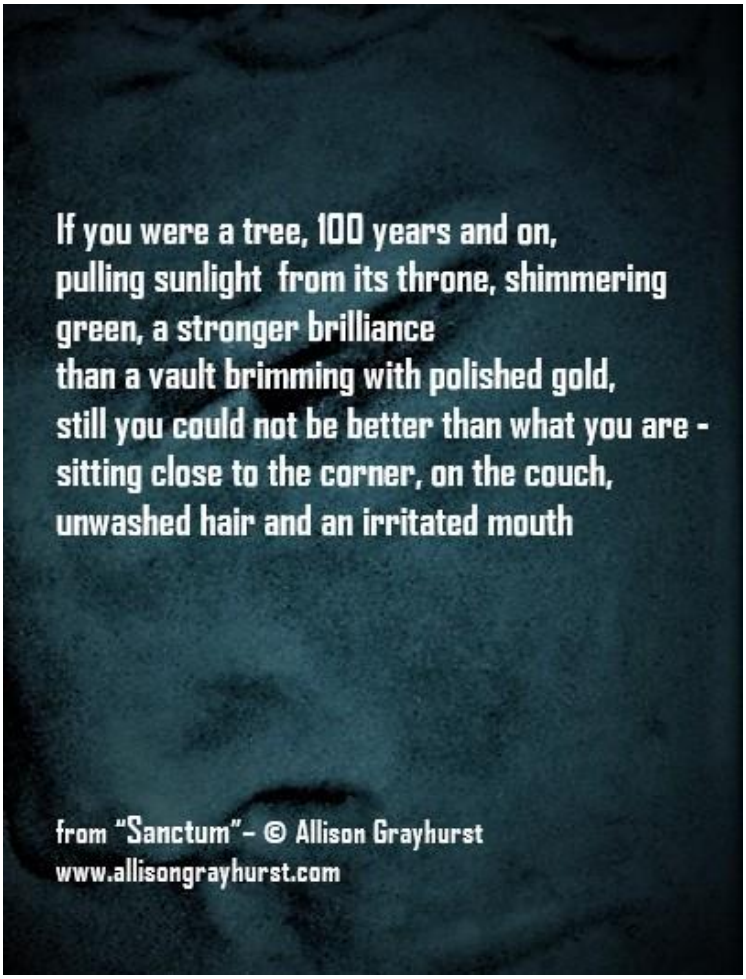

We meet old mentors perishing,
drunk and mutated, mentors who taught us
to read the lines in our palms,
how to find music underwater,
poetry under siege, sometimes showing us
the pitter-patter pace of caterpillars on a damp
park lawn.
from "If it is empty then it is empty"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


It is impossible to be noble without newness,
to taste liberty, remembering
this cold world is the necessary formula
to make remarkable heroes.
from "Ceramic-tile stuck"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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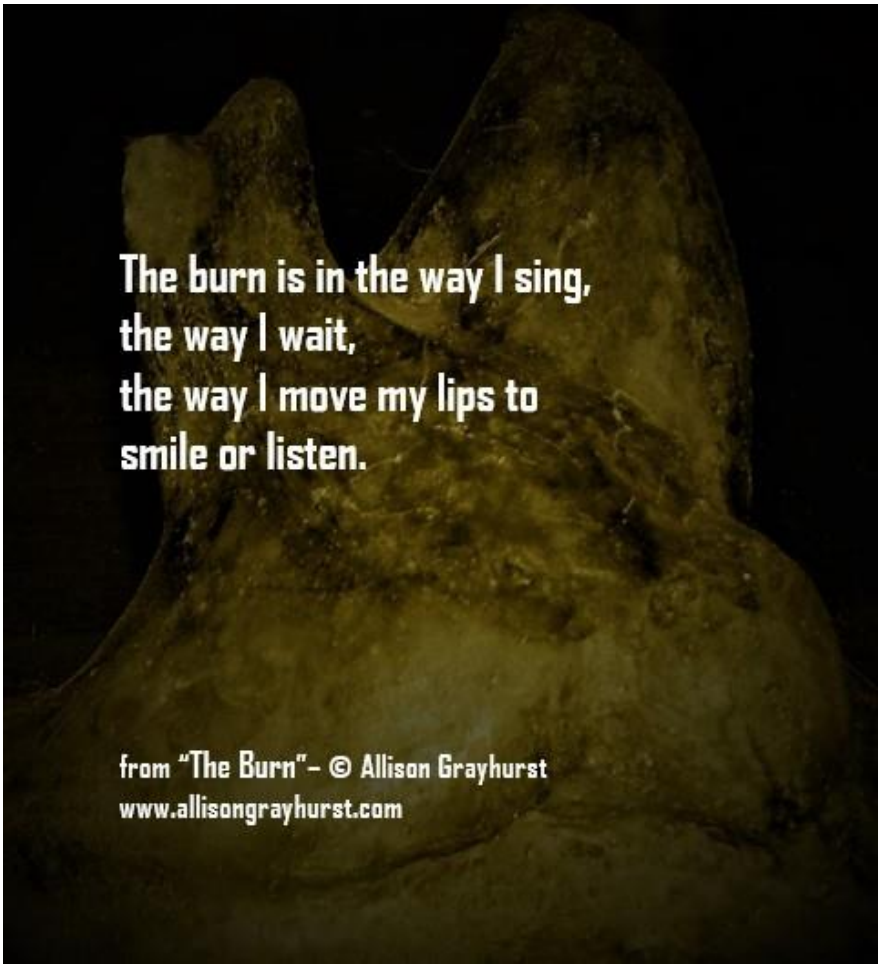
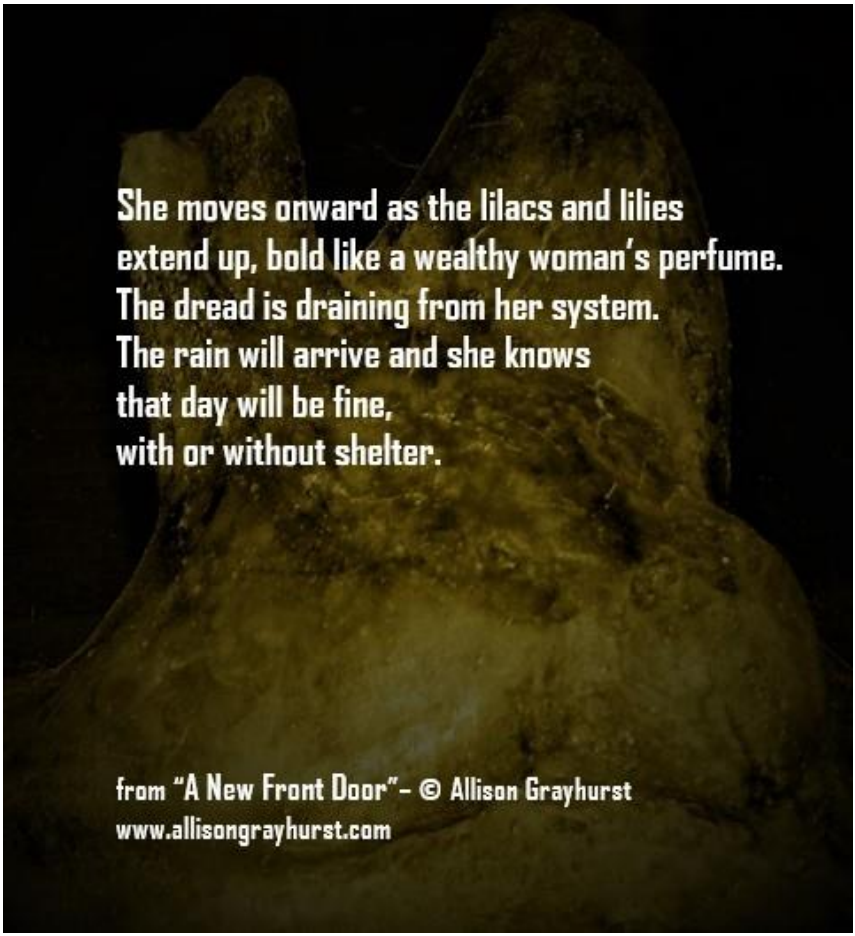
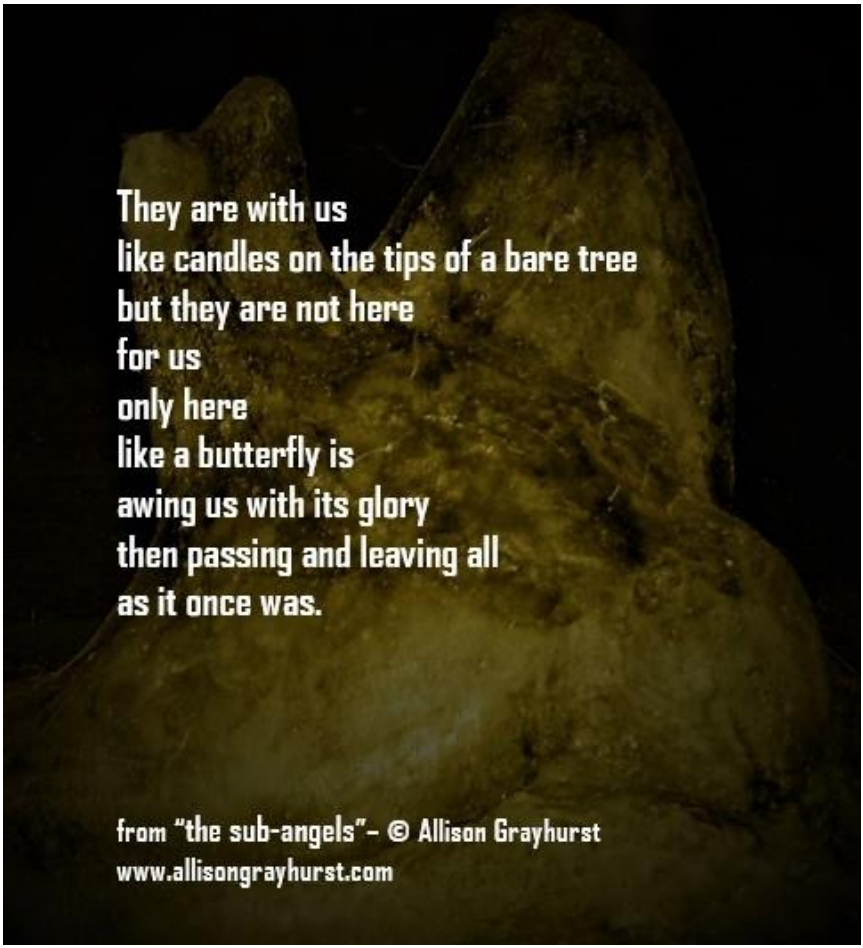

The burn is in the way I sing,
the way I wait,
the way I move my lips to
smile or listen.
from "The Burn"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


She moves onward as the lilacs and lilies
extend up, bold like a wealthy woman's perfume.
The dread is draining from her system.
The rain will arrive and she knows
that day will be fine,
with or without shelter.
from "A New Front Door"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/27/the-burn/

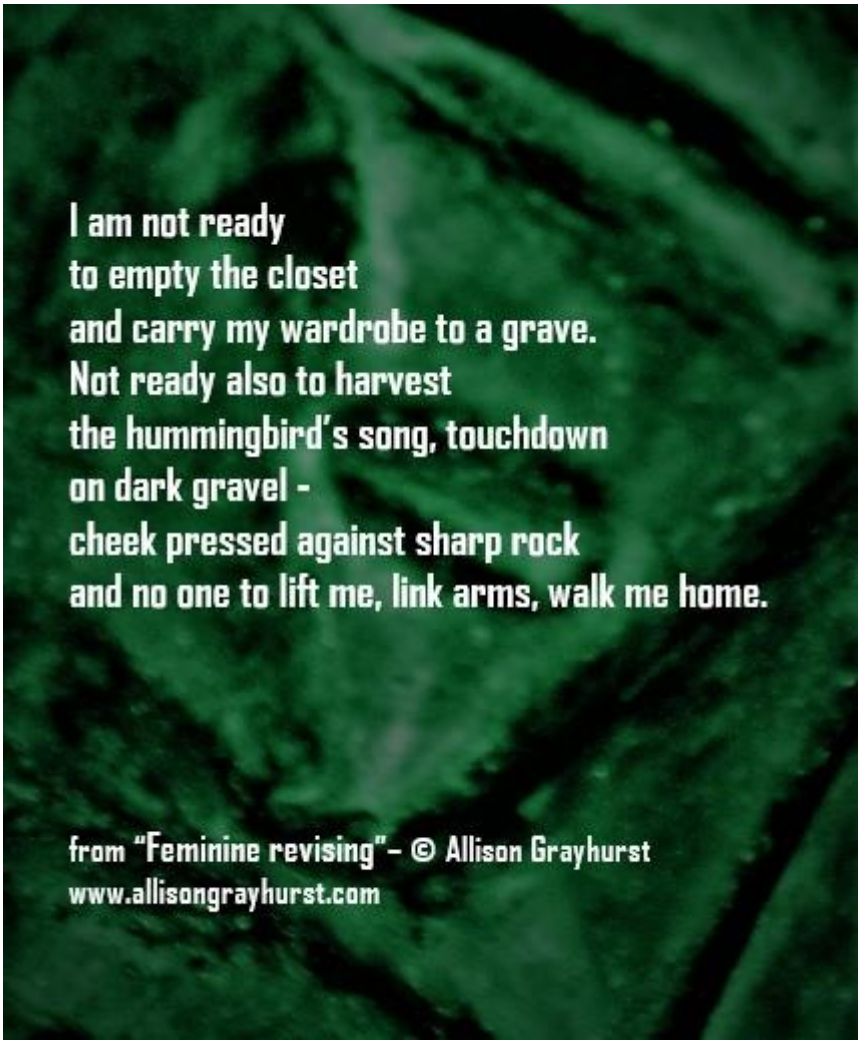
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/08/31/a-new-front-door/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/24/the-sub-angels/

The bitten moon, lingering, muscles forgetting
how they travel, how love is contemplated
and grows in sand, in cracked concrete corners
even when the wolves are nearing.
from "Collector"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I dreamt of owning wings like
everyone else has, but
I never was an eagle or angel,
I never had a name
for the sacred space in the early morning,
floating around through changing
landscape-imagination, sometimes
nightmares more solid than when asleep,
sometimes immaculate colours,
touching with my tongue
the sensations of a song,
notes rising like shields, urgency,
chaotic wanderings.

from "Gestation"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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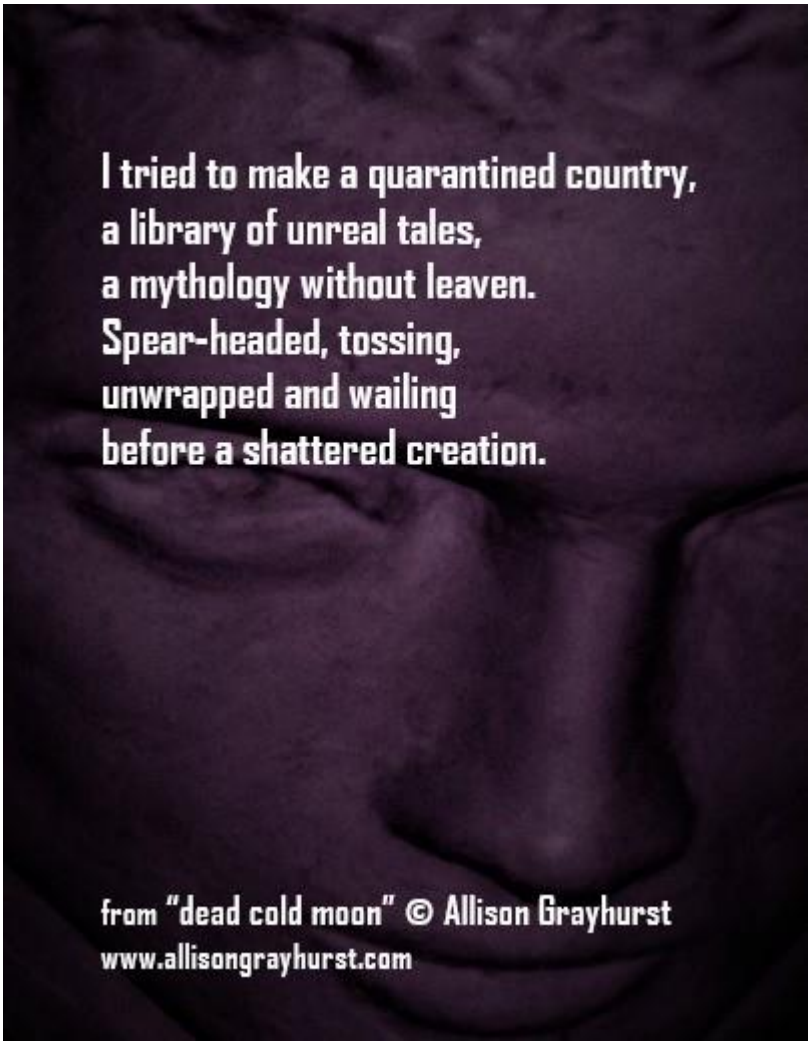
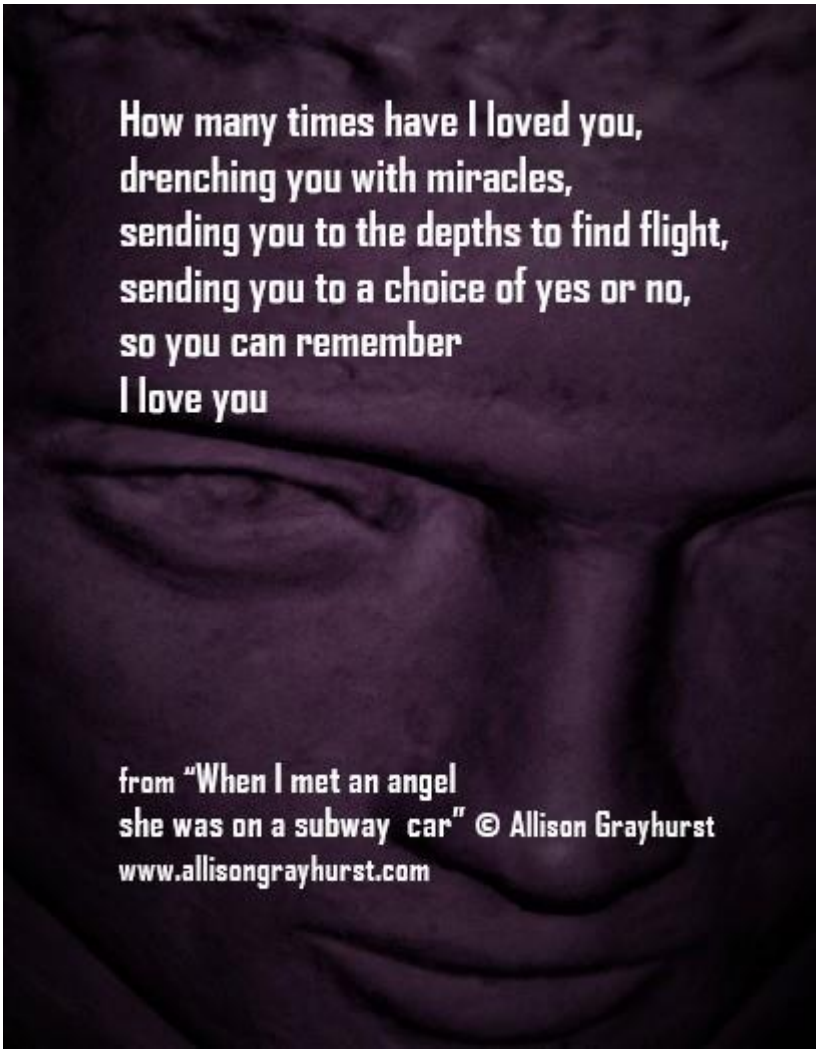
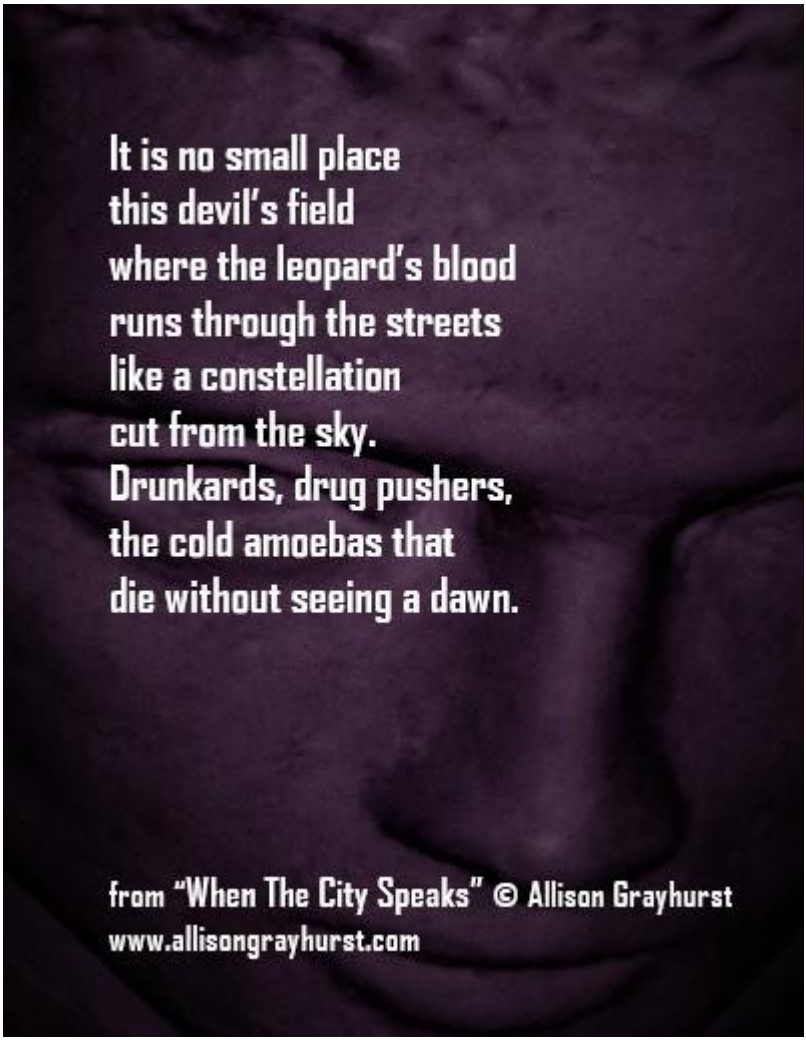

I tried to make a quarantined country,
a library of unreal tales,
a mythology without leaven.
Spear-headed, tossing,
unwrapped and wailing
before a shattered creation.
from "dead cold moon" © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


How many times have I loved you,
drenching you with miracles,
sending you to the depths to find flight,
sending you to a choice of yes or no,
so you can remember
I love you
from "When I met an angel
she was on a subway car" © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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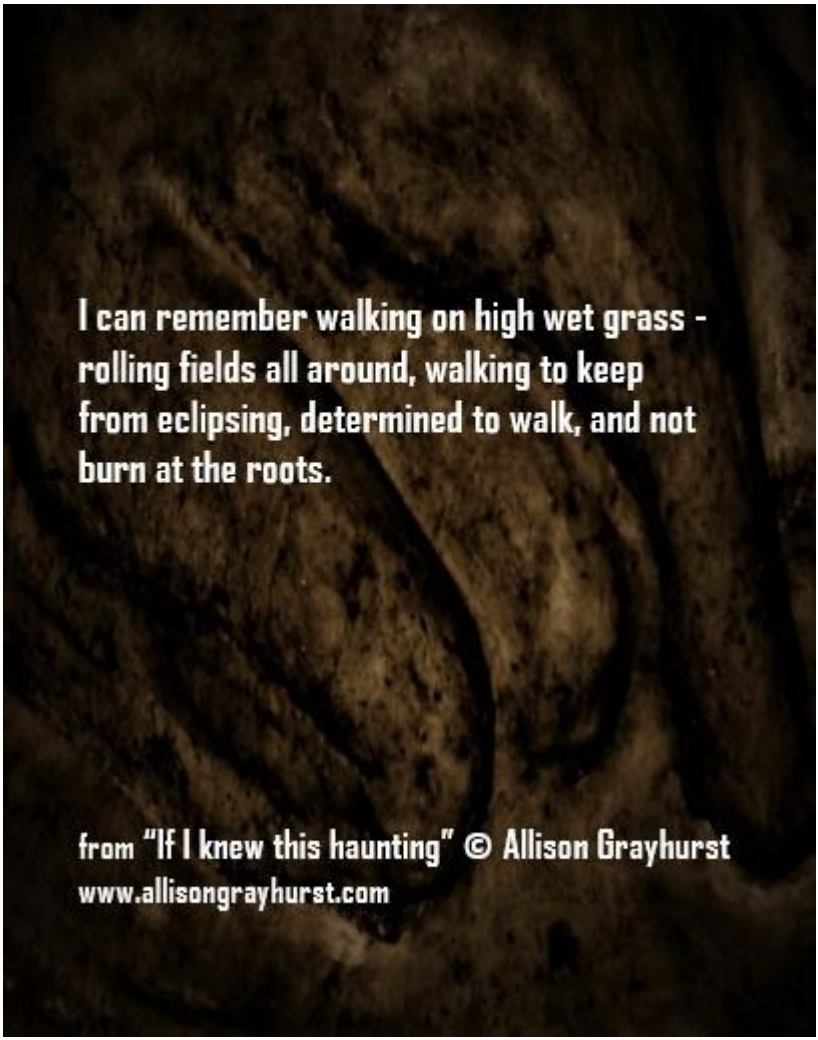
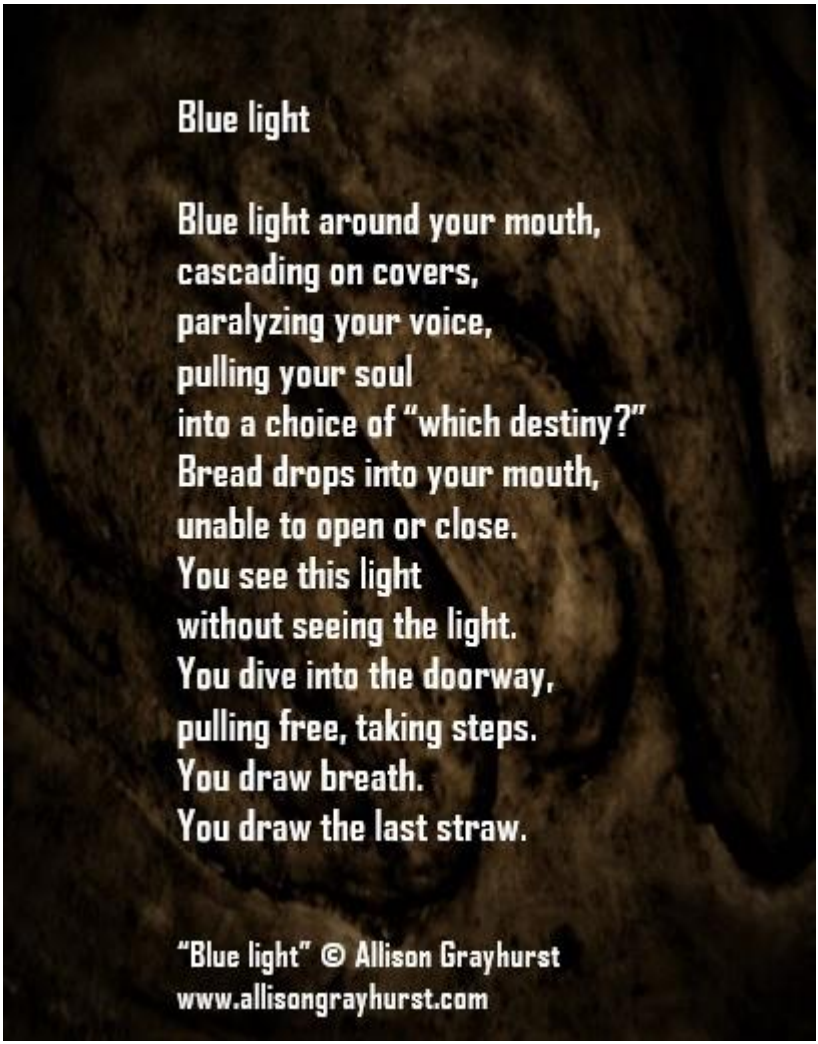
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/17/when-i-met-an-angel-she-was-on-a-subway-car/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/22/when-the-city-speaks/

It is time
to accept happiness
like a decision or commitment
to faith regardless of
the mammal body breaking,
fraught with meaningless shifts
of further incompletions

from "And though the news is bad"
© Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I can remember walking on high wet grass -
rolling fields all around, walking to keep
from eclipsing, determined to walk, and not
burn at the roots.
from "If I knew this haunting" © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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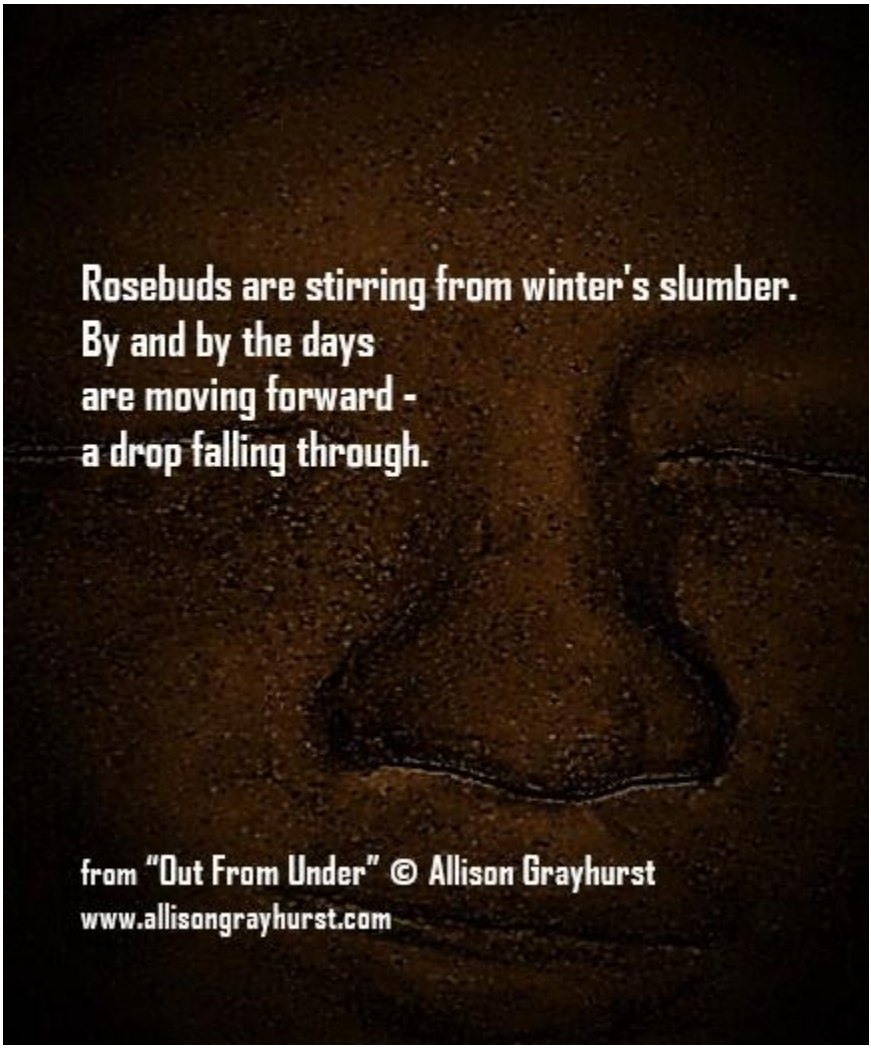
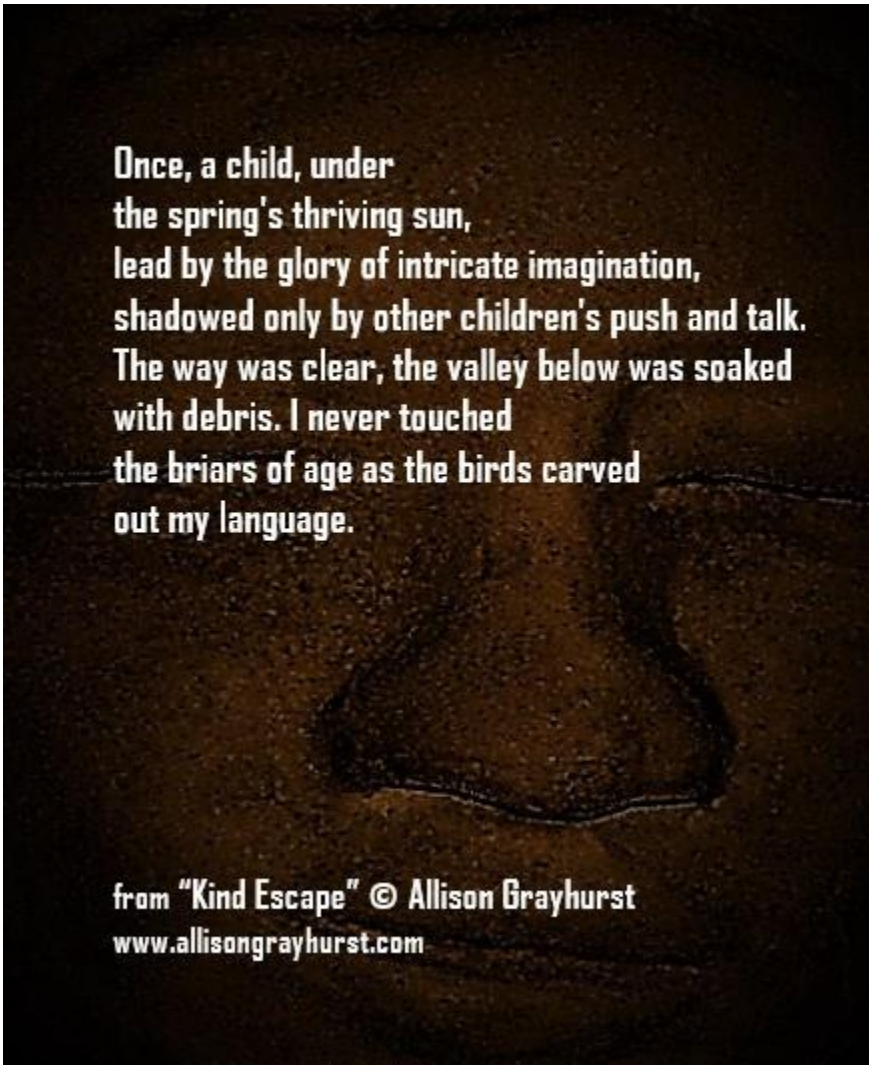

Rosebuds are stirring from winter's slumber.
By and by the days
are moving forward -
a drop falling through.
from "Out From Under" © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Hood

Circle the dollar,
a plant is shining
in streams from the sun.
I came from the darkness,
fierce, yet frail like one
wounded by the touch of
something too beautiful.
In my hands a star was destroyed
like a minnow out of water
gasping in the harsh air.
Songs and stories are what I have.
The answers I once played with are perishing
and only the vision remains.
I think this is good, though it feels as though I failed
my sounding fire and wetlogged my faith.
What was shadow is now solid, and the solid has
thinned to a smoky stream.

"Hood" © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/24/out-from-under/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/10/03/kind-escape-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/06/11/hood/

No Hope –
For Good

Understand, I was pleading
like Job under the wire
for the arrival of hope.
But now I see that hope is murder to the seed
of this emerging beginning.
It is not a butterfly shred in a child's hands
but the cause of dark inertia,
giving despair a little more fuel to run with,
preventing the final collapse, stopping the black hole
that will suck the last trickle of false expectations through,
keeping me pinned to this stalled, starved and stale
universe like a crushed insect clinging for breath.
It is hope but also torture that takes death away
from that which needs to die.
It is hope but not enough to build on,
so it is better that it never comes, never runs
along side this something spectacular that is trying
to break through.

"No Hope – For Good"– © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

End

I see the darkness fully. I face the sword
to slice clean the cancer blotting my soul.
I dive in the sewer, side by side with bacteria,
holding my face straight up. I let my fingertips be
severed so I can free the rest of my body.
I am frightened, looking beyond
the murky fear into a faith, small but glowing.
I have been the caterpillar. Not for one more day.

To get through it, I am going through it -

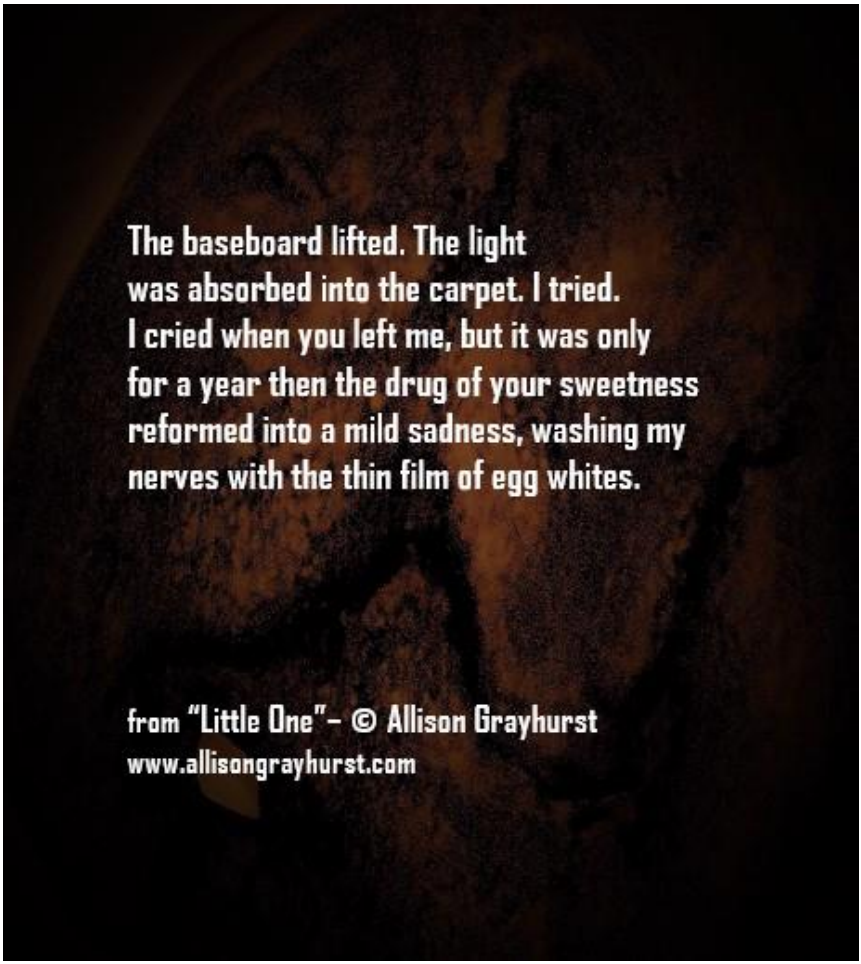
smeared like a bird by an oil-spill,
cut off from the sky.

"End"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/08/no-hope-for-good-2/

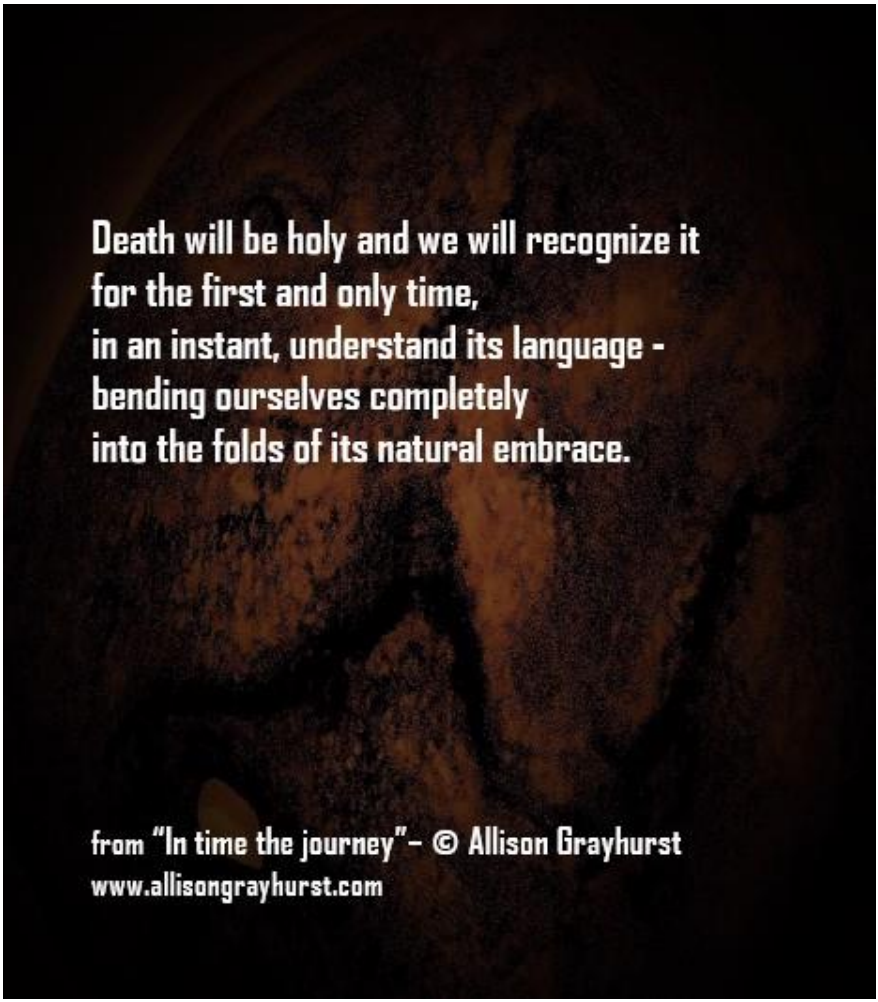
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/01/end/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/29/jesus-in-the-counter-stream/


The baseboard lifted. The light
was absorbed into the carpet. I tried.
I cried when you left me, but it was only
for a year then the drug of your sweetness
reformed into a mild sadness, washing my
nerves with the thin film of egg whites.
from "Little One" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

We will hold our meditation stones,
like a horse's beautiful mane, brushing,
braiding, all the while,
softly whispering our affection
into the copper-coloured ear of nature.
And the animals will bind us. The enormous love
between us all will cut away
the scar tissue of disappointment.

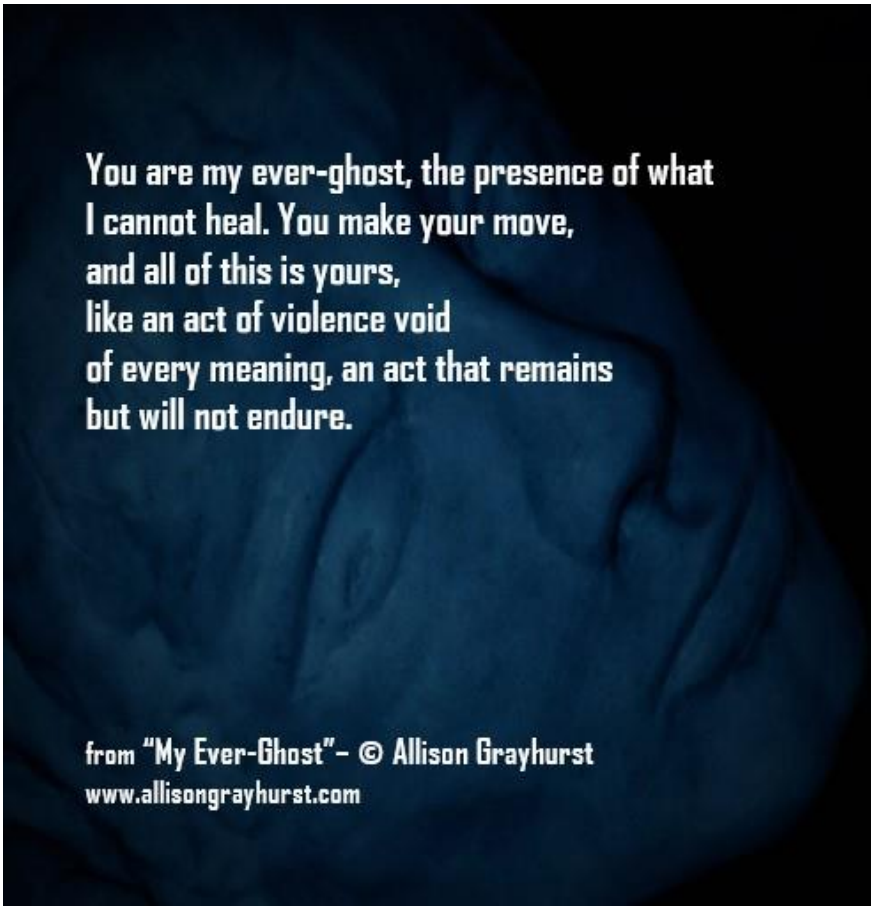
from "Rooms of Joy"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/01/01/little-one/

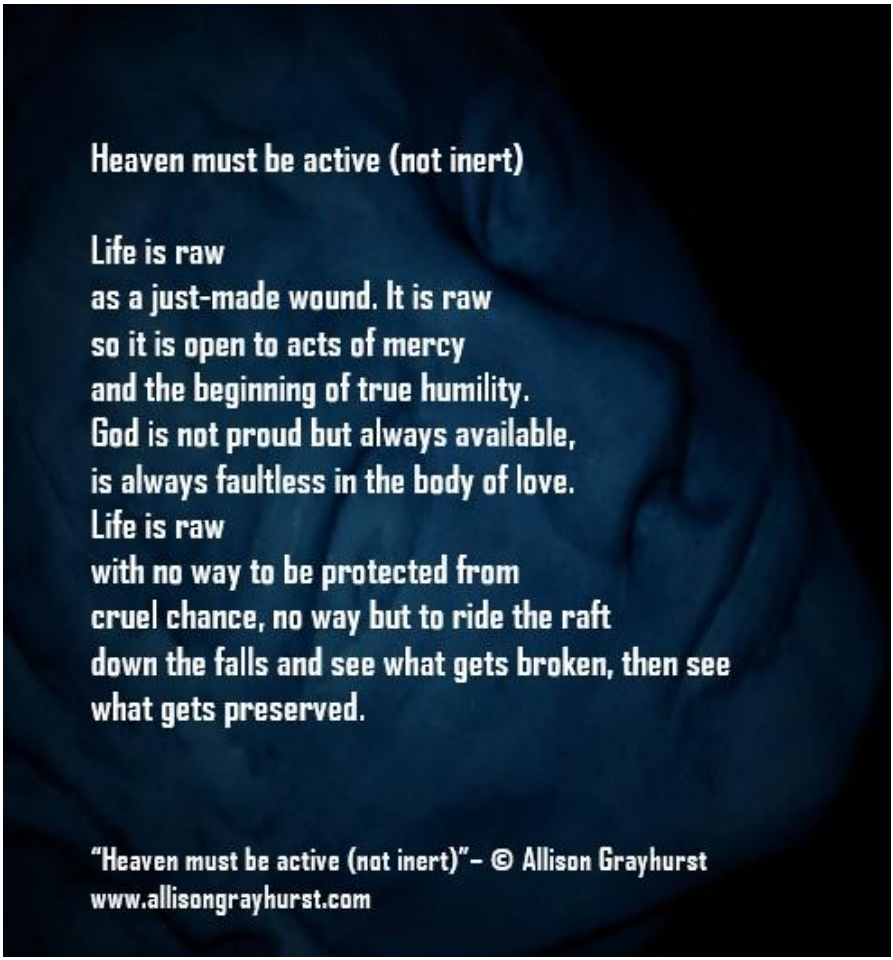
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/01/20/rooms-of-joy/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/29/in-time-the-journey/


You are my ever-ghost, the presence of what
I cannot heal. You make your move,
and all of this is yours,
like an act of violence void
of every meaning, an act that remains
but will not endure.
from "My Ever-Ghost"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Waiting at 4 a.m. to steal away into my cubicle
and watch the dawn break over the park,
or running with my brother
over the farmland of a mutual friend
that frightened us, who we kept because
we had no other,
as we sat quietly
on his cast-iron stove

from "The Path Before"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/19/my-ever-ghost/

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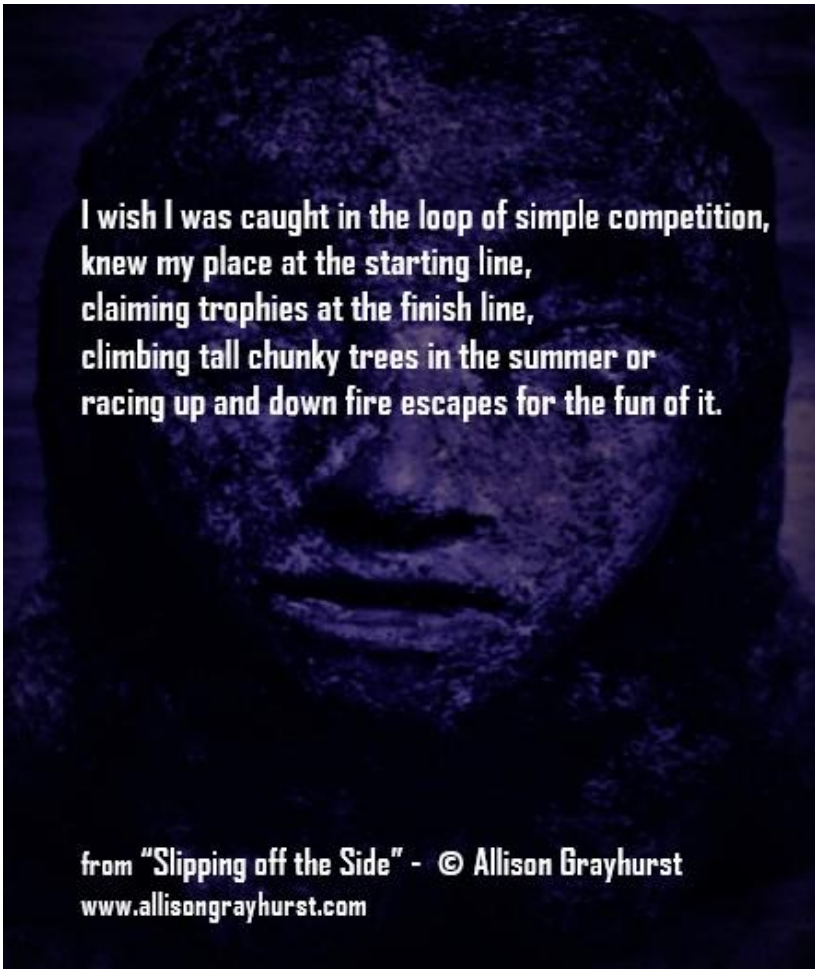
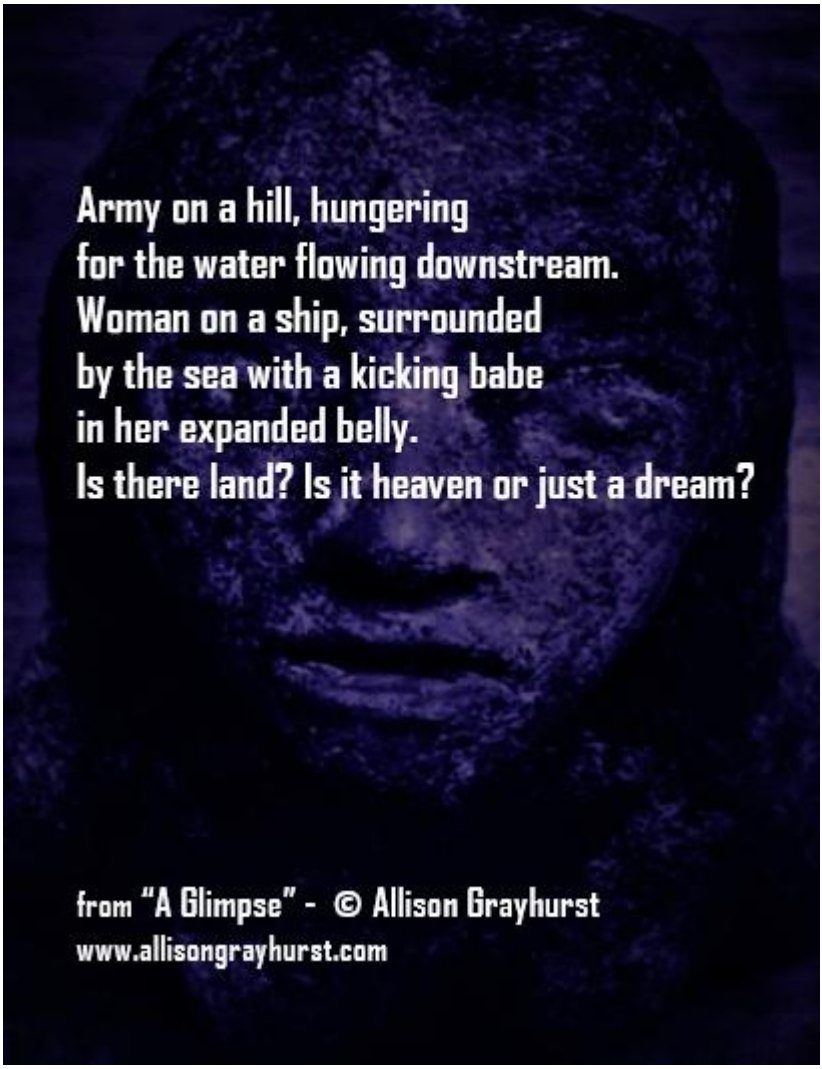

I wish I was caught in the loop of simple competition,
knew my place at the starting line,
claiming trophies at the finish line,
climbing tall chunky trees in the summer or
racing up and down fire escapes for the fun of it.
from "Slipping off the Side" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

The words came
and killed the hostages,
killed the ghosts stuck
in crevices of crow's feet eyes
and in the long book of regrets and what ifs.

The words came and said:
the greatest indication
of spiritual immaturity
is the lack of gratitude.

The words were singular, pounded their plurality
into one soft mass, or like pieces of glass
heated, liquified, blending smoothly
the dangerous edges.

from "Words" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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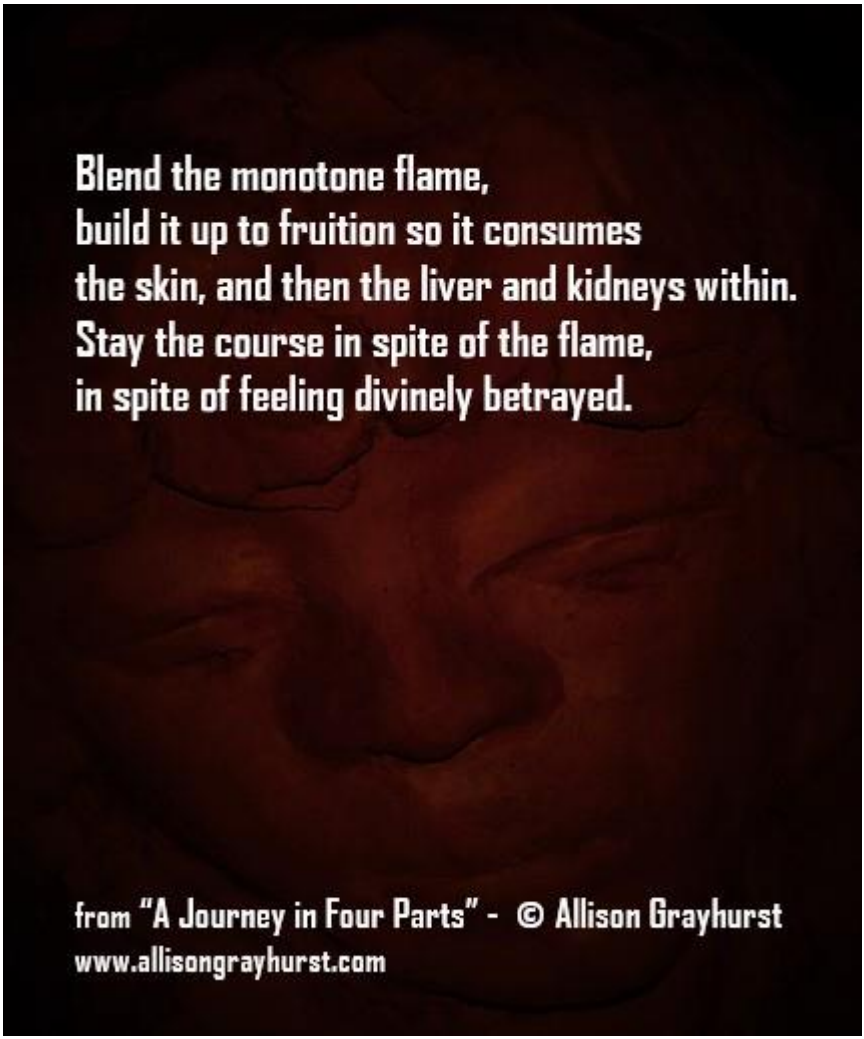
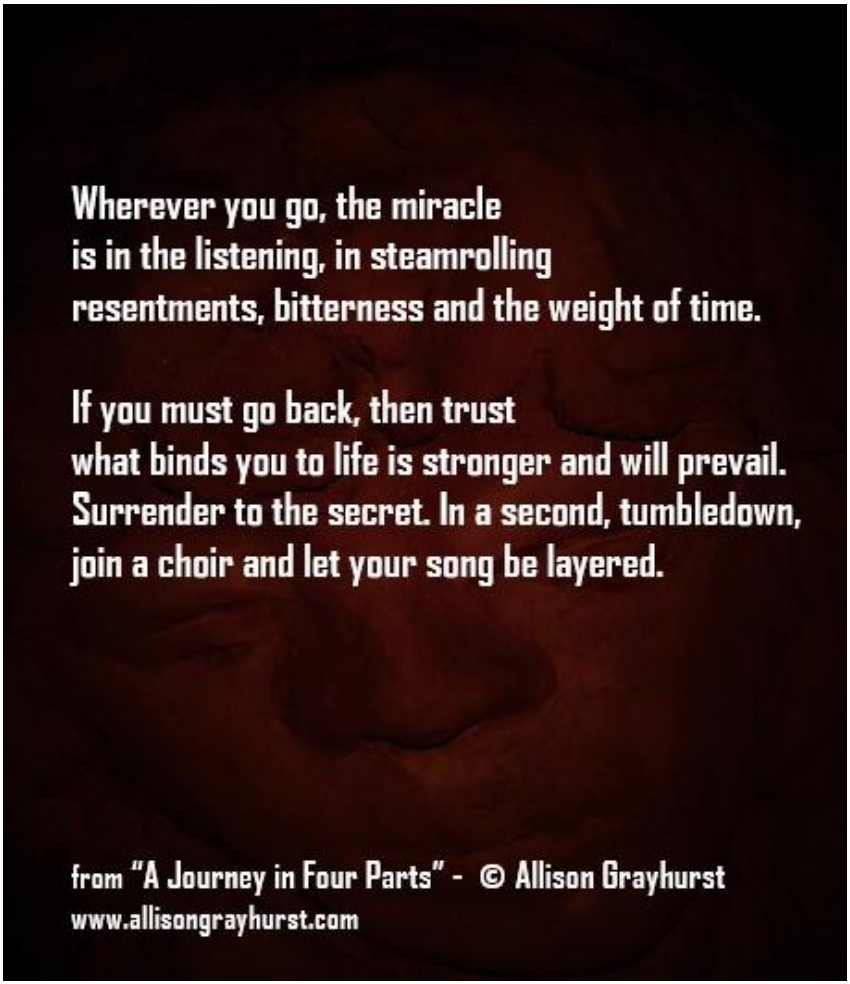
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/11/22/words/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/11/21/a-glimpse/

Ahead, I can make it, make myself a ship
to weather any wave.
Ahead, I can keep myself open, love deeply.
I can be tender, build furniture in the sunlight
or just run with the running water,
up or down stream.

from "A Journey in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Blend the monotone flame,
build it up to fruition so it consumes
the skin, and then the liver and kidneys within.
Stay the course in spite of the flame,
in spite of feeling divinely betrayed.
from "A Journey in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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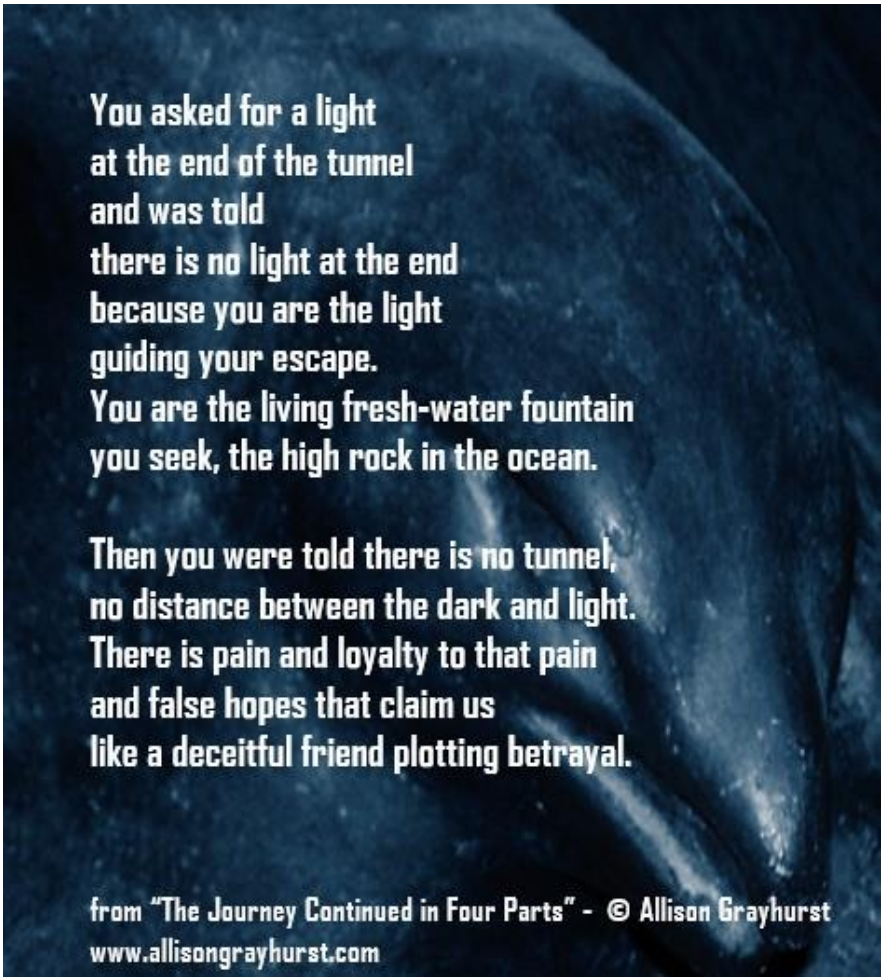
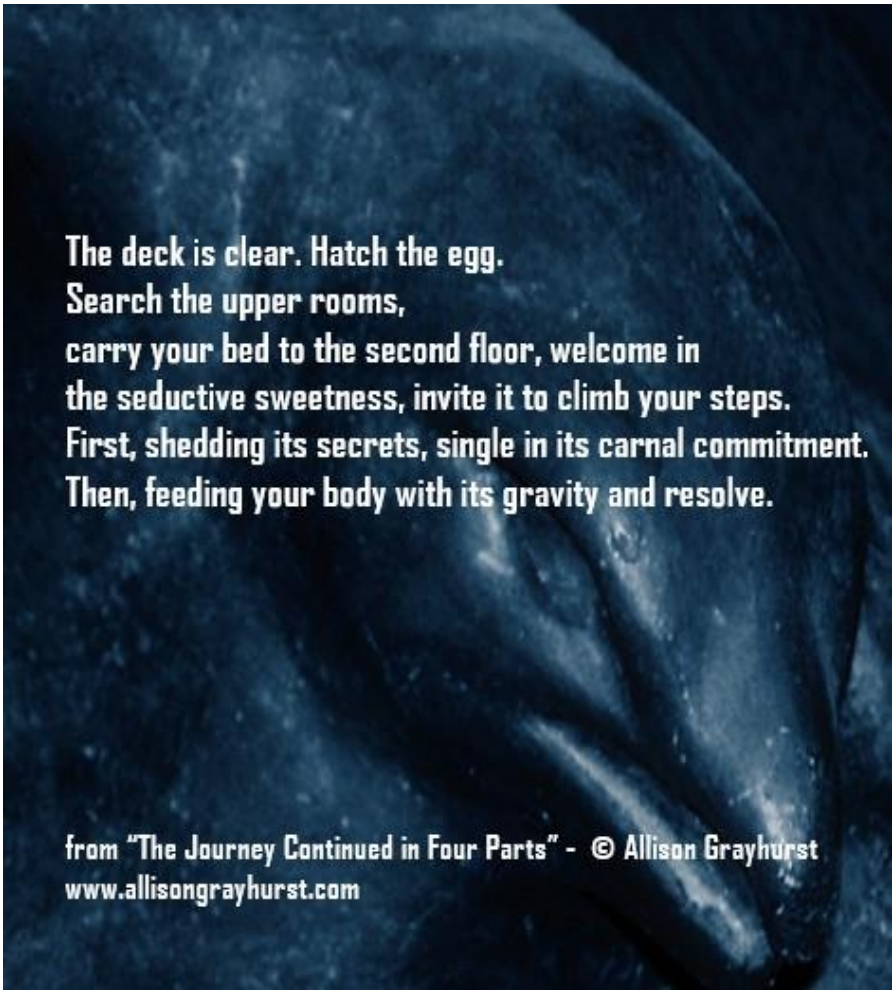
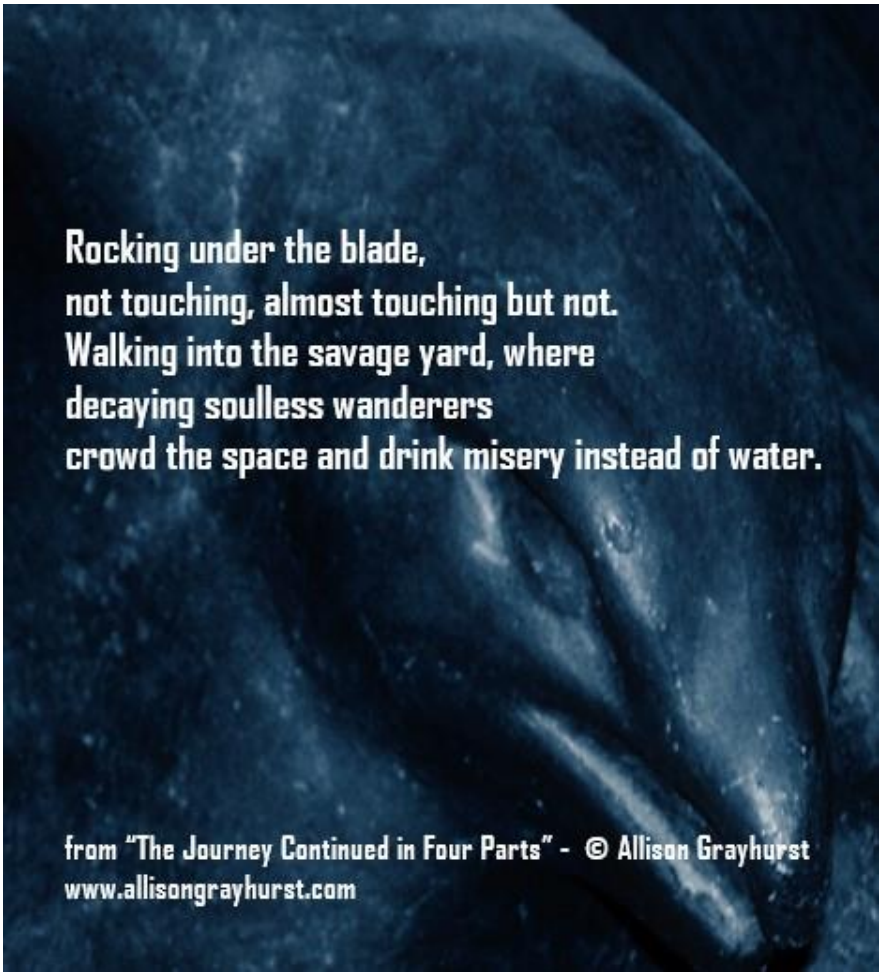

You asked for a light
at the end of the tunnel
and was told
there is no light at the end
because you are the light
guiding your escape.
You are the living fresh-water fountain
you seek, the high rock in the ocean.
Then you were told there is no tunnel,
no distance between the dark and light.
There is pain and loyalty to that pain
and false hopes that claim us
like a deceitful friend plotting betrayal.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


The deck is clear. Hatch the egg.
Search the upper rooms,
carry your bed to the second floor, welcome in
the seductive sweetness, invite it to climb your steps.
First, shedding its secrets, single in its carnal commitment.
Then, feeding your body with its gravity and resolve.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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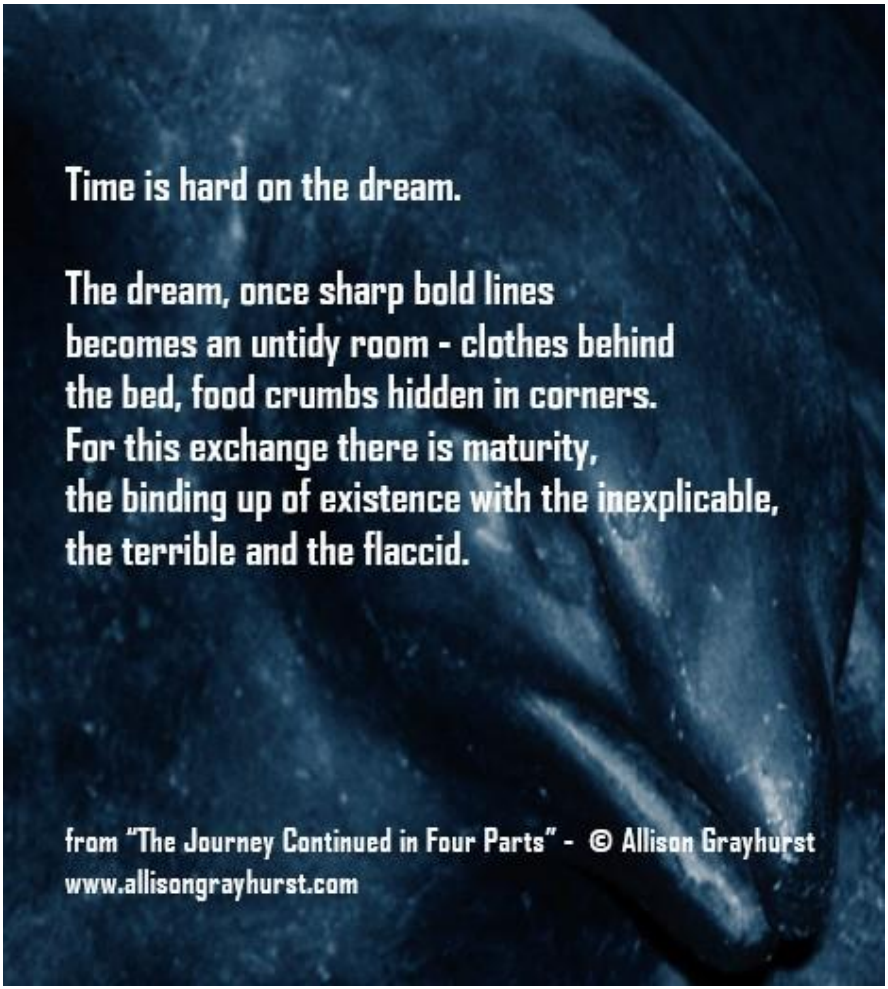
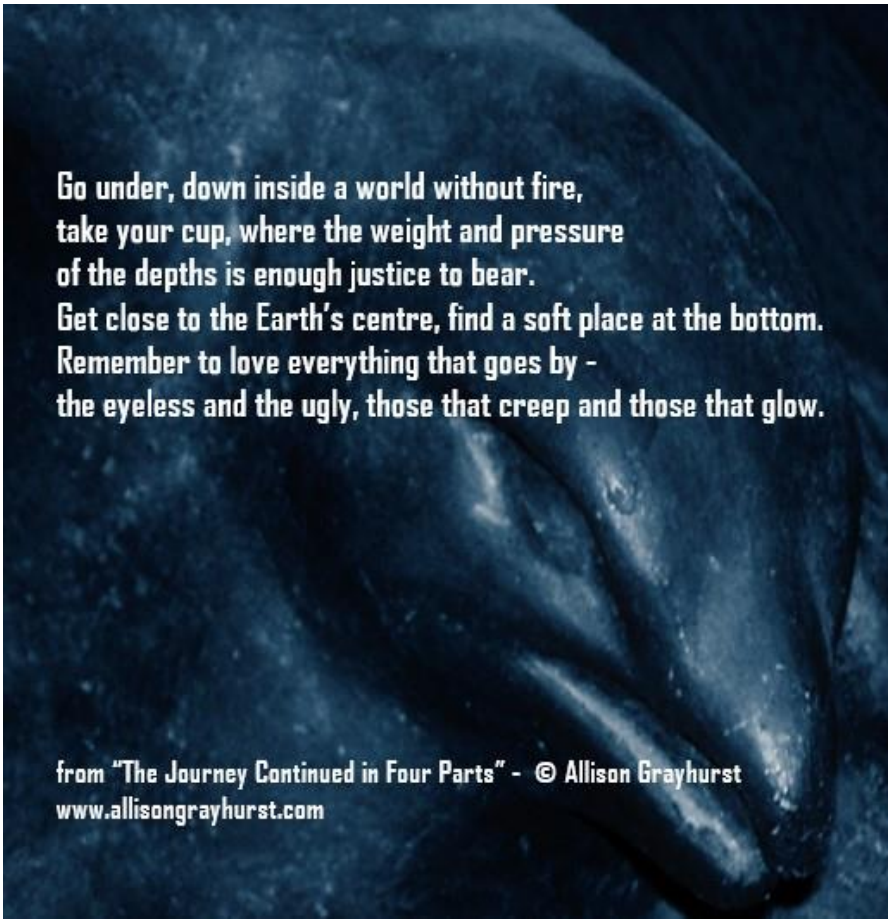
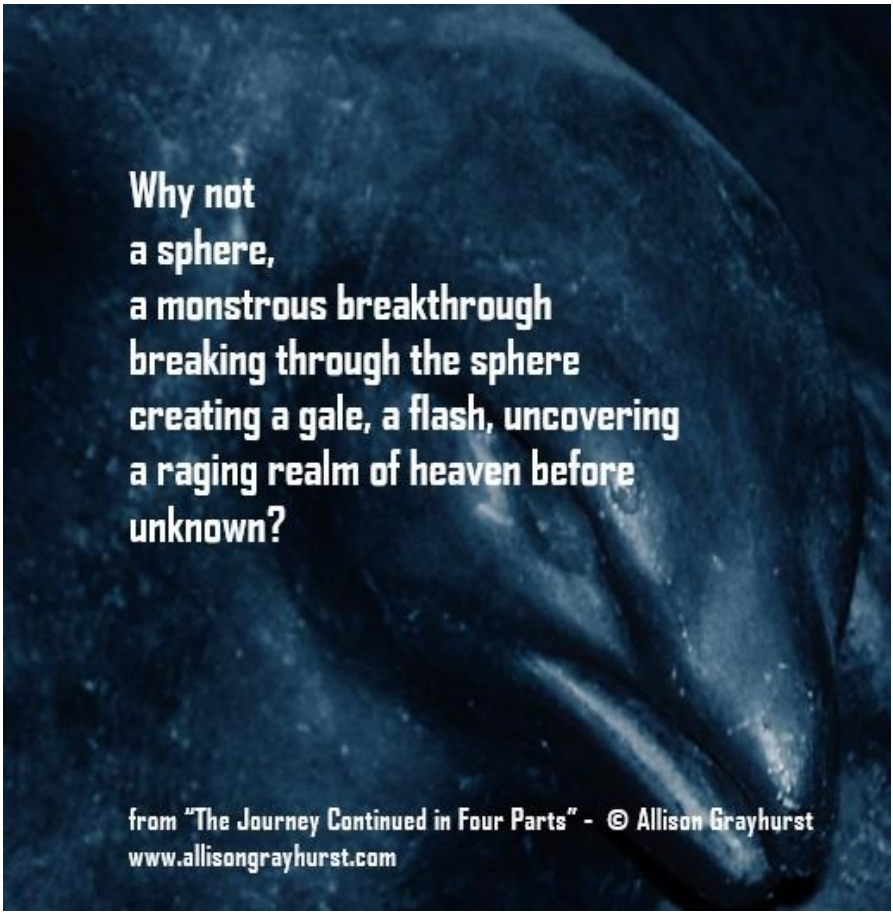

Time is hard on the dream.
The dream, once sharp bold lines
becomes an untidy room - clothes behind
the bed, food crumbs hidden in corners.
For this exchange there is maturity,
the binding up of existence with the inexplicable,
the terrible and the flaccid.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Go under, down inside a world without fire,
take your cup, where the weight and pressure
of the depths is enough justice to bear.
Get close to the Earth's centre, find a soft place at the bottom.
Remember to love everything that goes by -
the eyeless and the ugly, those that creep and those that glow.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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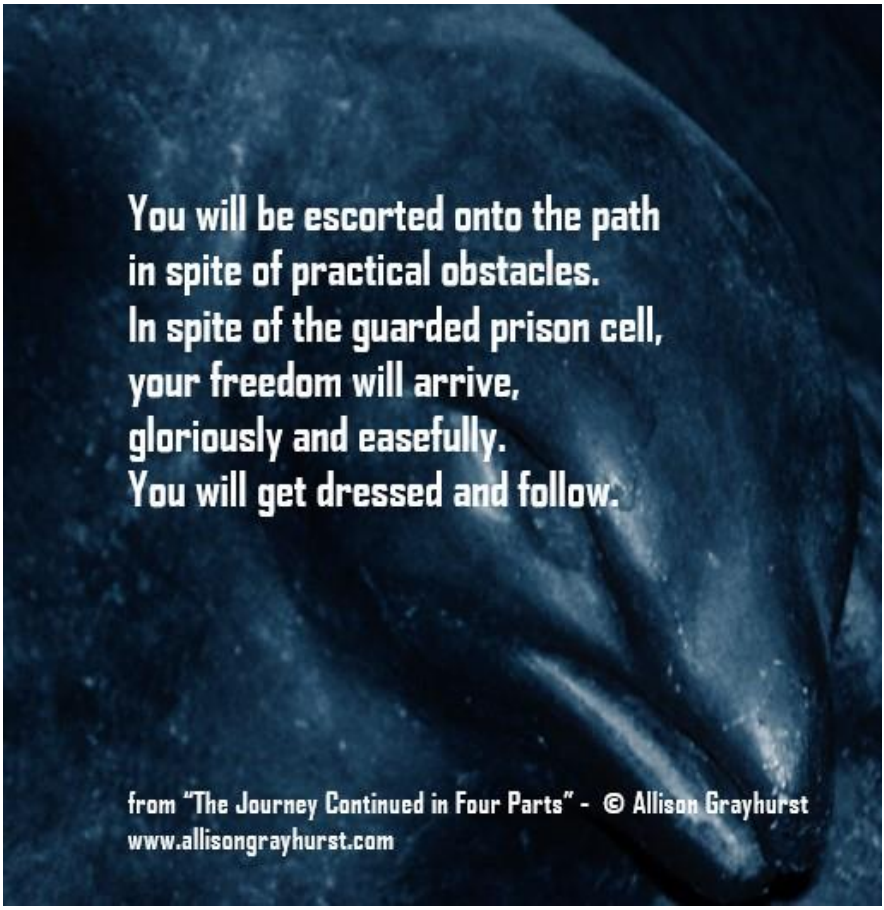
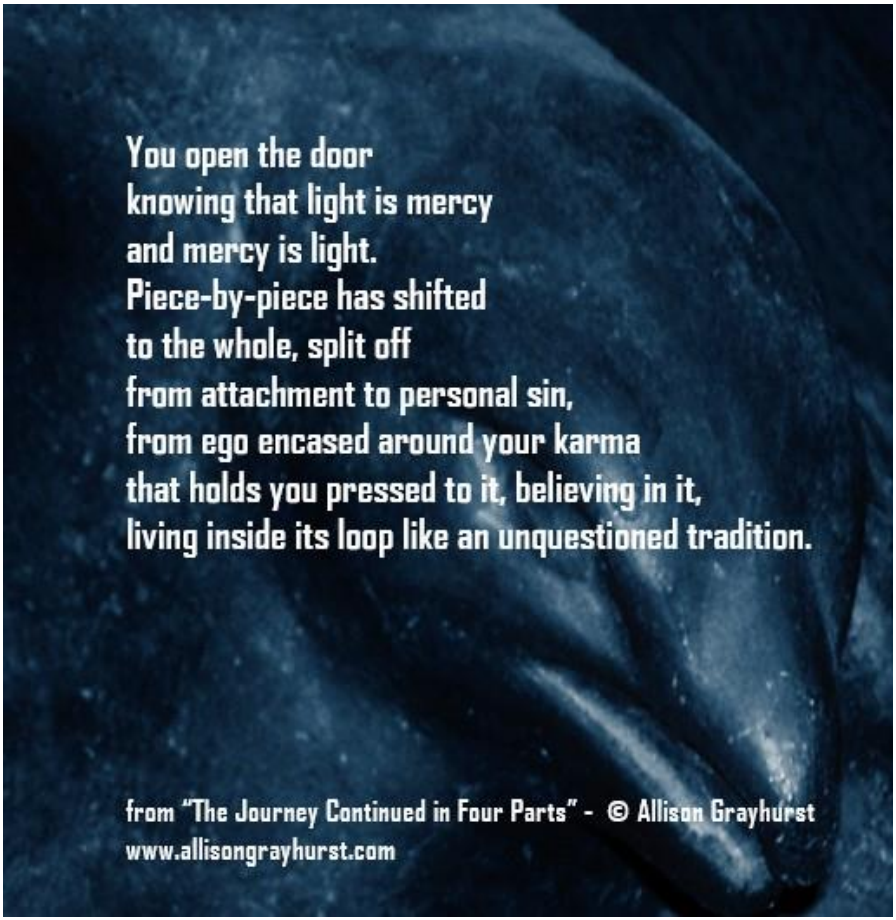
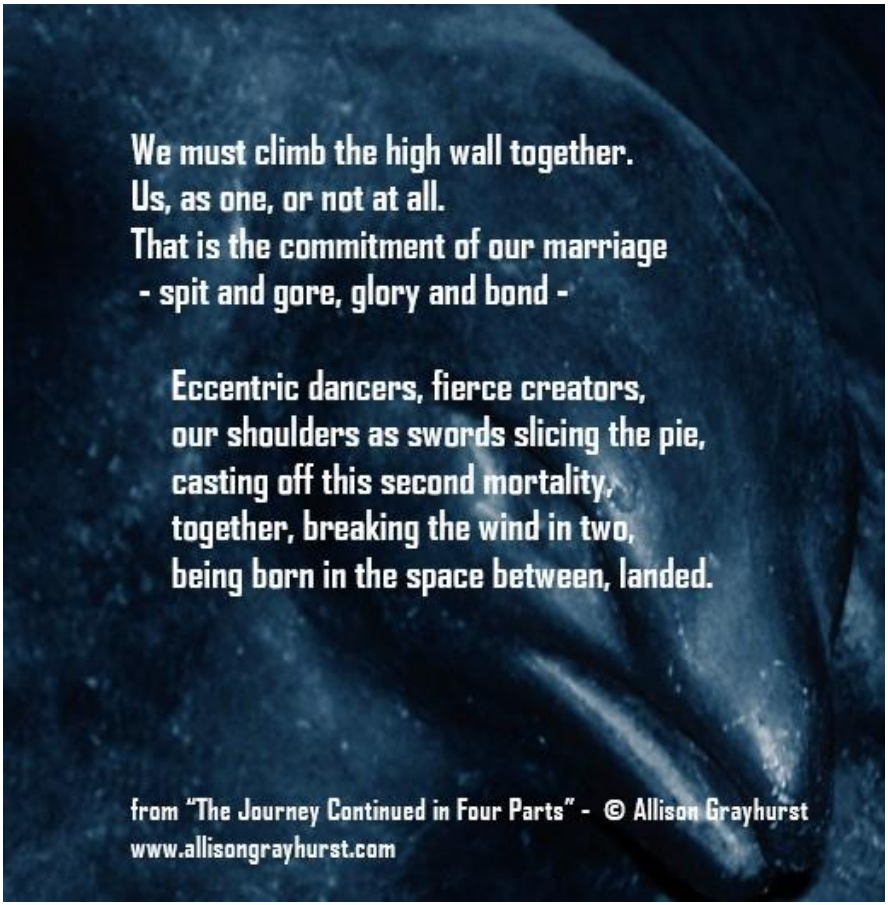

You will be escorted onto the path
in spite of practical obstacles.
In spite of the guarded prison cell,
your freedom will arrive,
gloriously and easefully.
You will get dressed and follow.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


You open the door
knowing that light is mercy
and mercy is light.
Piece-by-piece has shifted
to the whole, split off
from attachment to personal sin,
from ego encased around your karma
that holds you pressed to it, believing in it,
living inside its loop like an unquestioned tradition.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



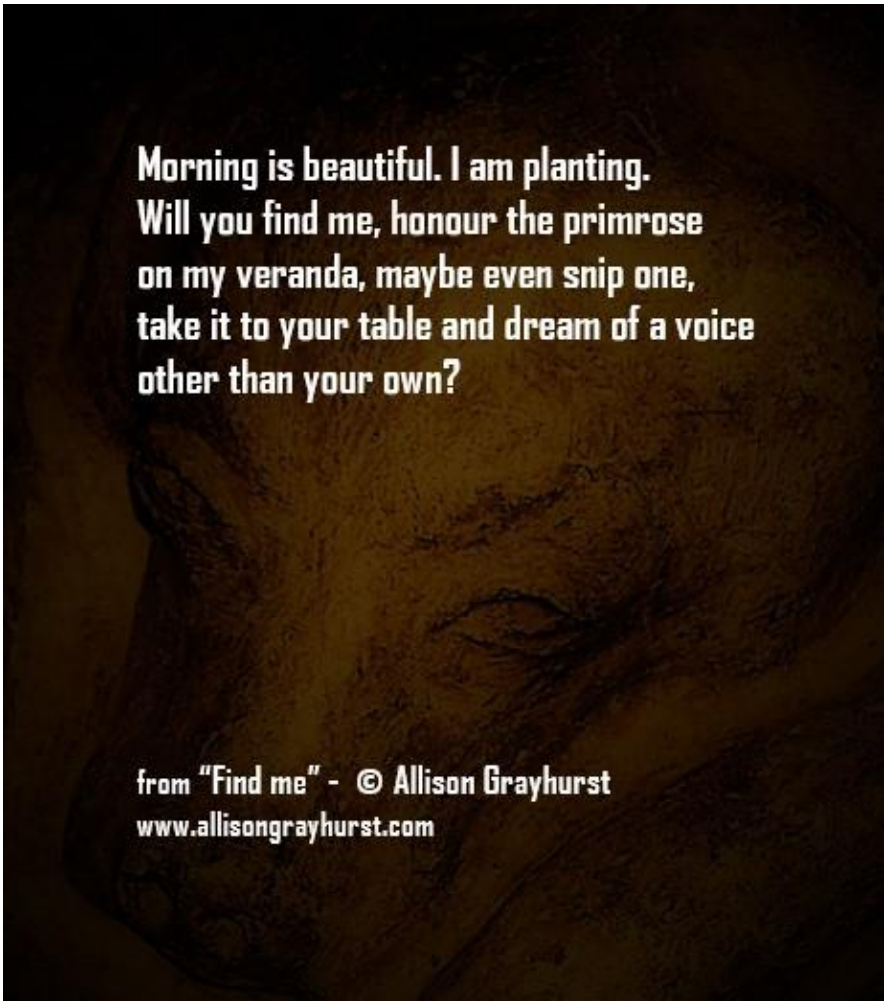
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2019/01/25/the-journey-continued-in-four-parts/

Strips of clouds,
pink-grey like a snail snatched
from its shell. So many days I waited, waiting
like that snail for permanent protection, waiting
as an activity to delve fully into.
Nirvana was coming. I saw it traced
on the dated sidewalk, etched on the curvy luster
of a raccoon's still spine and in the devotion
of the rock dove waiting for its one decided love.

from "better" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I want to be exposed as a lit lighthouse, as a mother dealing with her temper-tantrum child, be circled, again and again, entwined, tightened hard around, clenched, wanting
only this tension, stillness, awakening here,
before the plummeting pulse,
before the movement of ecstasy, wanting nothing else more, ever again.

from "What it is I want" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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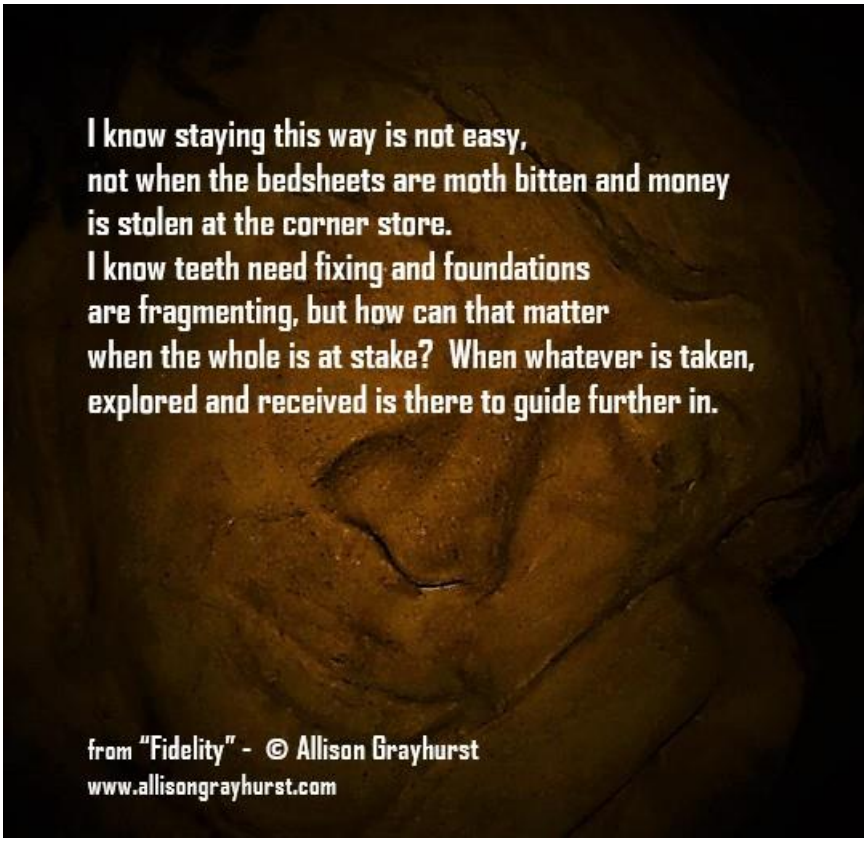
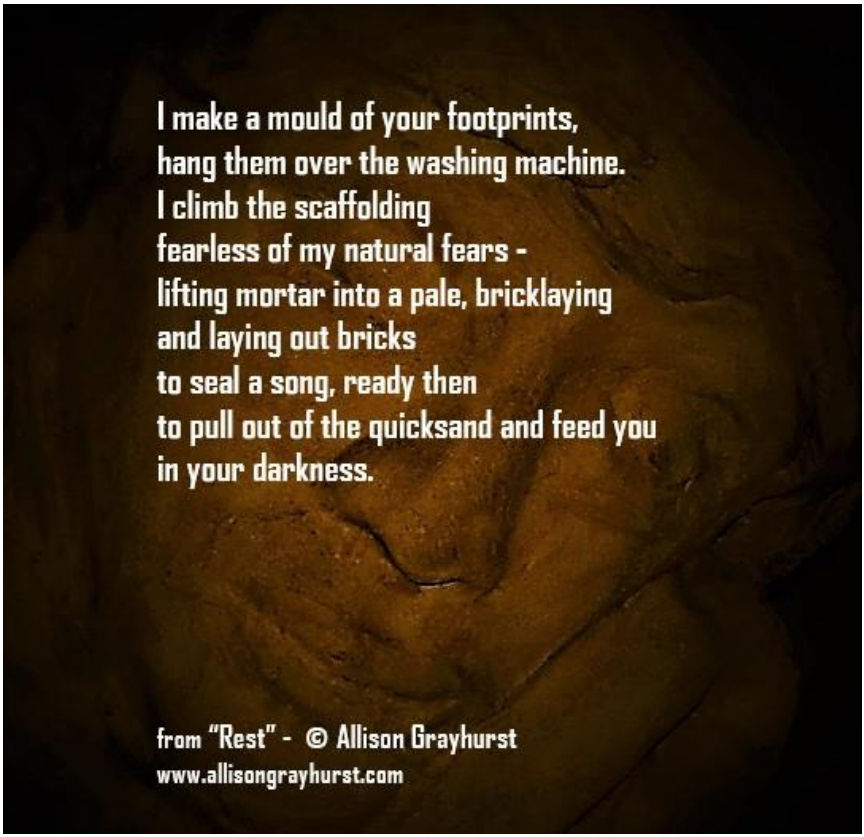
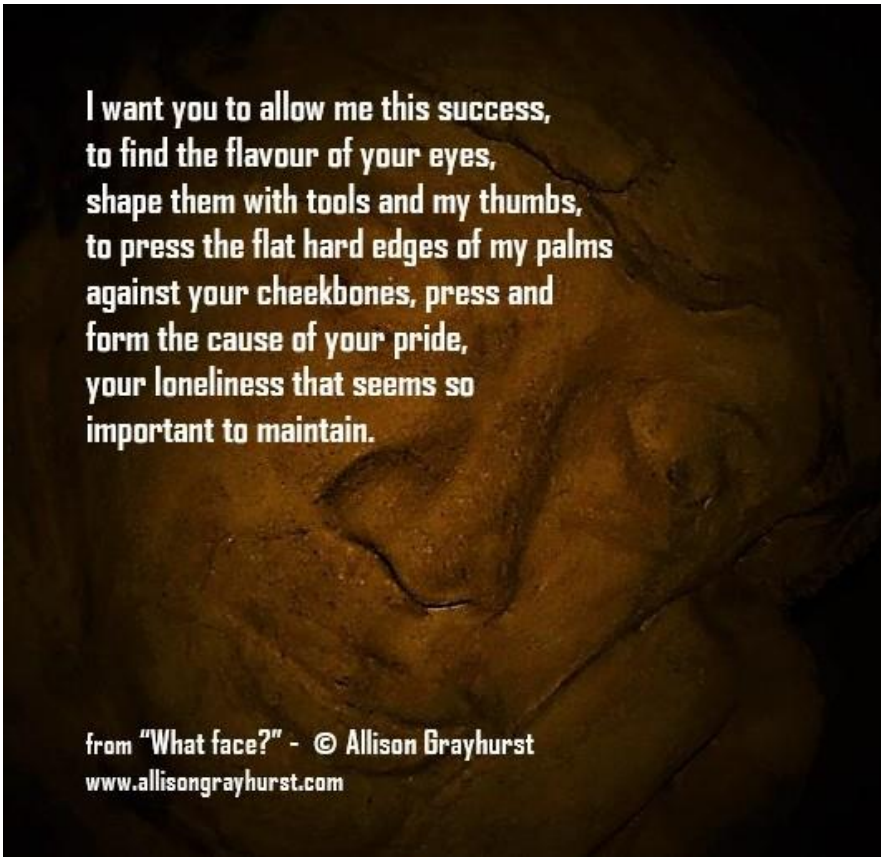
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/20/find-me/


I know staying this way is not easy,
not when the bedsheets are moth bitten and money
is stolen at the corner store.
I know teeth need fixing and foundations
are fragmenting, but how can that matter
when the whole is at stake? When whatever is taken,
explored and received is there to guide further in.
from "Fidelity" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I make a mould of your footprints,
hang them over the washing machine.
I climb the scaffolding
fearless of my natural fears -
lifting mortar into a pale, bricklaying
and laying out bricks
to seal a song, ready then
to pull out of the quicksand and feed you
in your darkness.
from "Rest" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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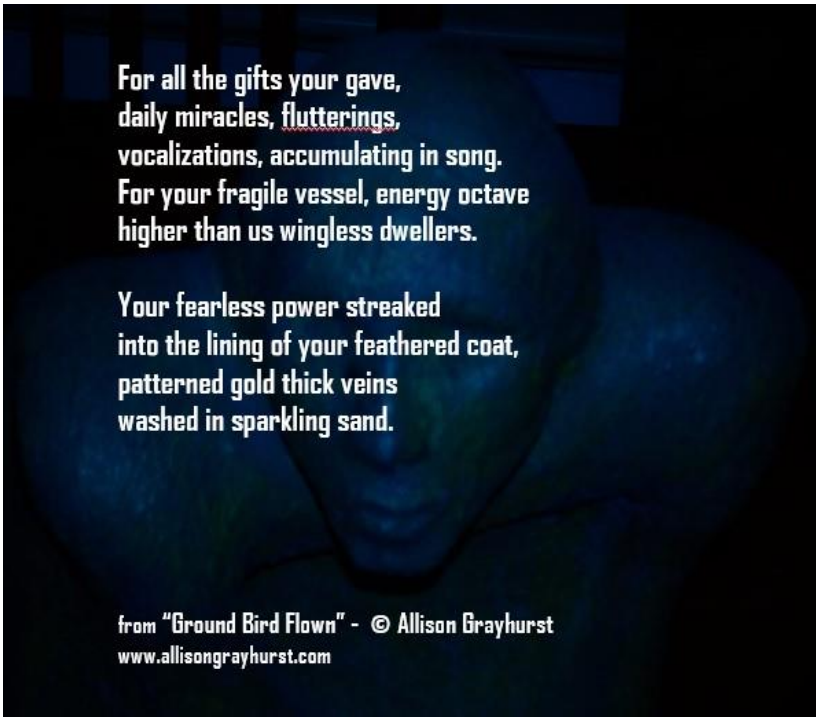
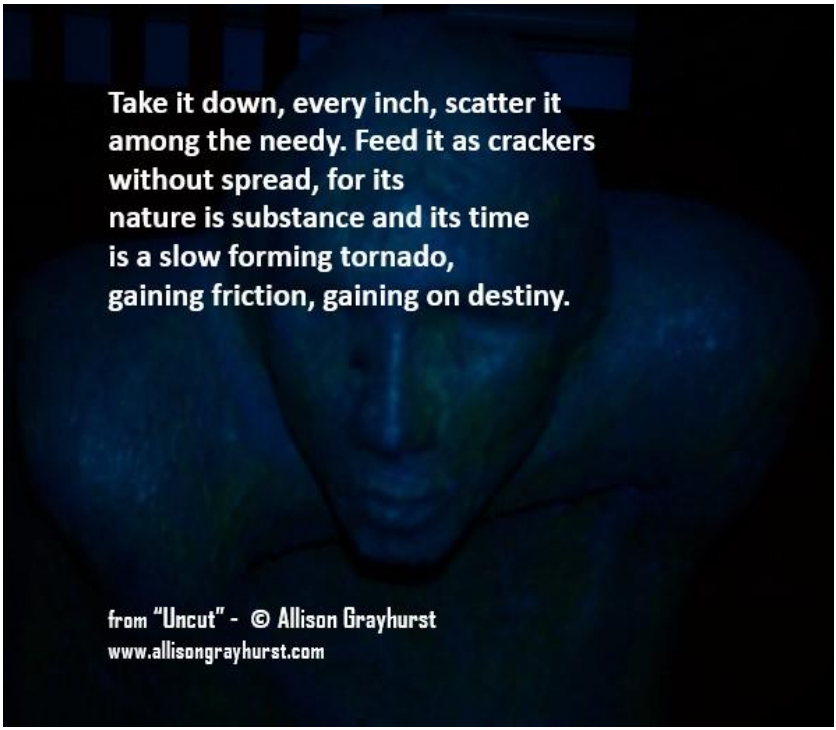
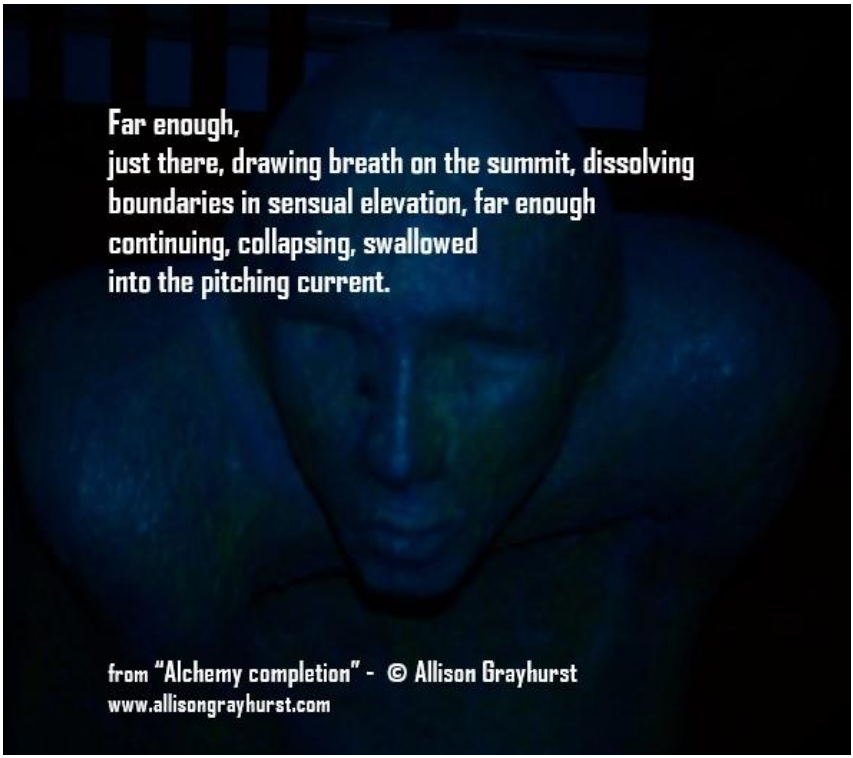

For all the gifts your gave,
daily miracles, flutterings,
vocalizations, accumulating in song.
For your fragile vessel, energy octave
higher than us wingless dwellers.
Your fearless power streaked
into the lining of your feathered coat,
patterned gold thick veins
washed in sparkling sand.
from "Ground Bird Flown" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Take it down, every inch, scatter it
among the needy. Feed it as crackers
without spread, for its
nature is substance and its time
is a slow forming tornado,
gaining friction, gaining on destiny.
from "Uncut" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/12/20/uncut/

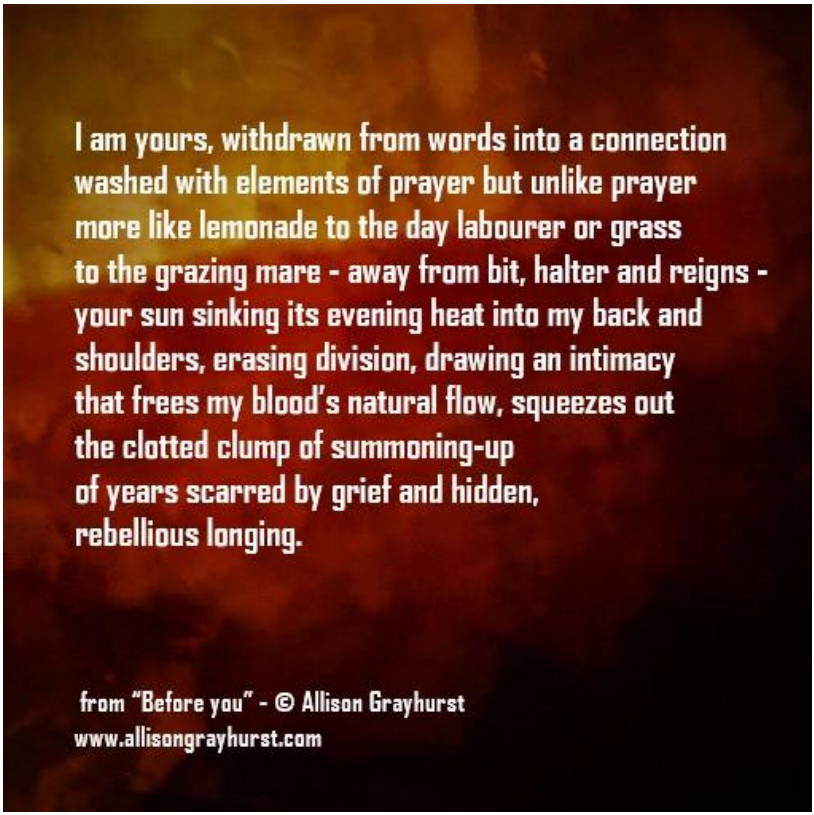
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/04/26/alchemy-completion/

Where do I hurt? For you, everywhere. It is impossible
to escape, impossible to cross my legs, fold my arms.
Tender or with a shovel pounding,
break through this cobwebbed room,
give me a background I can play with, a full dish, delight
in the splintered wood.

from "Where are you? I've been calling" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Days of history voyage low
into nations, beside graveyards.
You played with the existential architects for a while,
breathing in their deconstruction, but your laughter
languished. Straddled between crossroads,
you could not form a picture.

from "With the purity of a single intention" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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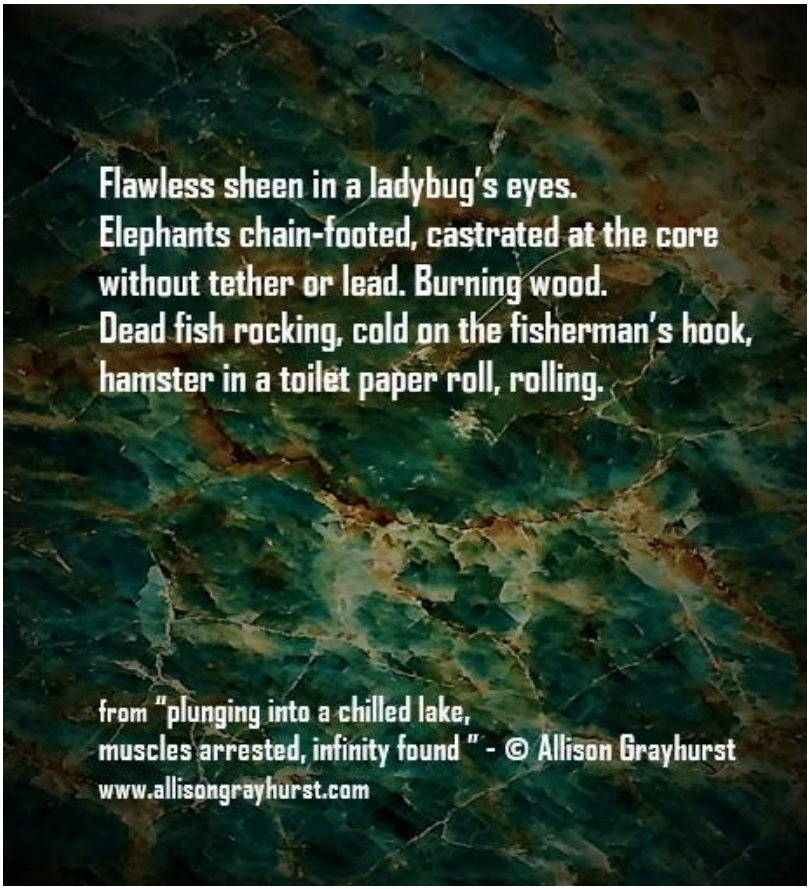
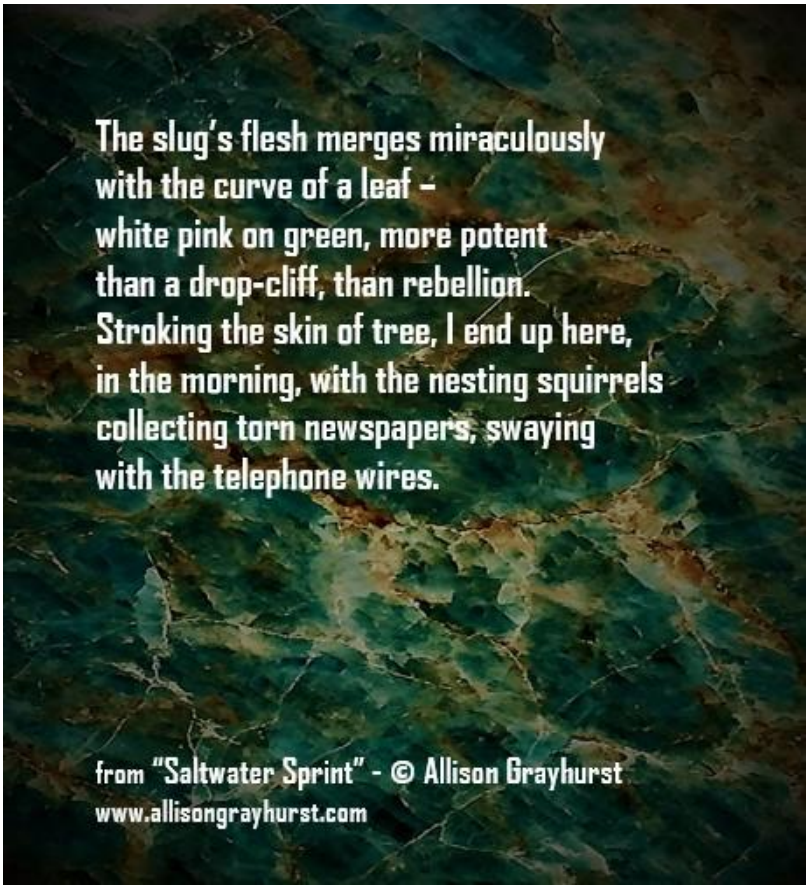
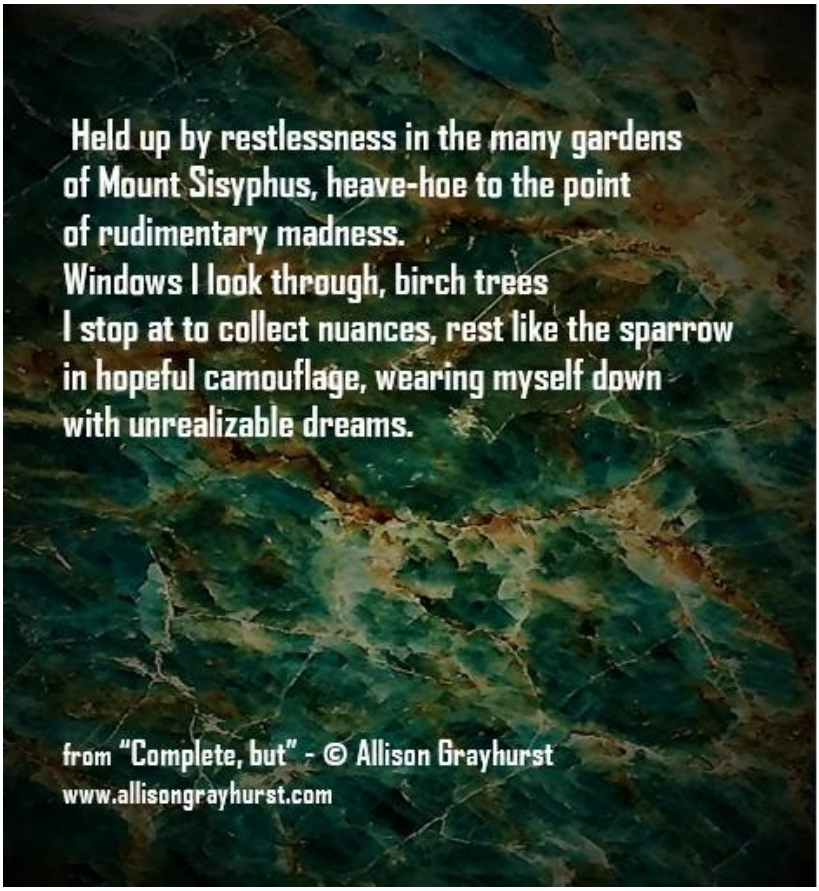

Flawless sheen in a ladybug's eyes.
Elephants chain-footed, castrated at the core
without tether or lead. Burning wood.
Dead fish rocking, cold on the fisherman's hook,
hamster in a toilet paper roll, rolling.
from "plunging into a chilled lake,
muscles arrested, infinity found " - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


The slug's flesh merges miraculously
with the curve of a leaf –
white pink on green, more potent
than a drop-cliff, than rebellion.
Stroking the skin of tree, I end up here,
in the morning, with the nesting squirrels
collecting torn newspapers, swaying
with the telephone wires.
from "Saltwater Sprint" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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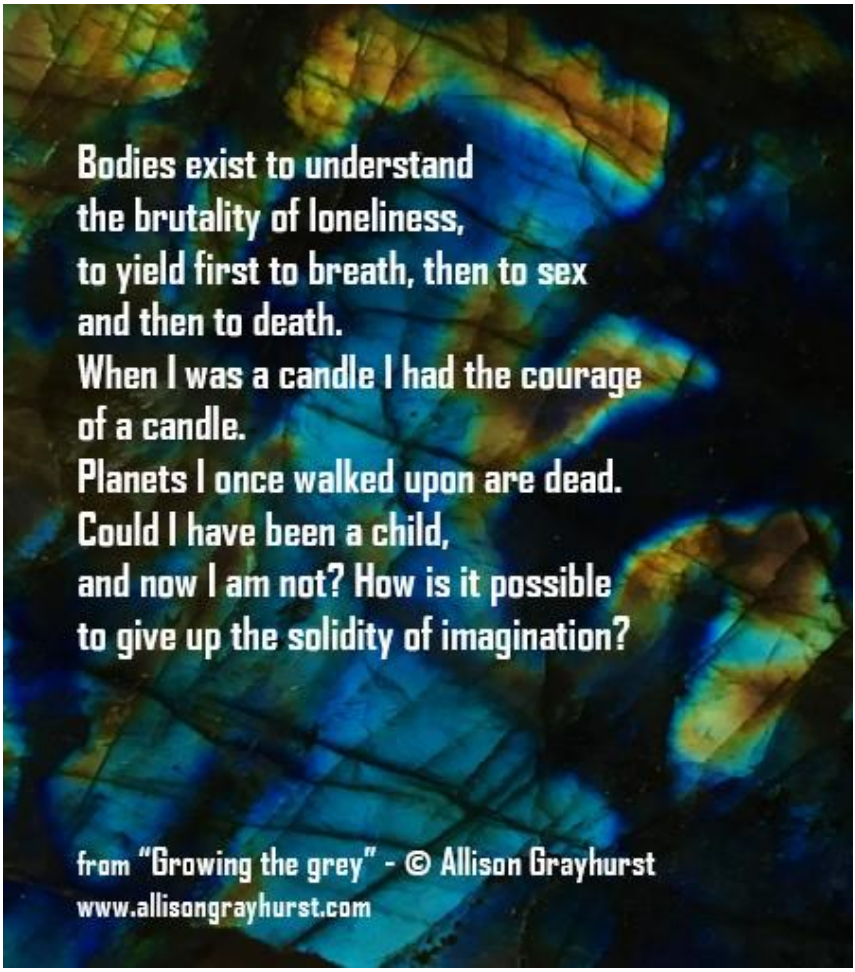
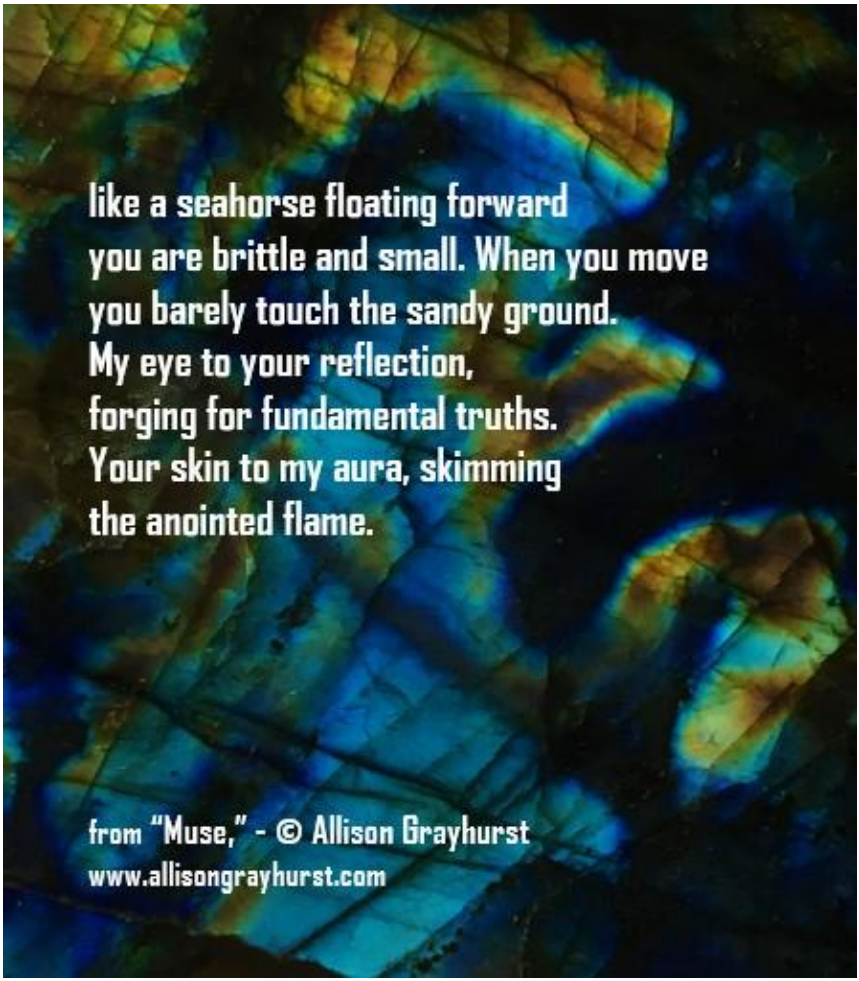
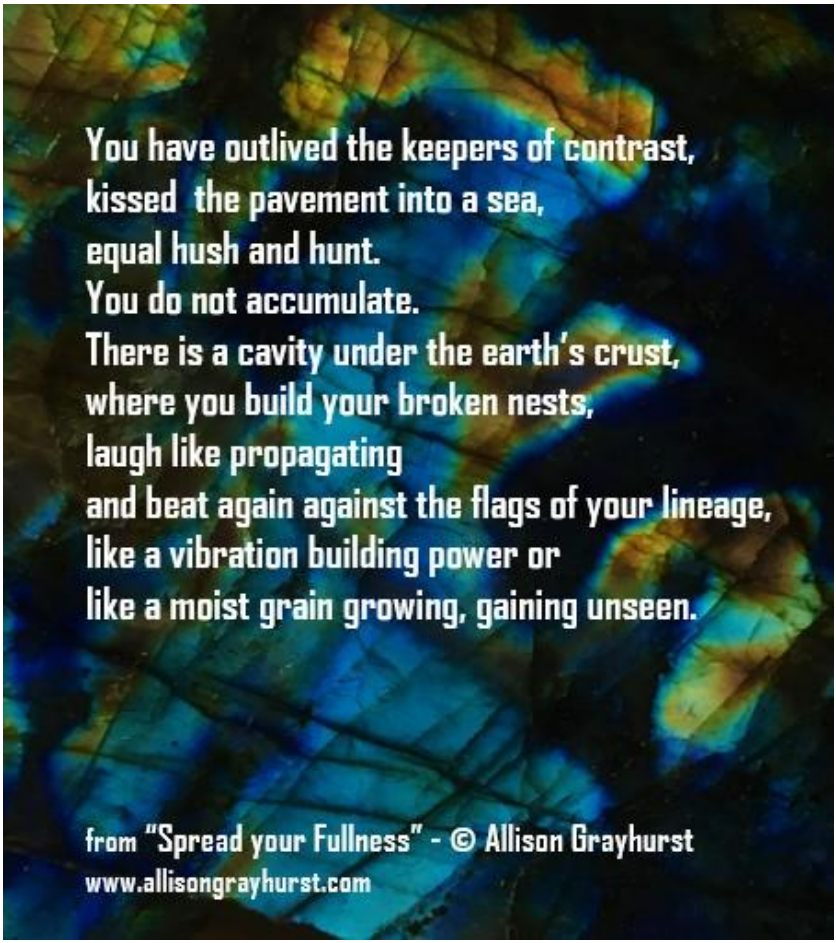

Bodies exist to understand
the brutality of loneliness,
to yield first to breath, then to sex
and then to death.
When I was a candle I had the courage
of a candle.
Planets I once walked upon are dead.
Could I have been a child,
and now I am not? How is it possible
to give up the solidity of imagination?
from "Growing the grey" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


like a seahorse floating forward
you are brittle and small. When you move
you barely touch the sandy ground.
My eye to your reflection,
forging for fundamental truths.
Your skin to my aura, skimming
the anointed flame.
from "Muse," - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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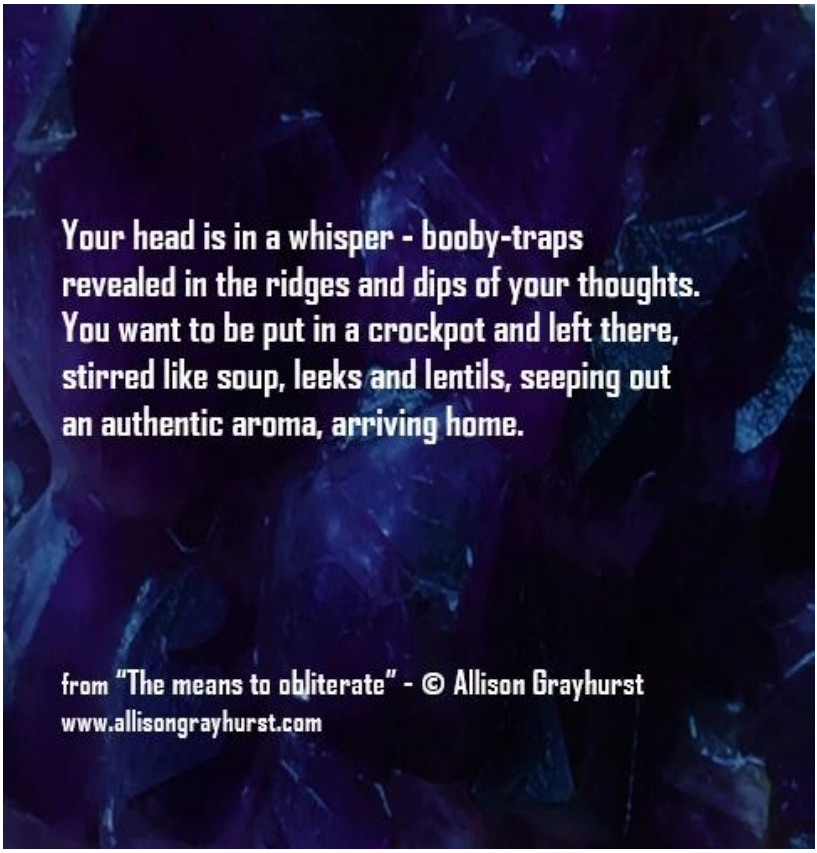
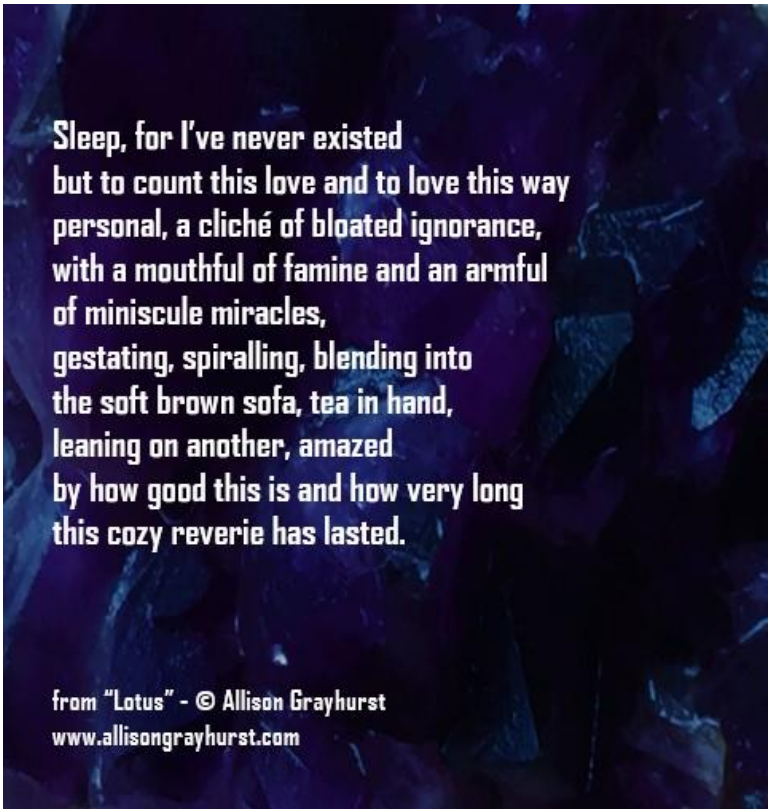

Your head is in a whisper - booby-traps
revealed in the ridges and dips of your thoughts.
You want to be put in a crockpot and left there,
stirred like soup, leeks and lentils, seeping out
an authentic aroma, arriving home.
from "The means to obliterate" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I knitted together the practicalities of decomposition
to the voyage of your ever-increasing detachment,
understanding what you did not - that love
is not living alone on a dried-up hill
nor is it consuming every crumb of dream-life
until the flesh is reduced to accident.

from "Govinda in the mud" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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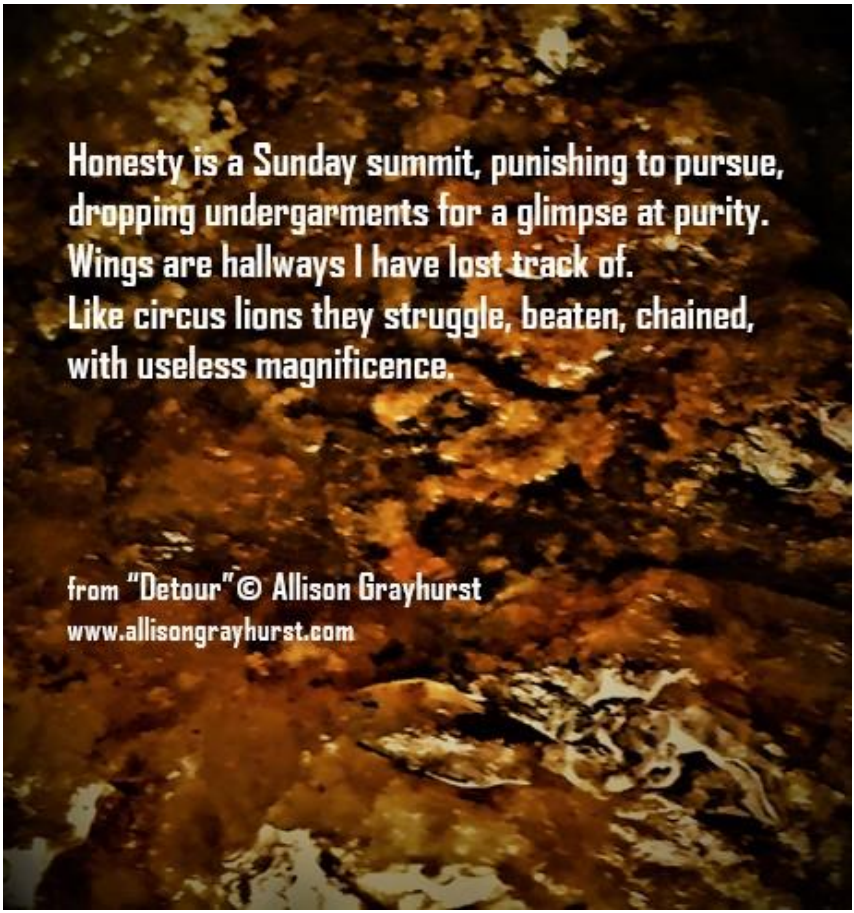
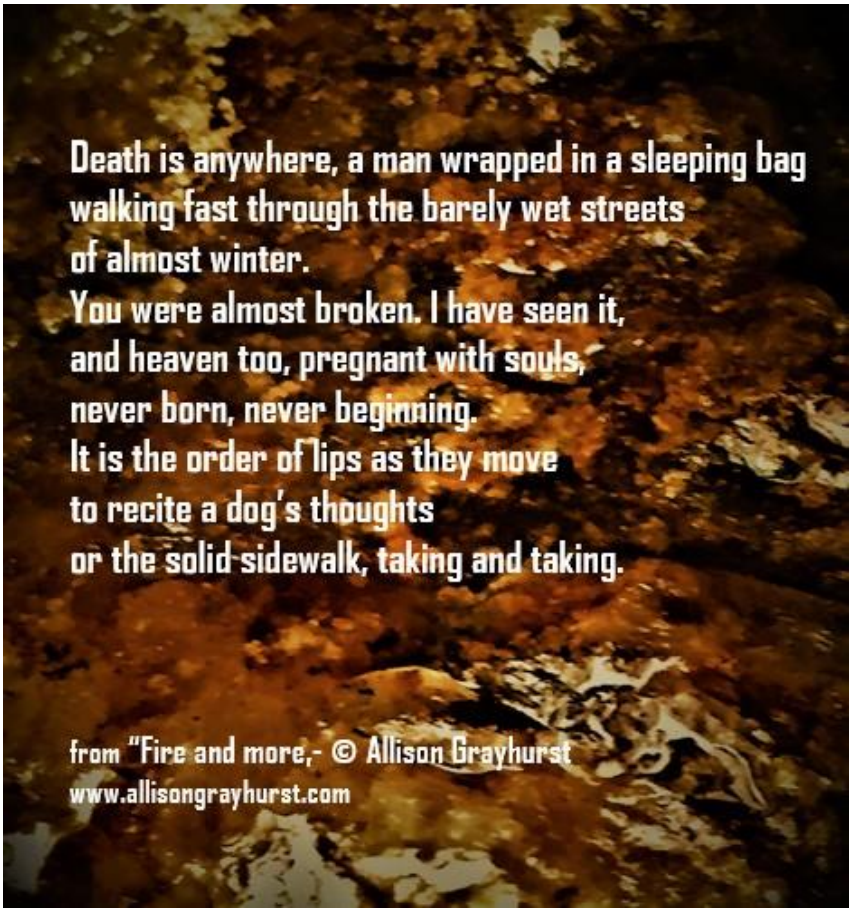

Honesty is a Sunday summit, punishing to pursue,
dropping undergarments for a glimpse at purity.
Wings are hallways I have lost track of.
Like circus lions they struggle, beaten, chained,
with useless magnificence.
from "Detour" © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Searching is only born from blindness.
Perfect vision comes
with the maiming of everything non-essential,
when the only essential is love
and being alive to excite clouds into paintings.
from "Tidalwave Making Moon" © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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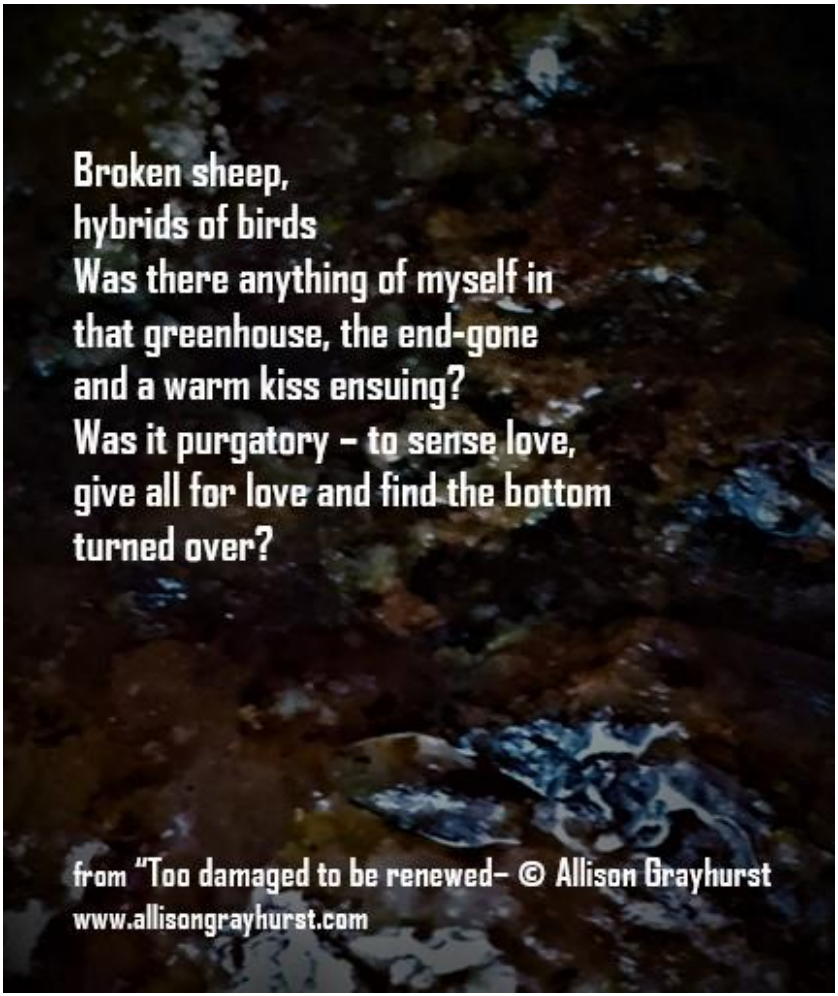
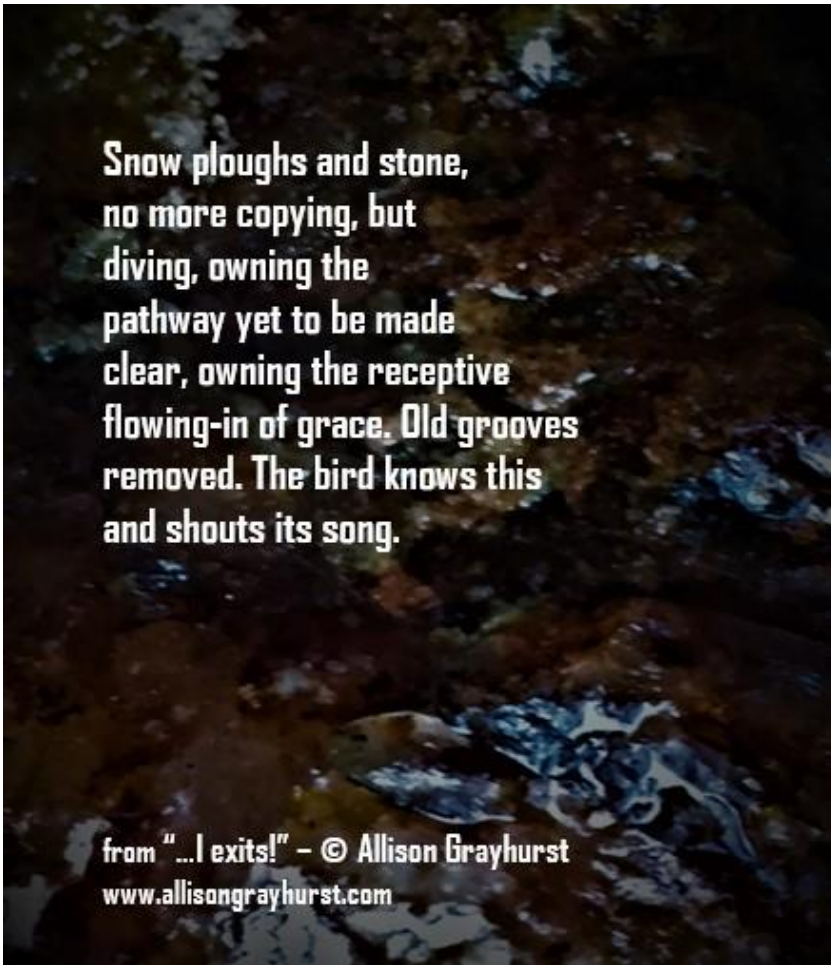
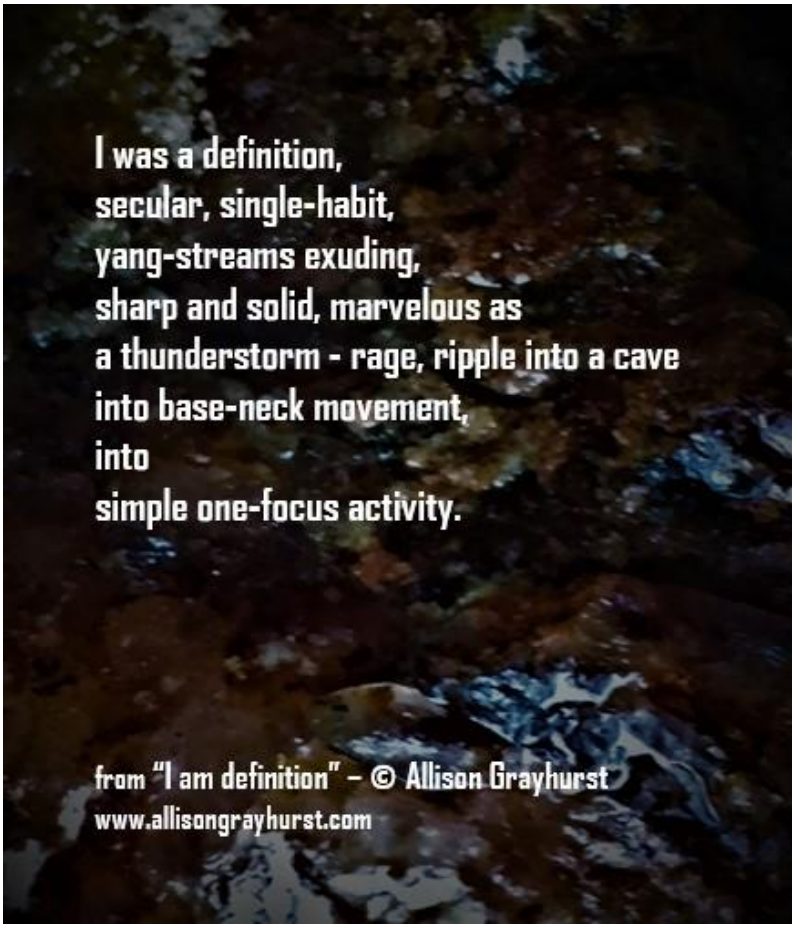
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/08/tidalwave-making-moon/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/26/fire-and-more/


Broken sheep,
hybrids of birds
Was there anything of myself in
that greenhouse, the end-gone
and a warm kiss ensuing?
Was it purgatory – to sense love,
give all for love and find the bottom
turned over?
from "Too damaged to be renewed– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Snow ploughs and stone,
no more copying, but
diving, owning the
pathway yet to be made
clear, owning the receptive
flowing-in of grace. Old grooves
removed. The bird knows this
and shouts its song.
from "...I exits!" – © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/20/too-damaged-to-be-renewed/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/22/i-exist/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/19/i-am-a-definition/

Make the wind

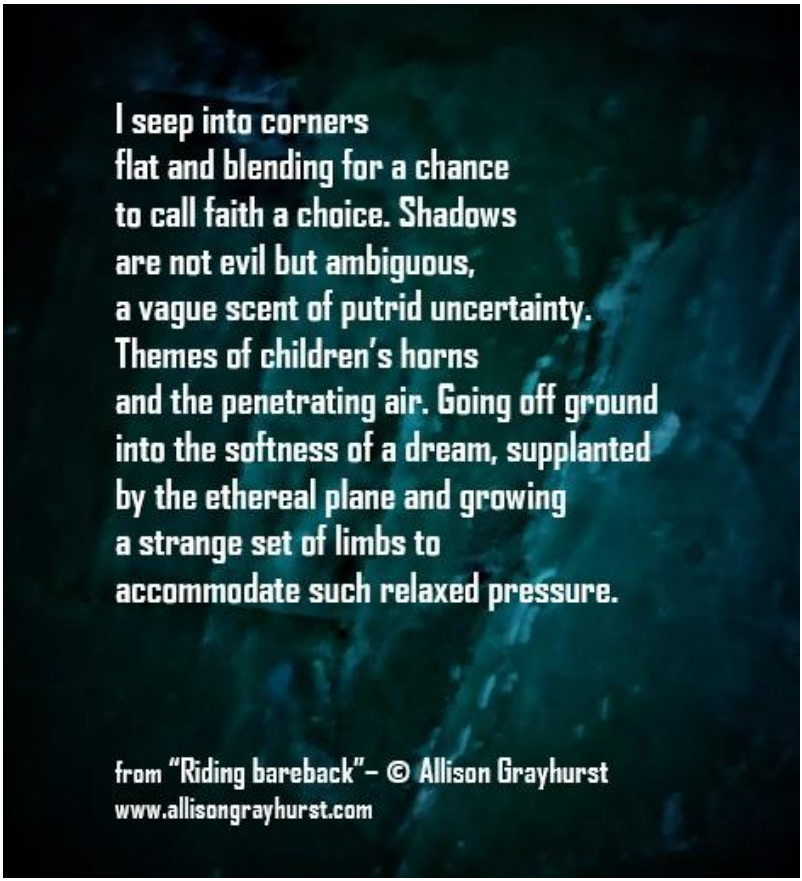
Make the wind like blood.
Blood is darker than the wind,
more brutal in its espionage.
Wild, brooding, master of the game-plan, game-spin, darting
in and out of extremes, be for me the last-call,
the ump-degree, send my inhibitions
to the highest octave plateau where untold desires
are invented, then rip through the ceiling
by their unbearable brilliance.
Send me into the peace that comes with such intensity.
Send me salt, flavours of forbidden scents
where the wind is blood
and blood is savouring safe,
riskier than being on edge.
Bury the small of my back, my tippy-toes, realizing
all I have lost is the same as what
has made me whole.

"Make the wind"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

A brilliance on the brim of chaos,
though not close enough to fracture the mind.
Paths of practicality I travel on to be
wholly integrated on this Earth.

Rise up to the wind, release the darts
and heavy hold holding holier than an open nut seed
deep in the ground, reviving, finding its way to the sun.

from "Trial and Witness"– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



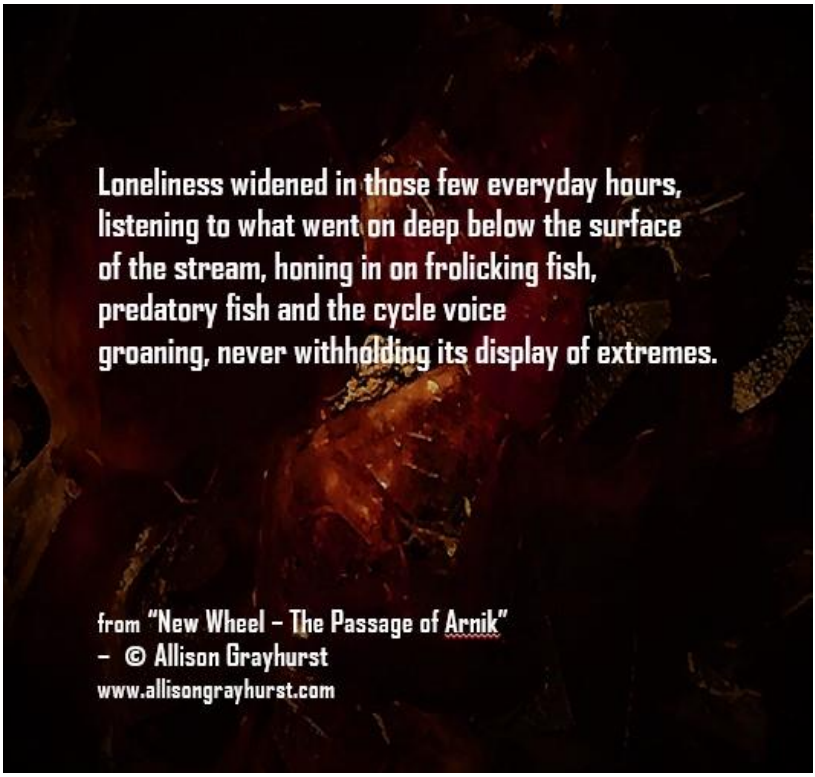
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/17/make-the-wind/

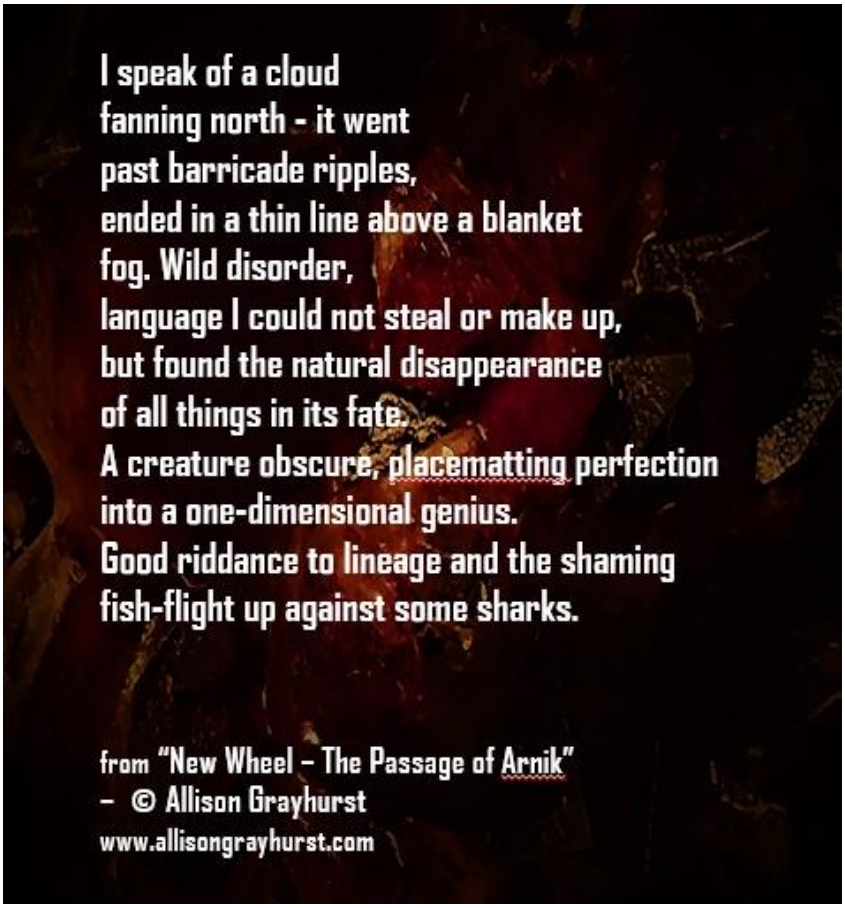
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/04/05/trail-and-witness/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/21/riding-bareback/

There was a tree in the courtyard, old and by its own.
Everyday I would chip pieces off its bark, because I could,
because I knew it hurt and I wanted to murder it, slowly,
this old beauty that held its ground longer than me.
I wanted its stillness, if not to own, then to conquer.
I obsessed over its carved-up flesh, kept its pieces
in a box by my bed, one day planning to collect
the whole of its body in many boxes –
building a shelf for that alone.

from "New Wheel – The Passage of Arnik"
– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Loneliness widened in those few everyday hours,
listening to what went on deep below the surface
of the stream, honing in on frolicking fish,
predatory fish and the cycle voice
groaning, never withholding its display of extremes.
from "New Wheel – The Passage of Arnik"
– © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/new-wheel-the-passage-of-arnik/

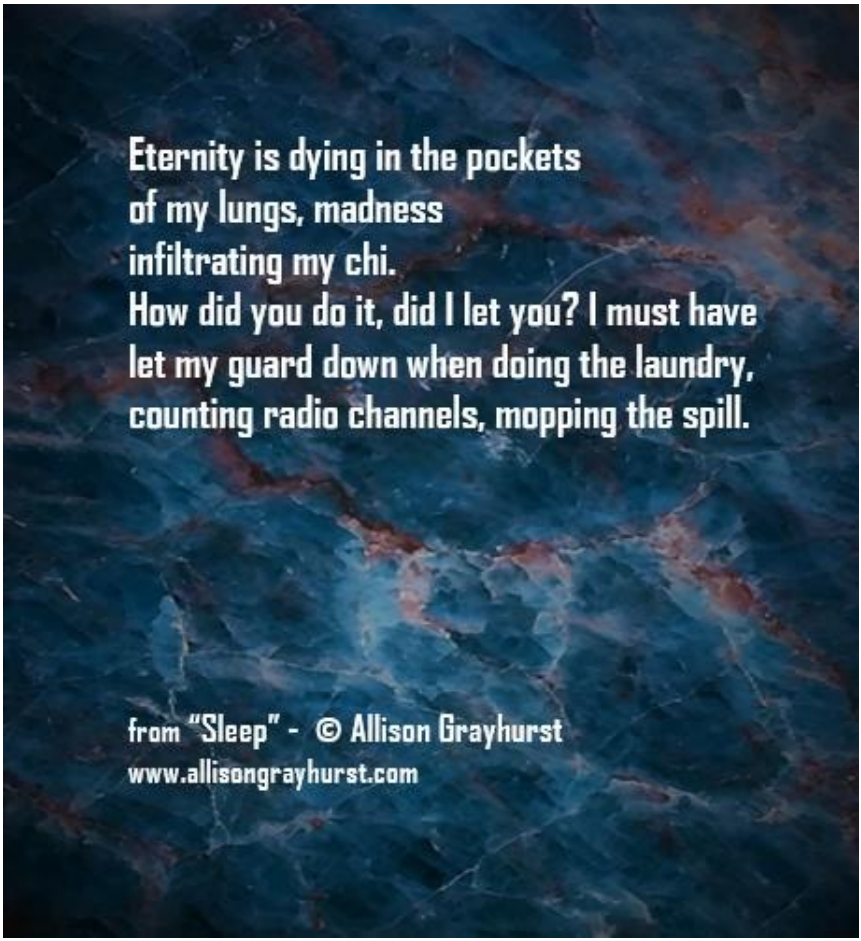
I lie down across the end of this wave,
I lie down across a weakening buoyancy, see
two dead angels on the water, immaculately
spread, those keepers of simplicity,
seraphims guised as seagulls, see
connection perfected, the veil
between dimensions dissolving.

from "Chiseling away the template mould"
- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

What does the chaos filter into, focus on,
transition to? The sky is green
against an even greener tree.
You count to the minutes through each day -
this thing, that thing, to do, get through,
not for yourself, but because you are committed,
because you love and know the consequences.

Dandelions under chaos,
fold the covers –
go back into the
dream.

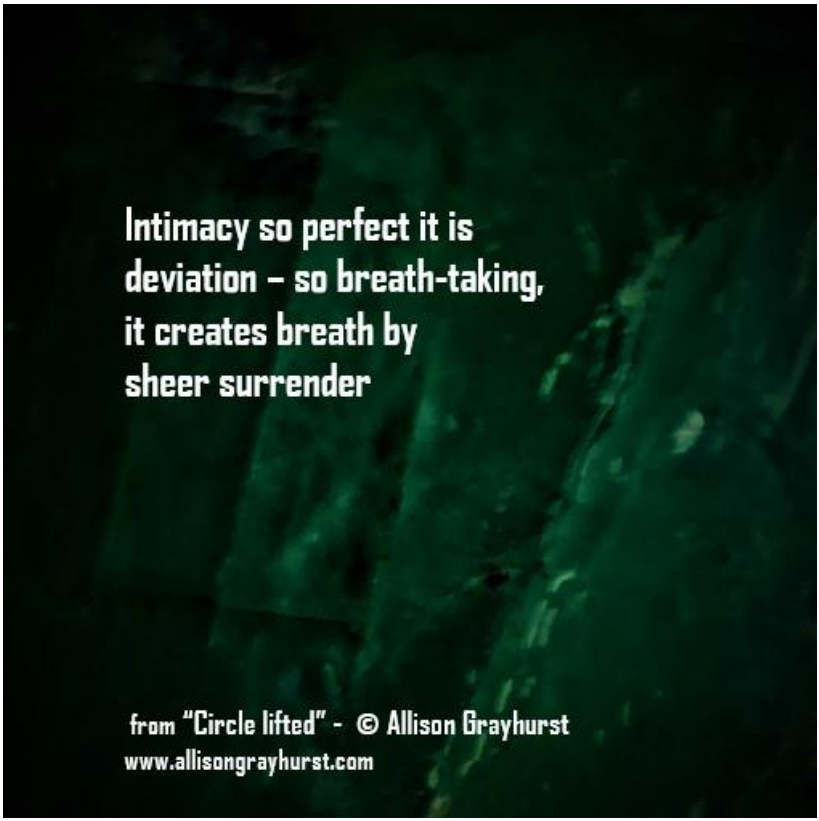
from "Hereditary" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/10/15/chiseling-away-the-template-mould/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/10/17/hereditary/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/10/10/sleep/

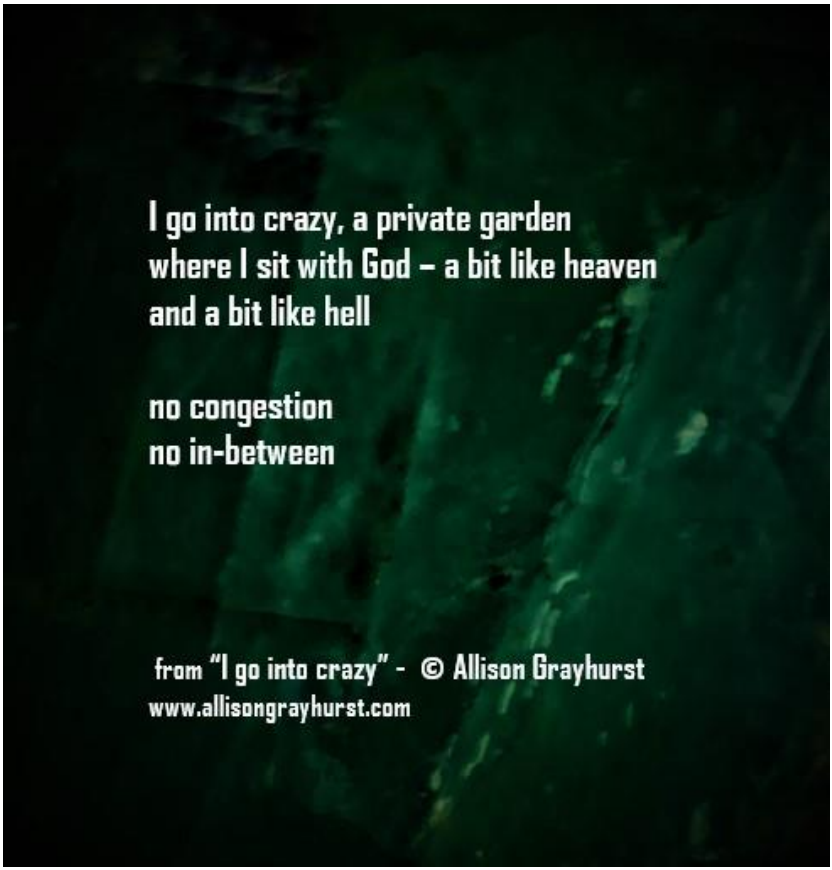

Intimacy so perfect it is
deviation – so breath-taking,
it creates breath by
sheer surrender
from "Circle lifted" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

A choice emerges, to accept without
bitterness, just do the things
that make you happy - child's play.

For you - that is all it should have to give.
For others?
A shrug to feign indifference
For others
should not be able to give or take inner satisfaction.
Connection.
Cull the fables

Here it is, the butter slab
on the table
pepper spots on the floor
and marmalade
in doses.

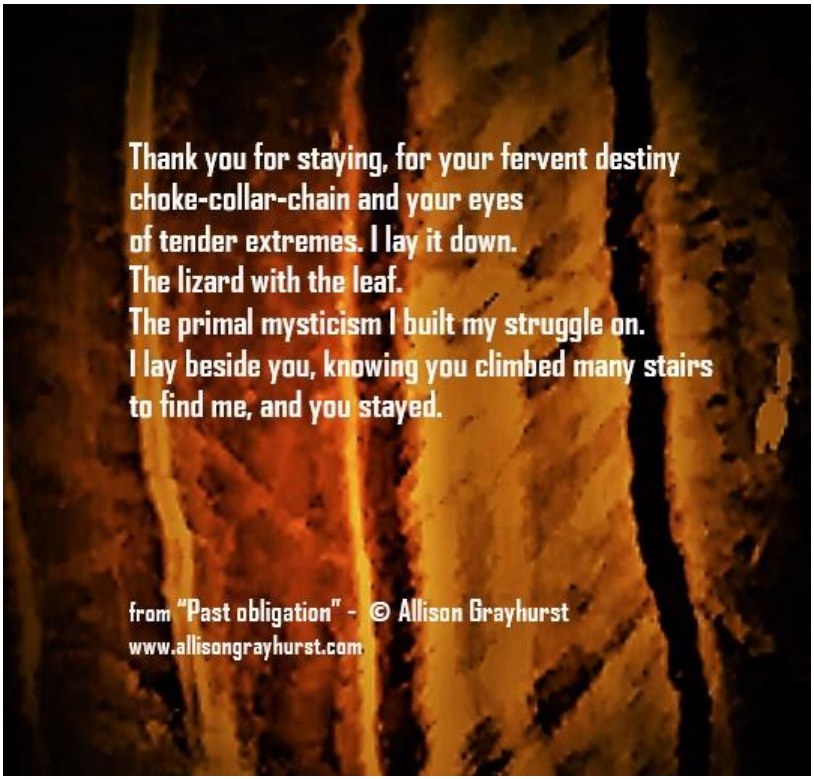
from "A blind theme of sensual deliverance" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



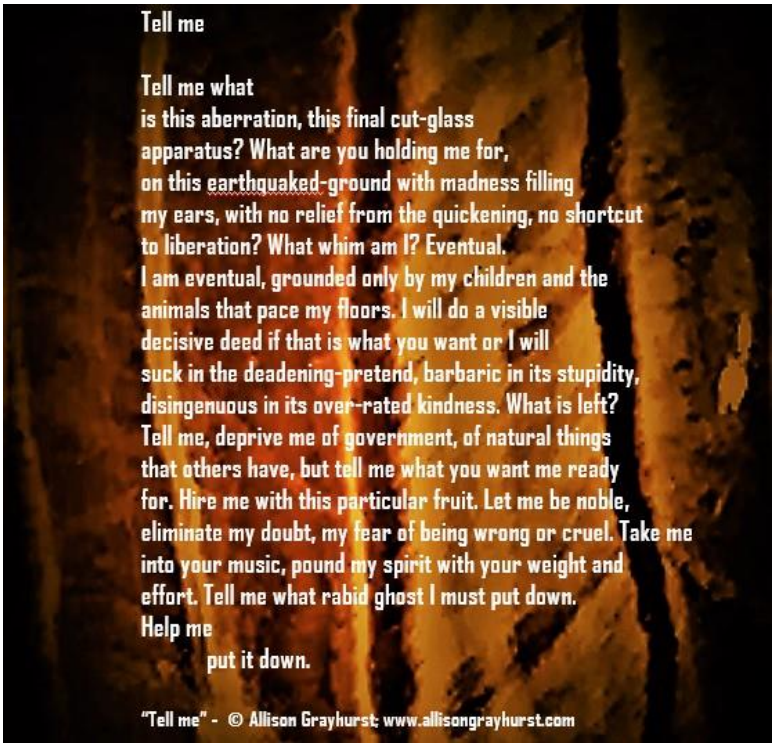
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/11/circle-lifted/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/30/a-blind-theme-of-sensual-deliverance/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/15/i-go-into-crazy/


Thank you for staying, for your fervent destiny
choke-collar-chain and your eyes
of tender extremes. I lay it down.
The lizard with the leaf.
The primal mysticism I built my struggle on.
I lay beside you, knowing you climbed many stairs
to find me, and you stayed.
from "Past obligation" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

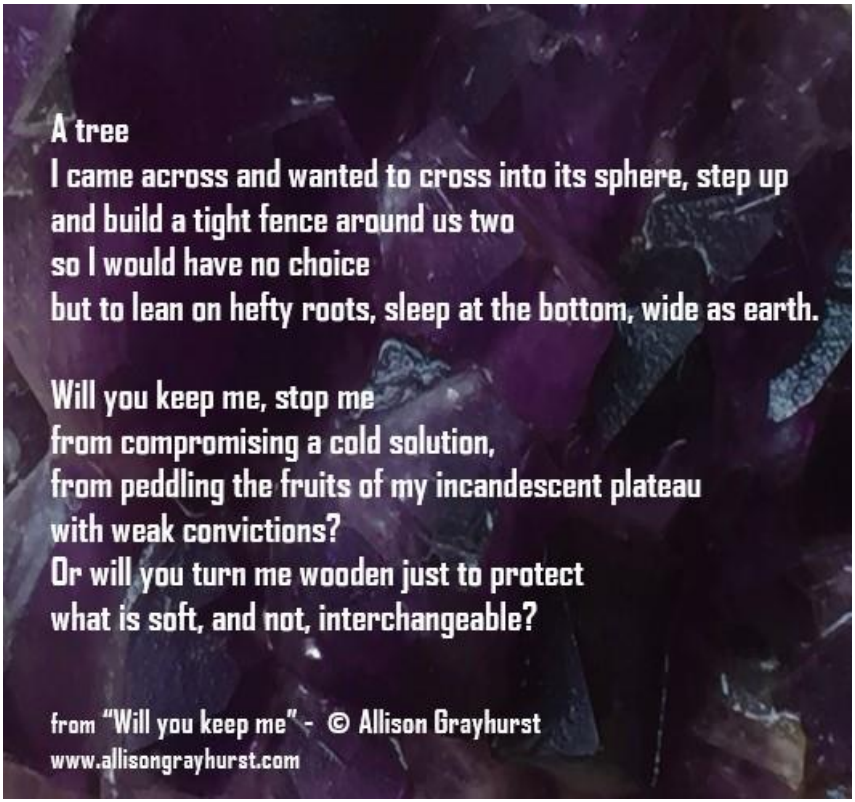
It is natural
for me, a citizenship I owned hanging out in churches,
on church benches, shushed from yawning.
I knew God more in the forest,
quickening my pace on paths
edging cliffs. Swallows circling as I did
a flawless land.
from "Seepage" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

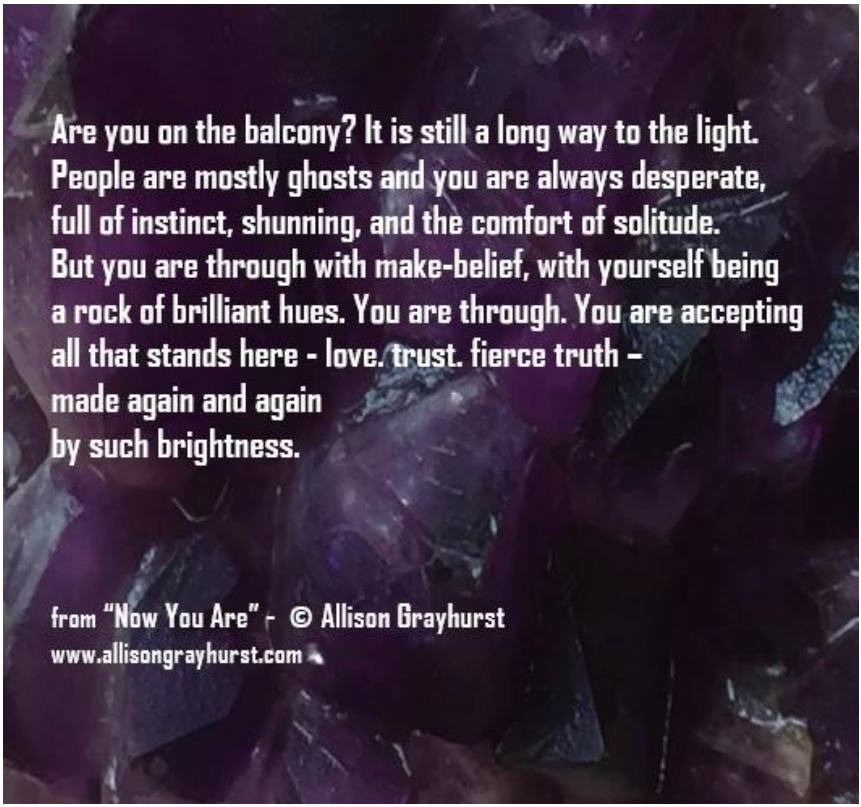


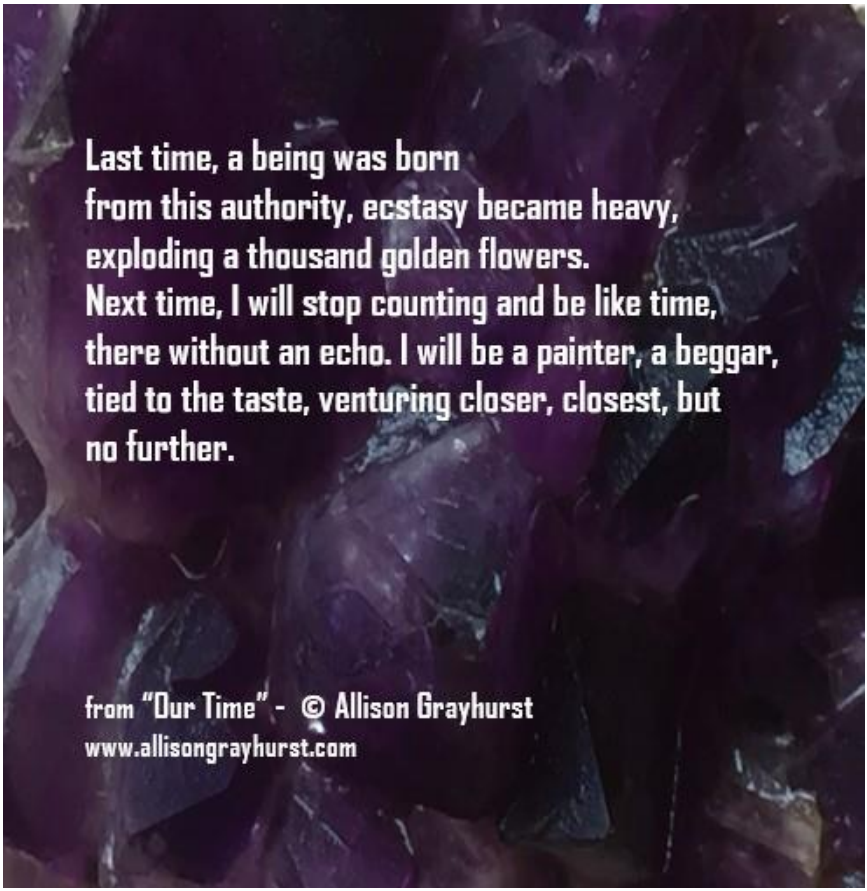
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/08/past-obligation/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/01/seepage/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/07/tell-me/


A tree
I came across and wanted to cross into its sphere, step up
and build a tight fence around us two
so I would have no choice
but to lean on hefty roots, sleep at the bottom, wide as earth.
Will you keep me, stop me
from compromising a cold solution,
from peddling the fruits of my incandescent plateau
with weak convictions?
Or will you turn me wooden just to protect
what is soft, and not, interchangeable?
from "Will you keep me" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

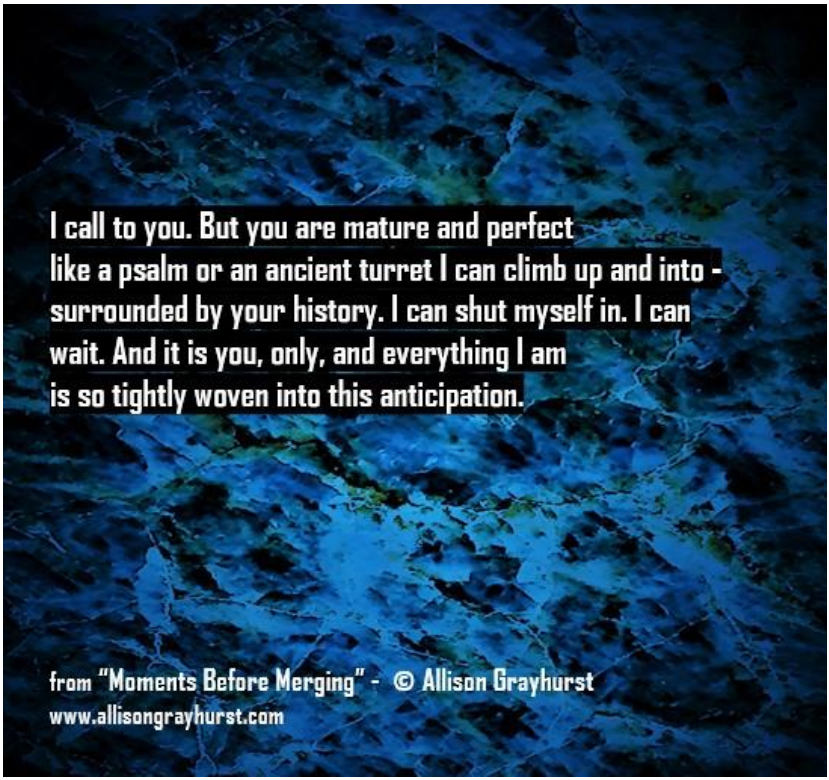

Are you on the balcony? It is still a long way to the light.
People are mostly ghosts and you are always desperate,
full of instinct, shunning, and the comfort of solitude.
But you are through with make-belief, with yourself being
a rock of brilliant hues. You are through. You are accepting
all that stands here - love. trust. fierce truth –
made again and again
by such brightness.
from "Now You Are" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

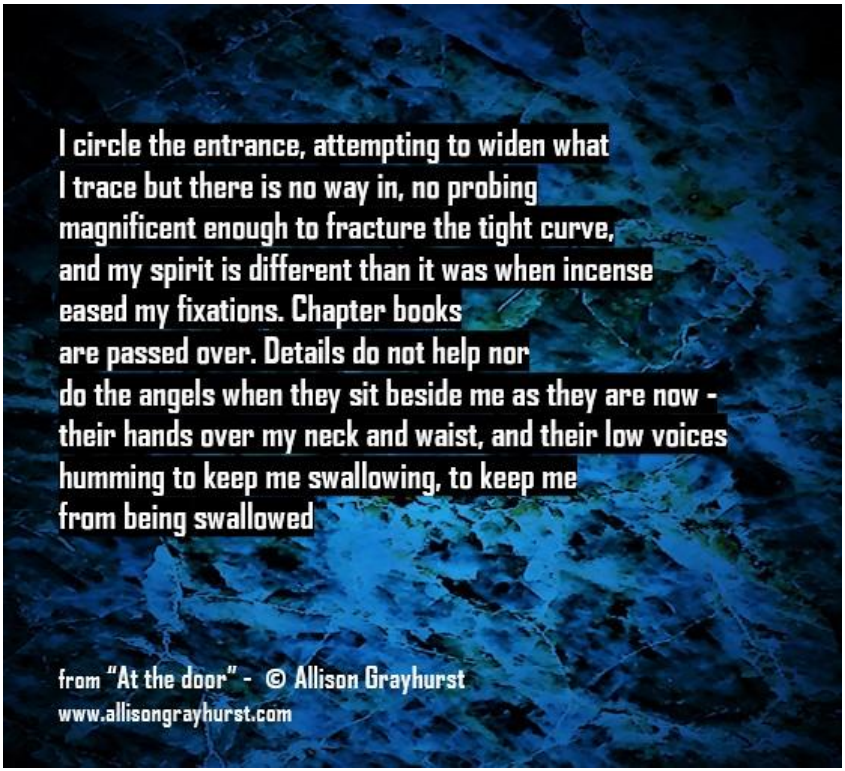


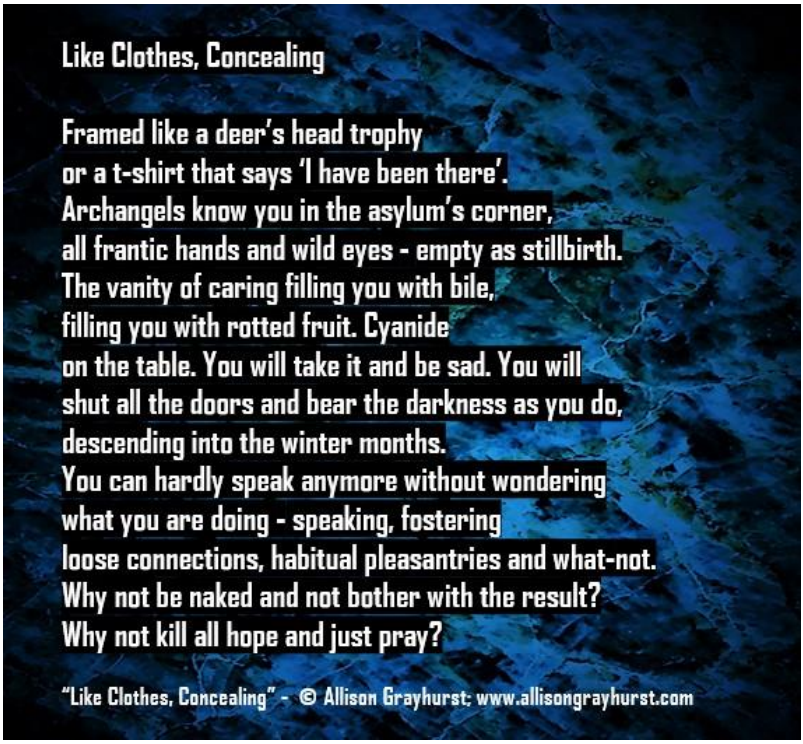
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/17/will-you-keep-me/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/22/now-you-are/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/09/our-time/


I call to you. But you are mature and perfect
like a psalm or an ancient turret I can climb up and into -
surrounded by your history. I can shut myself in. I can
wait. And it is you, only, and everything I am
is so tightly woven into this anticipation.
from "Moments Before Merging" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I circle the entrance, attempting to widen what
I trace but there is no way in, no probing
magnificent enough to fracture the tight curve,
and my spirit is different than it was when incense
eased my fixations. Chapter books
are passed over. Details do not help nor
do the angels when they sit beside me as they are now -
their hands over my neck and waist, and their low voices
humming to keep me swallowing, to keep me
from being swallowed
from "At the door" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/08/moments-before-merging/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/04/at-the-door/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/08/poem-published-in-collective-exile/

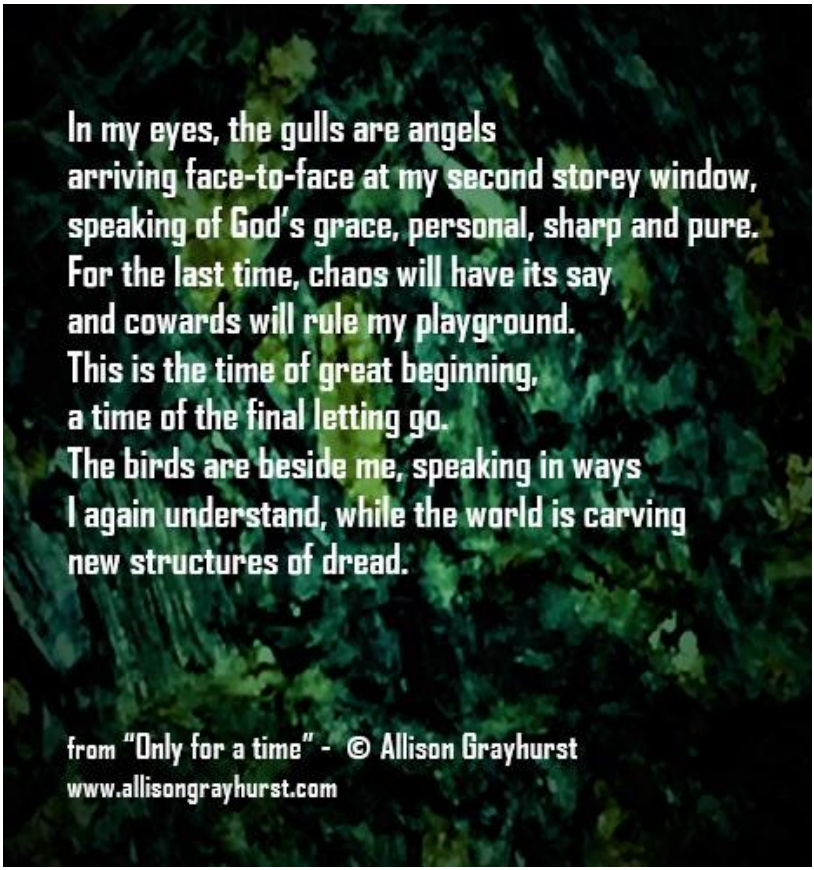
Taking off my hood

It is only bad weather.
It is only what it is for
some reason, for this light to one day flourish.
I will sit with you in the storm
building a bridge away from this wound,
never caving in to the cruelty of incompletion.
I will rub your ankles back to life so that
you can walk. I will buy you new shoes.
We will be cleansed of our defeat, be renewed
by one another's touch. Our love has lasted and so
we are far more blessed than any exalted hero.
We should be dancing. But for now,
let us walk. We will be lifted.

"Taking off my hood" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

By the light,
you carried me.
By the dark, you found my hand,
and together we stood, holding hands,
barely breathing, never resting, just holding
like David held his slingshot and the slingshot
held its aim - synchronized to destiny's rhythm -
you and I and the drumbeat lingering after the sacrifice,
and the coming of age that never came,
and the fire finding
safe haven on our backs - a deep dive in the shallow end,
a kiss that never makes it, but somehow is known.

from "By This Light" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



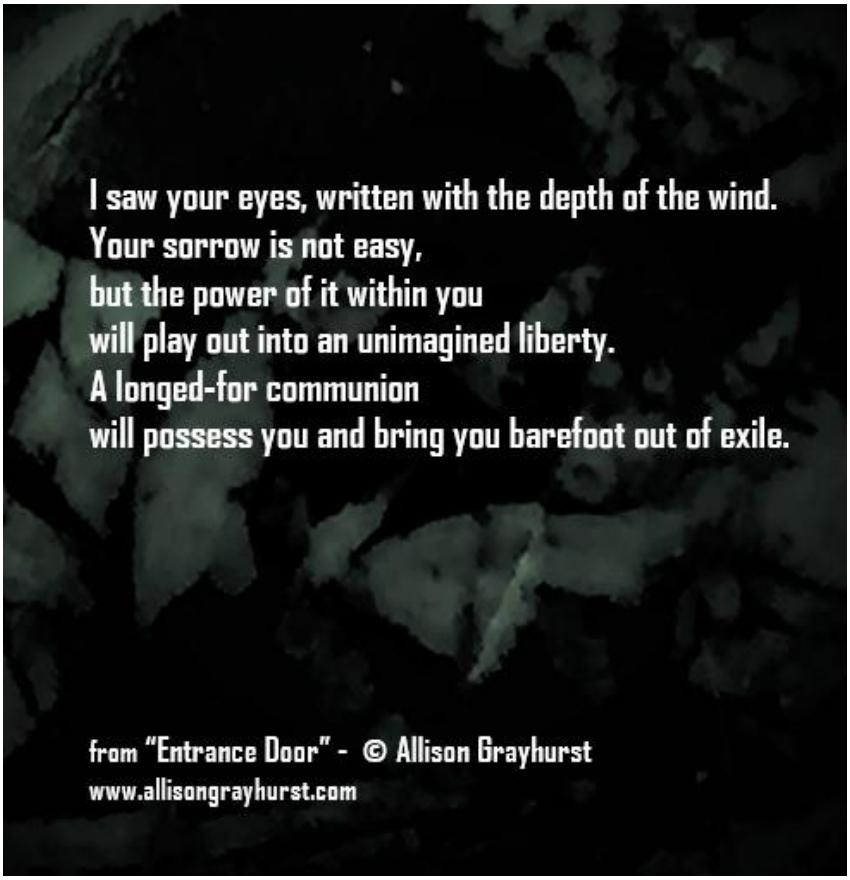
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/23/taking-off-my-hood/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/13/by-this-light-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/11/only-for-a-time/

Miracles
are born from the emptiness and
the longing for ancient beginnings.
Blue Jade under the pillow.
Our animal shapes, rising internal.
When we land, we will smell the nightmares evaporating,
senselessness will have run its course.
And all that we lost, and all that we never had
will blend in beautifully, transcended
by this direction.

from "When we land" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I saw your eyes, written with the depth of the wind.
Your sorrow is not easy,
but the power of it within you
will play out into an unimagined liberty.
A longed-for communion
will possess you and bring you barefoot out of exile.
from "Entrance Door" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/17/when-we-land/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/27/entrance-door/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/15/this-spirit-is-speaking-2/

When I Lean Closer

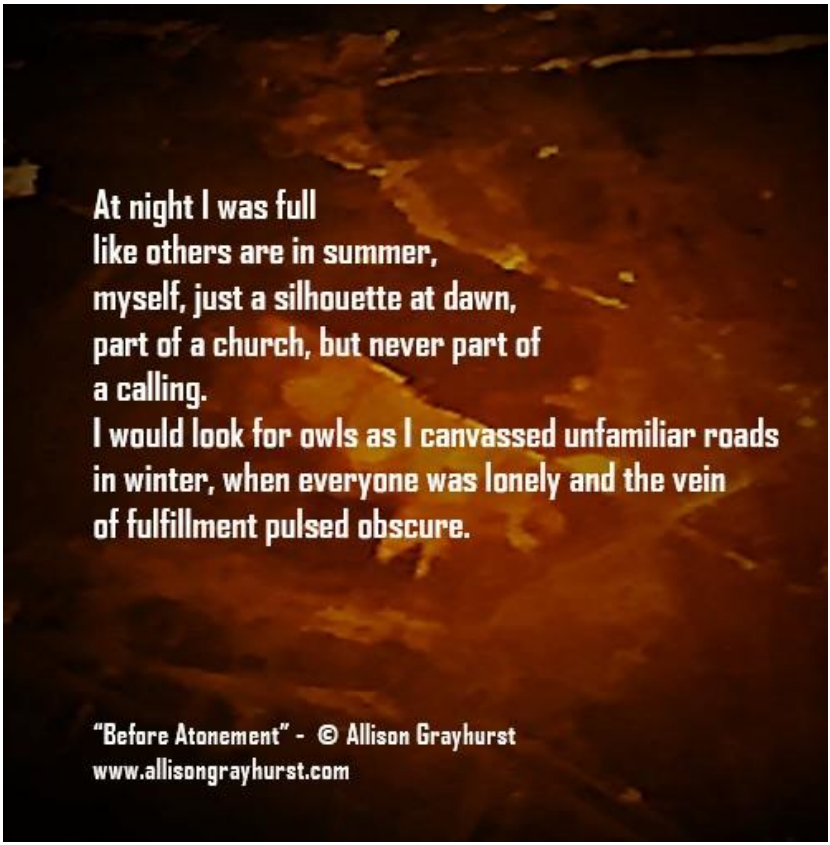
Remember when we were falling,
making hoops in the sky? When intelligence
didn't matter, only the desire
to be alive? Remember when a different rank
and inequality never blocked a friendship,
when the heart was whole,
and money never shamed us
one way
or another?
Remember the light in our pockets,
the frame of our minds as we lived
in perpetual loneliness, free
but cold?
Remember when guilt could only go so far
to actually change us and a lie was never
stronger than imagination?
Remember our handprints, those handprints
on the wall?

"When I Lean Closer- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

I Am This Creature (drenched in mute history)

I am this creature
let loose from the grave, but still without a Sunday
or a bed of more than weeds and worms.
I am this liar, trapped in fantasy,
a carcass hanging upside down, all cheers and woes
set at high volume.
I was with hunger, a rage of flies on soiled food,
desperate to know fulfillment.
I was a girl, knowing nothing of drugs, but helpless
just the same, a slave to all my girlish visions
of the coming days of promised rapture.
I was a young woman, wearing drab and loose clothes,
never looking in a mirror, talking in tongues,
clenching confusion as a crutch and giving glory
to any glory-seeking teacher.
I am this woman, strong shouldered, a bit threadbare
but wanting never to rekindle that drowned flame -
a creature in a world of foreign wilderness.
I'm circling, circling a solitary stone.

"I Am This Creature (drenched in mute history)" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/12/when-i-lean-closer-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/19/i-am-this-creature-drenched-in-mute-history-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/03/23/before-atonement/

An Act of Love

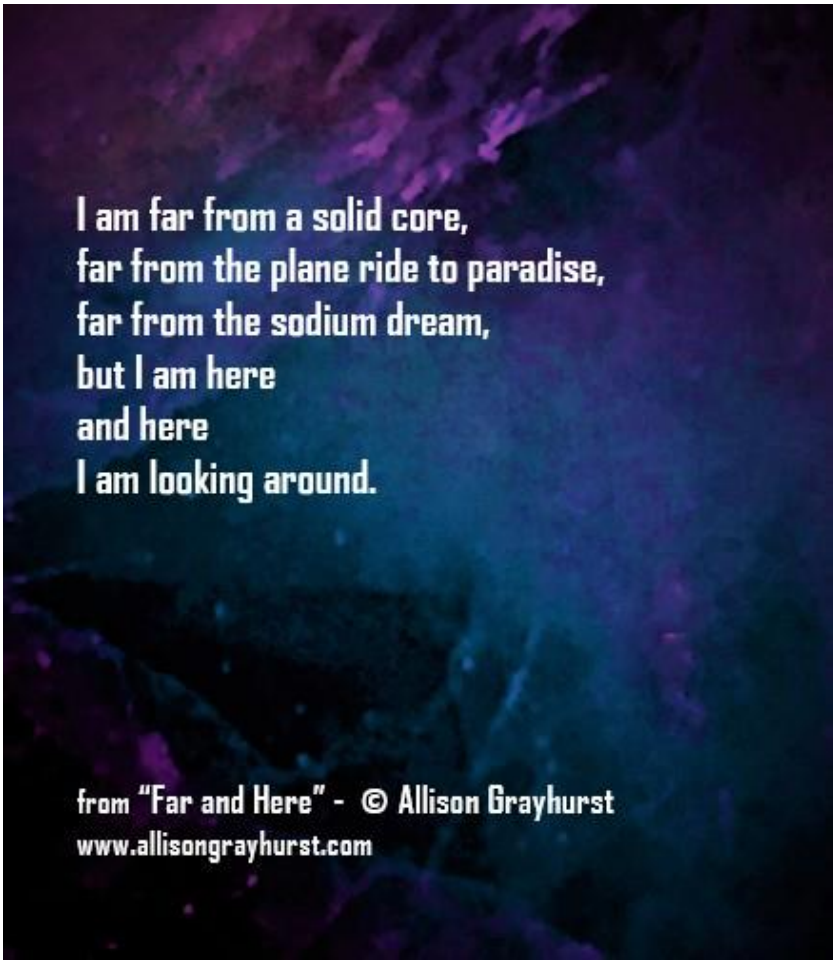
A chance I took,
but then I took too much.
I passed the hat and
couldn't leave a donation.
I dove into the puddle
and came up - nose scratched,
fingers broken.
I came up
far off from the stage,
in a remote spot
where light never goes,
came up like a cactus in
a swamp,
taking a chance
that bound me
with flawless inevitability
to only earth.

"An Act of Love"" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

A Newly-Patterned Fingerprint

It's the end
of my kind,
the last of my line
unfolding.
And then
all of it will be different -
both the edge and the enlightenment,
the things precise
and the things undefined.
All that was smouldering
will be set ablaze,
and beauty and grace will be overflowing
like a drip-drop dream pure as reality.
It is the end - the place of no more new beginnings,
a place where the perfect light cannot fade
or grow too bright, where ironic timing transforms
into an integrated, balanced life.

"A Newly-Patterned Fingerprint"" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/22/an-act-of-love/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/29/a-newly-patterned-fingerprint-published-in-boston-poetry-magazine/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/20/far-and-here/

Blind Spot

Like a crack in the wall
that cannot be fixed or
a terrible loss that waxes and wanes
by varying degrees but never fully leaves.
It is the spot that will not heal,
found on the floor by the fallen curtain.

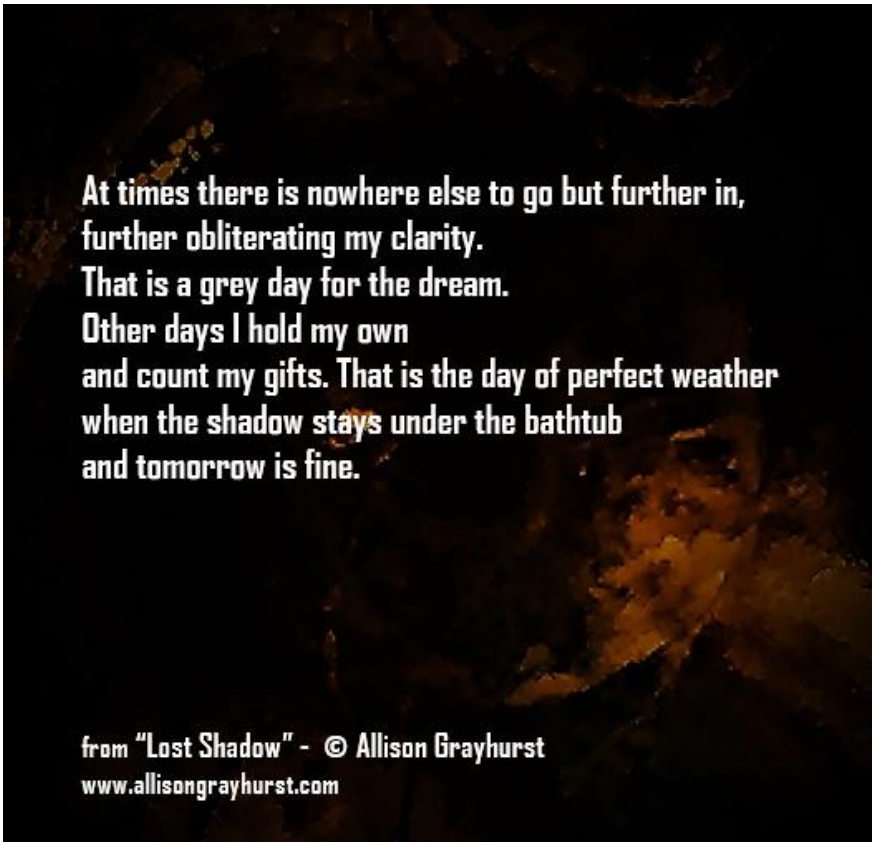
It reveals that faith does not
mean protection from the chaos of chance,
only that God will stand beside you
once that chance has marked you
blood splattered and cold.

"Blind Spot" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Heat

It will take me over,
toss me like a weather balloon
and put me on the brink of a high fever.
It will know me and place me
in hot water madness
like a tune just out of reach or a clothesline
pinned against a fence by overgrown branches.
It will take me into the drug store.
I will be spared nothing, but I will feel nothing
of pain or of thinning. Because
I was bribed by the demon and I released
the bribe, and with it, the demon. Because God is with me
like a black cat who follows me from station to station,
is gentle and existing with tenderness and solidarity.
The flies have left my rotted corner, and all that remains is
this sunflower.

"Heat" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/13/blind-spot/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/06/heat/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/20/lost-shadow/

Serpent in my Shoe

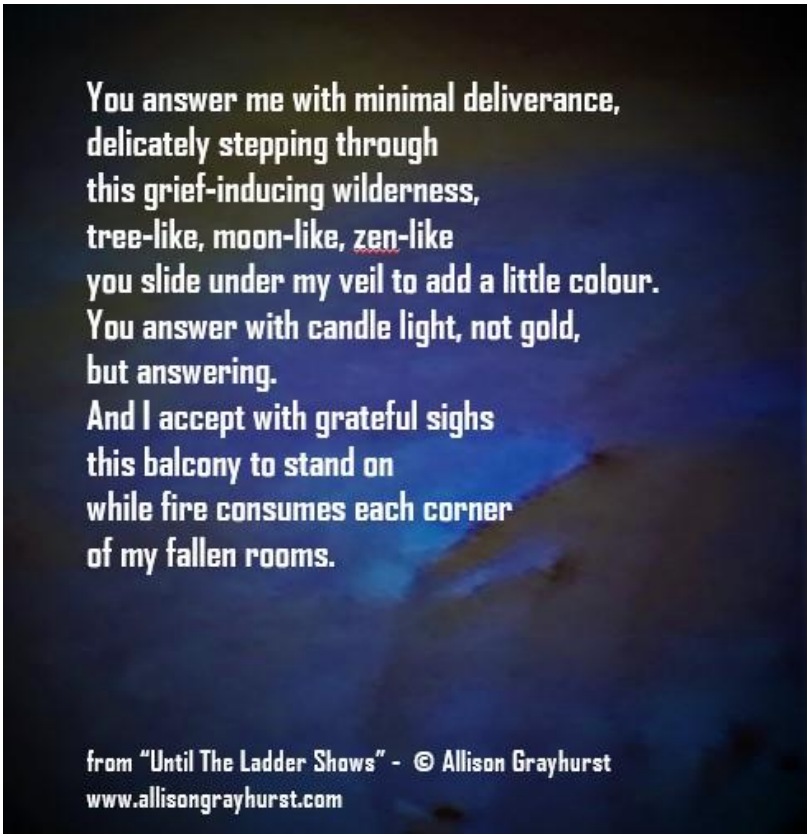
There it is -
inane, insane instinct
in the bedrooms of the unknowingly damned.
I rise like a rose into bloom then lose all
my petals to the storm.
Waves and lions under the sink, and the deepest dream
I ever dreamt was alone with the motions
of darker worlds. I live with my drink and the smell
of too many ghosts warming themselves over my vent.
I run with the wheelbarrow, my possessions
piled like dead sparrows.
Talking through the window, I hear
them talking about the petty thing that keeps
days turning and leaves no one free enough
to walk the plank.
I stand outside for a moment
and plunge all I know like a stake
into dry ground.

"Serpent in my Shoe" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Still

You and I are a terracotta river
encasing the unmanageable rock.
We drink from the cyclone fire
and fill our ears with the sounds of harps
and nocturnal rejoicing.
When I am touched and my head
is under the feather then time is
fossilized and my body is the voice
that drives me down the curve,
wide enough for an astounding fulfillment.
When I touch the core of your bones
and join the urgency of your kisses
with my own, then we are lured
from our daily plots and cast-out dreams,
until flooded and found by the golden synergy
of our married tongue.

"Still" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/24/serpent-in-my-shoe/

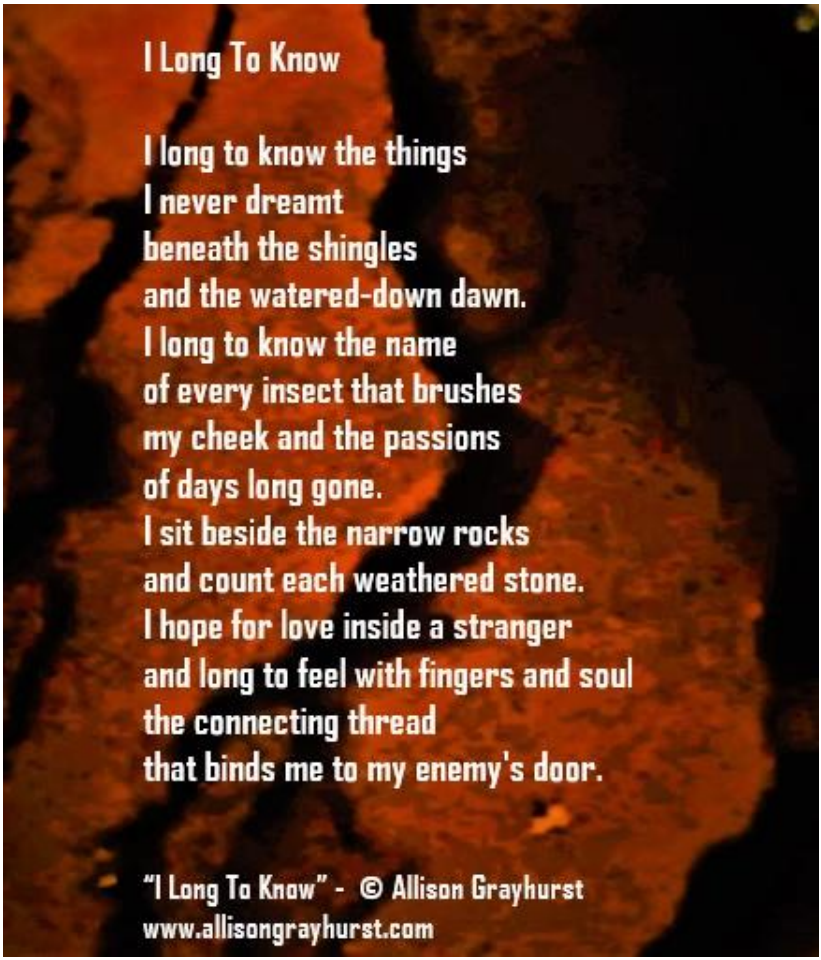
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/25/still-2/

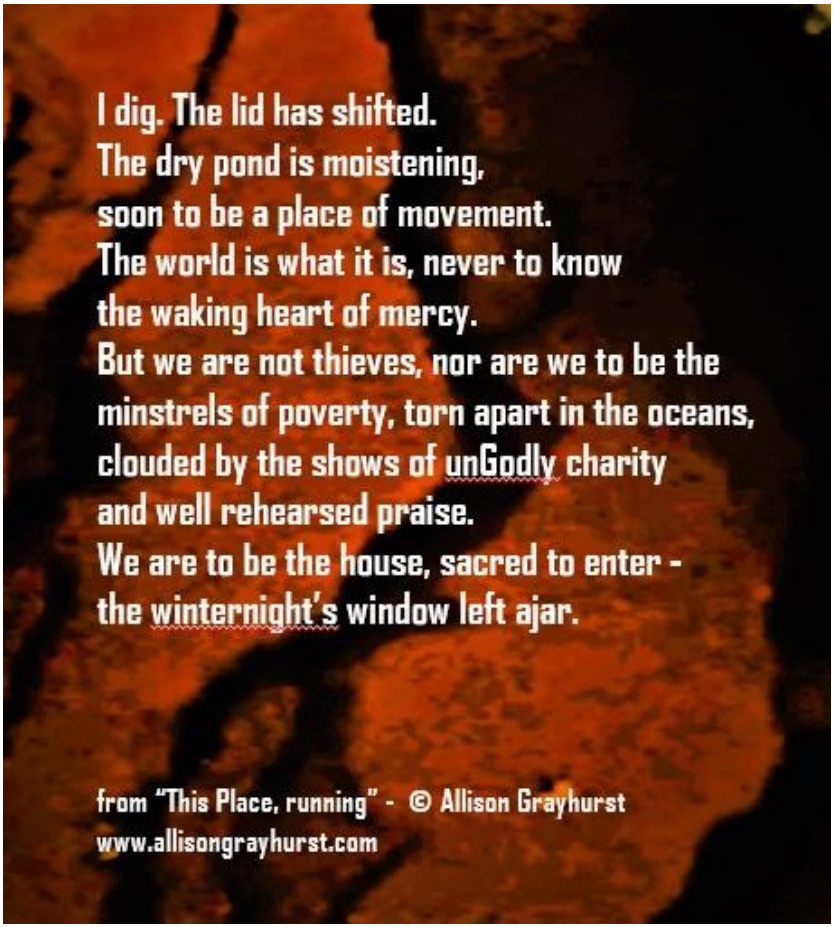
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/06/until-the-ladder-shows/

Learning Temperance

Cradle the handle under the sleeve
and watch as the sun changes shadows.
Blue. I wait in the private everafter with
the future under my fingernails and an orange seed
in my throat.
Will it happen or will it always be 'the wait'?
Waiting in the moment just before bloom
but never arriving into full colour? Or is it only
a long pause, gathering breath for the final
swing that will bury all dullness that has gone before?
I see two doors and neither of them are open.
I see a tree I have walked by many times before.
This time I noticed it and smiled.
Maybe this is not darkness at all,
but a line to follow and focus on
like a child watching rain drops - one at a time.

"Learning Temperance" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I Long To Know
I long to know the things
I never dreamt
beneath the shingles
and the watered-down dawn.
I long to know the name
of every insect that brushes
my cheek and the passions
of days long gone.
I sit beside the narrow rocks
and count each weathered stone.
I hope for love inside a stranger
and long to feel with fingers and soul
the connecting thread
that binds me to my enemy's door.
"I Long To Know" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/28/learning-temperance/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/03/i-long-to-know/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/22/this-place-running-2/

A Better Life

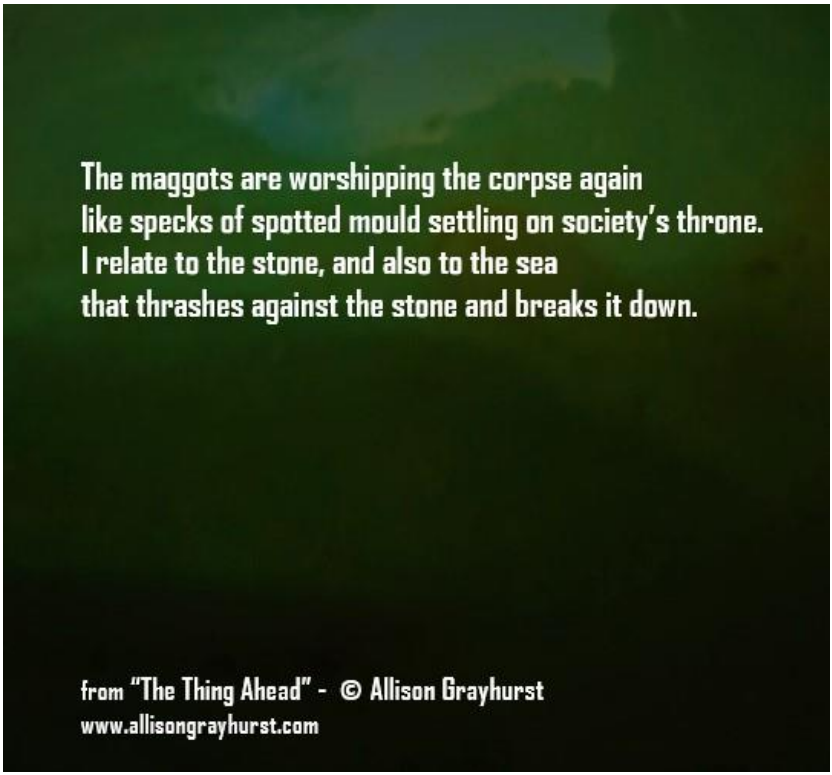
In the beginning
I rode a burning steed,
crossed a violent river
and destroyed my home.
But now my footsteps are slower,
I never climb the rocks or chase
the landed hawk. I collect shells
for my garden and sing to the great
ocean's waves. I take my children
along the shore and show them how to dance.
I tell them my tales of long ago, though
they offer no interest or praise.
But they love me like a petal does its stem,
each reaching to me to know the effort of
my arms. We eat fruit near the underbrush
then bury each seed, tenderly,
in hot white sands.

"A Better Life" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Weather

Walls shake
under the pressure of an ongoing storm.
The storm exhausts
birds in flight and flings
squirrels to the ground.
The ground is hard with ice
and the lost promise of spring.
Spring, children wait for
under the volatile sky.
The sky is tuned by the fingers of time.
Time cannot give a chance accepted or refused
but is the measure by which all things move and die.
Die, the storm is thinning like the skin of a worn drum,
leaving its signature beat on the road.
The road I base all my faith on is under my sleeve
sure of me, regardless if I turn or if I follow.

"Weather" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/14/a-better-life-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/27/weather/

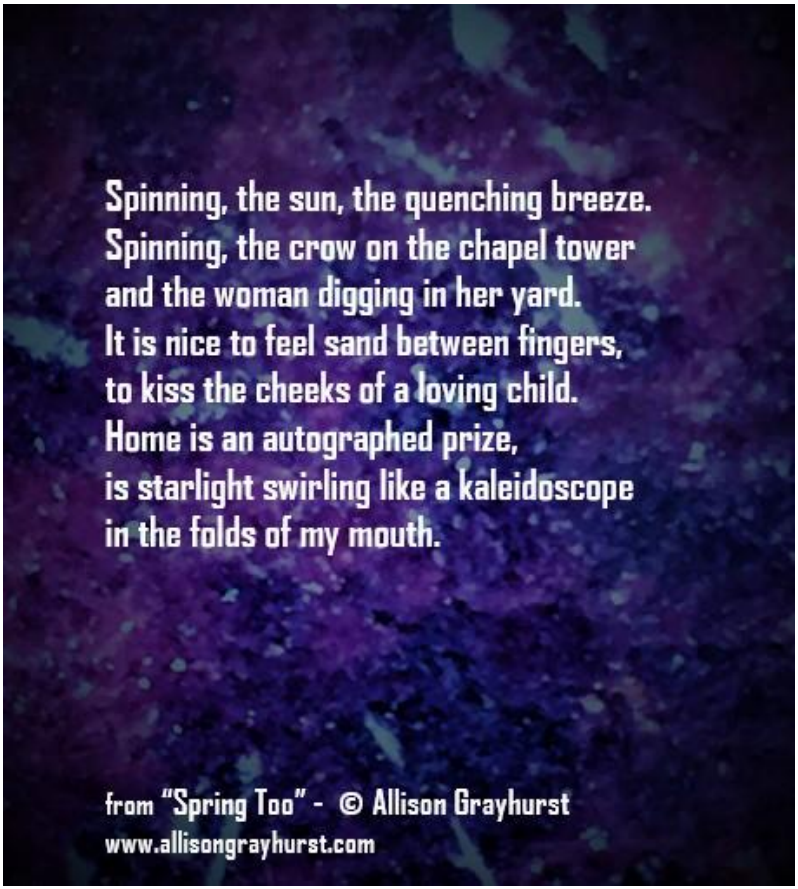
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/01/the-thing-ahead/

Small thimble that holds the glory
and spills over onto the soft ground.
Small night that doesn't have an imprint
but has ability for irreversible change.
Small window I look through
seeing what is small
and wanting nothing big.
from "Small Thing" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Soon I will join a tree or even a flower.
The sloping roof with the snow on top -
that is stillness.

The wind pushes its way under my door
like a maddened bird.
I have no ambitions. I have only a voice
that must continue its singing.

from "Making Amends" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/08/small-thing/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/11/making-amends/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/02/01/spring-too/

We have touched the minnow fish and the
primordial whale. The clouds speak to us
when lack of money hurts the gorgeous morning
and we are nightmarishly beckoned barefoot across
white ice. Then you tell me things of wild eternity
to keep my regrets from overtaking.

And how I love you
even when I am slipping headfirst
down the brownish stream.

from "By This Love" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Traces

In the whisper of tomorrow
the wood is burning and the trees
have died. A swallow is perched on the fence as the twilight nears.
I have taken the hinges off the door, waiting to see what enters,
waiting as my hunger works like midnight in my stomach,
dictating the flavour of the coming stars.
Daunted, branded by the heaving wind,
alone with my prayers and the telephone turned
up high - will the answer come before the grave
or will obscurity greet me every new dawn like a hand unheld
or a gate torn down? It is humming, the sound
of this underground sorrow. It hums of poetry
and the earth and the bug eaten leaves. It burns and cannot bloom
in bookstores, will not bloom in the silence of a single decade
or in the darkness of a closed drawer.
Outside, the children go inside, readying for sleep.
I tread waterways in my mind
and send my kisses mid-air.

"Traces" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Other Side

Killed in the cloud
that ripples softly.
Believing we would be triumphant
made it so, and being dead we
learned a new way to rise and praise.
The music lies down in the seas,
so I hear the dolphins hum
and see octopi sway.
Madness is part of our heritage
but also our navigating star.
Whisper of the wonder we walk through each day.
Away from the dull chaos of the common bar
this is a new plateau, a hawk
in our backyard.
Up and dancing, the ground and air
join together to say -
we were never alone.

"Other Side" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

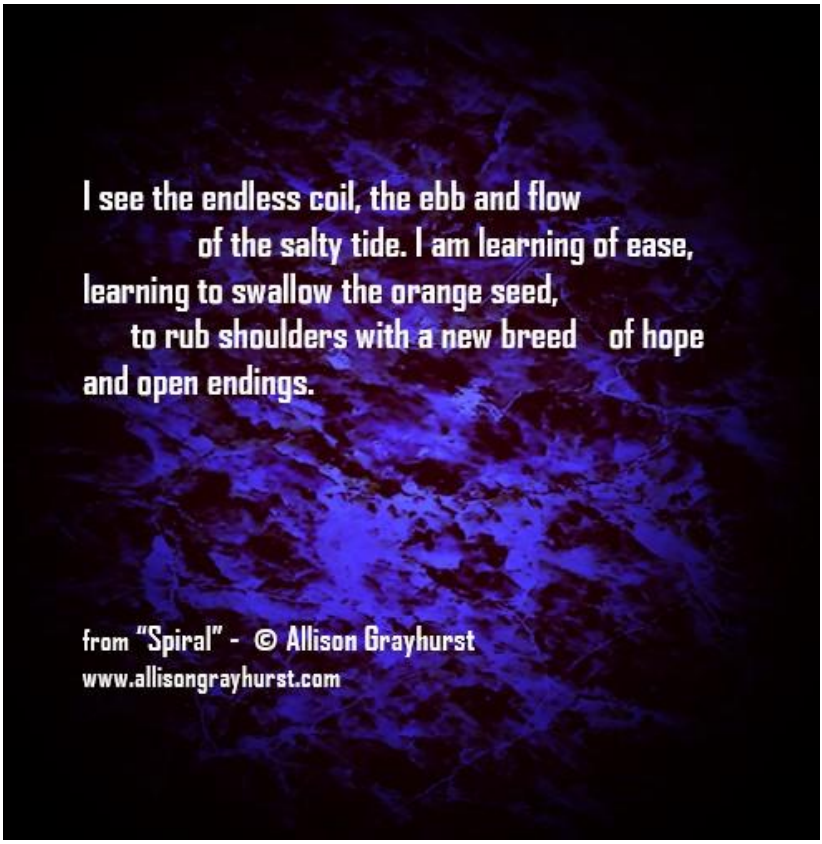
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/03/30/by-this-love/

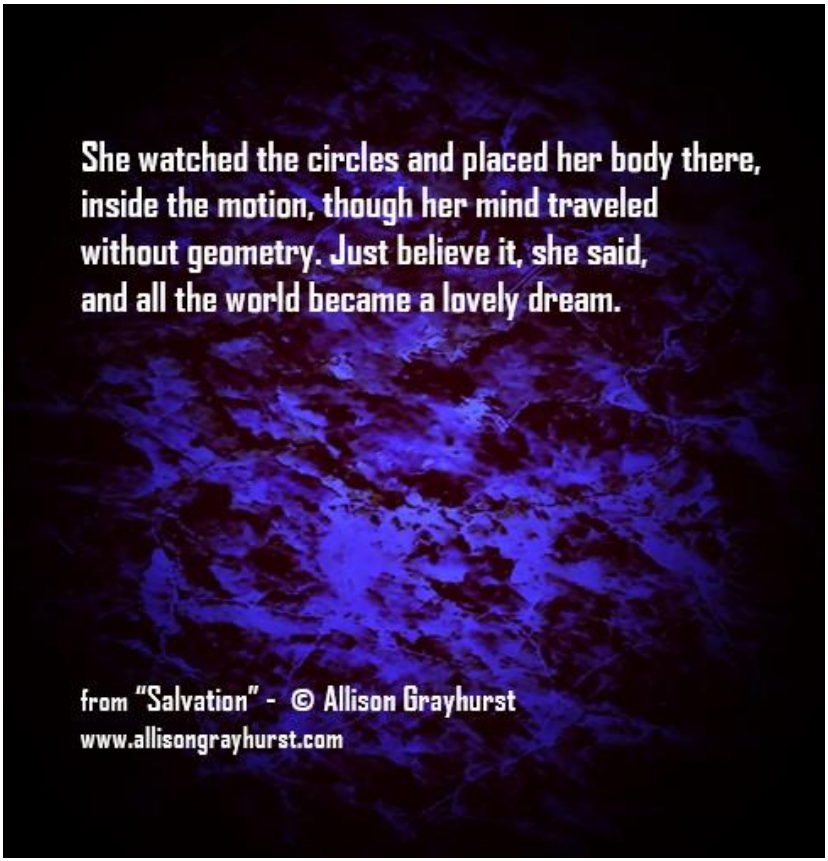
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/23/traces/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/19/other-side/

I knelt before his photograph
on the casket and we talked
of gratitude and goodbyes. I saw
compassion's light, there, in
his dark tremendous eyes.
I felt the tearing off of seven layers of skin.
I held my hands together. Faith,
where is your shield? Your cradle
to rest my shattered spine? Each cell
is reformed by his departure. I am left
in the winter wind without clothing
or a protective tree.

from "Dad (an eulogy)" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

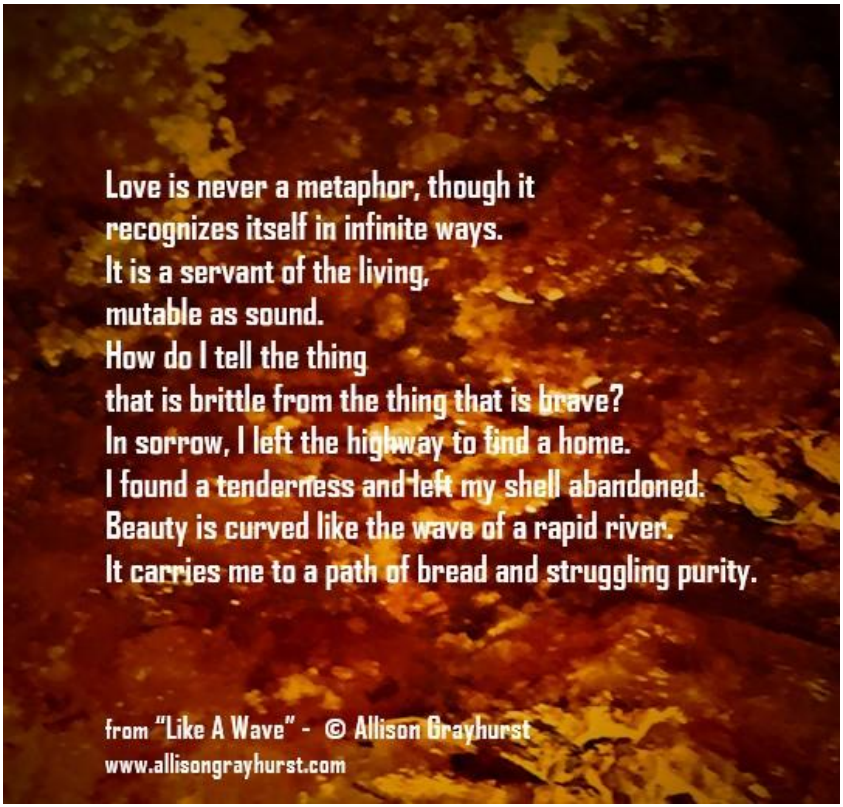

I see the endless coil, the ebb and flow
of the salty tide. I am learning of ease,
learning to swallow the orange seed,
to rub shoulders with a new breed of hope
and open endings.
from "Spiral" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

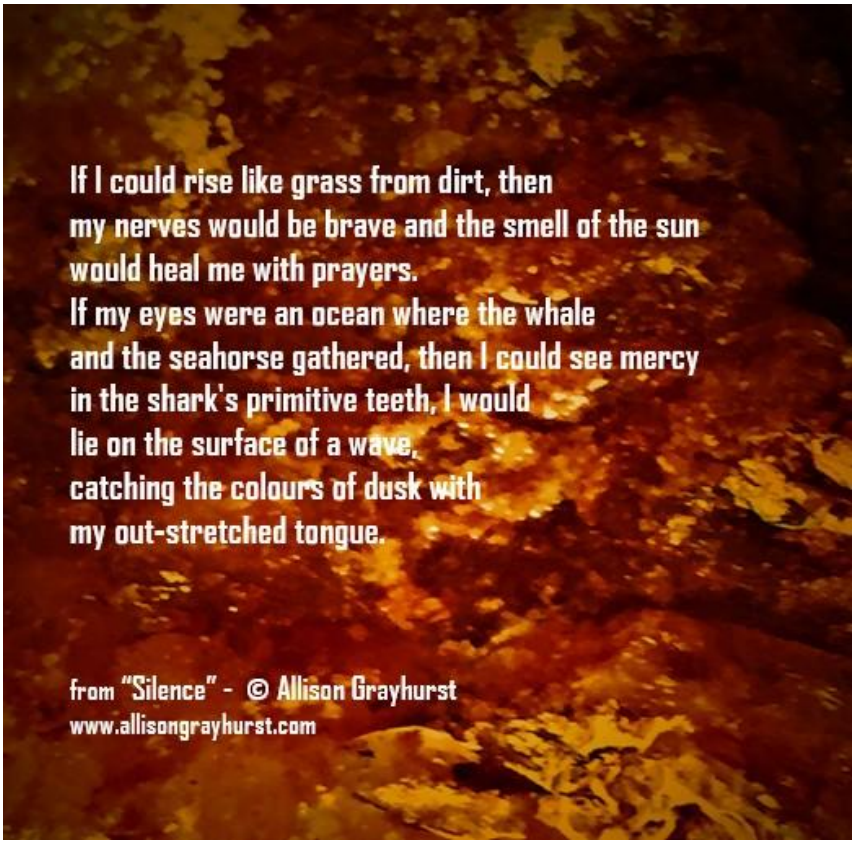


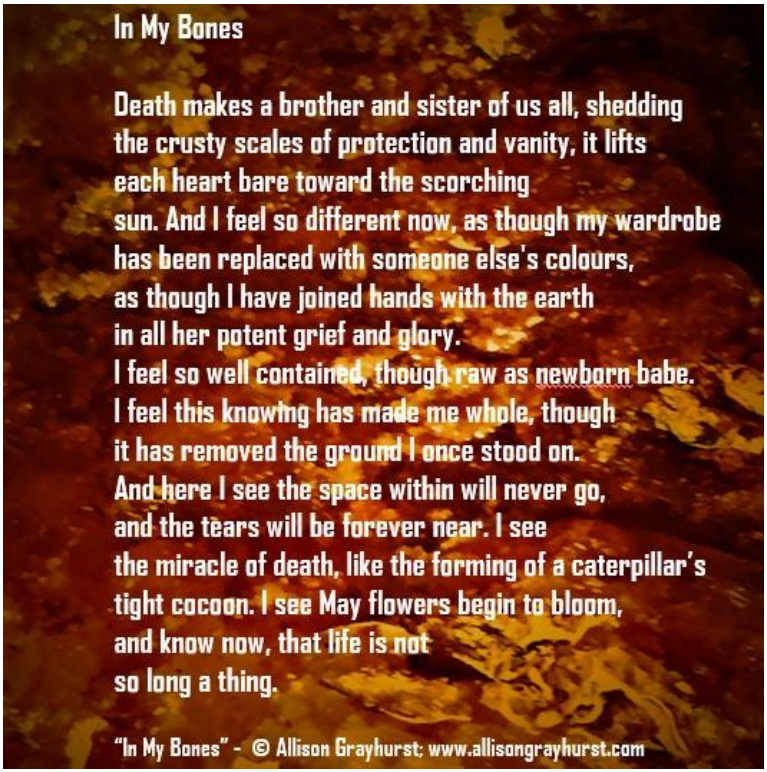
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/22/dad-an-eulogy/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/04/17/spiral/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/07/salvation/


Love is never a metaphor, though it
recognizes itself in infinite ways.
It is a servant of the living,
mutable as sound.
How do I tell the thing
that is brittle from the thing that is brave?
In sorrow, I left the highway to find a home.
I found a tenderness and left my shell abandoned.
Beauty is curved like the wave of a rapid river.
It carries me to a path of bread and struggling purity.
from "Like A Wave" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

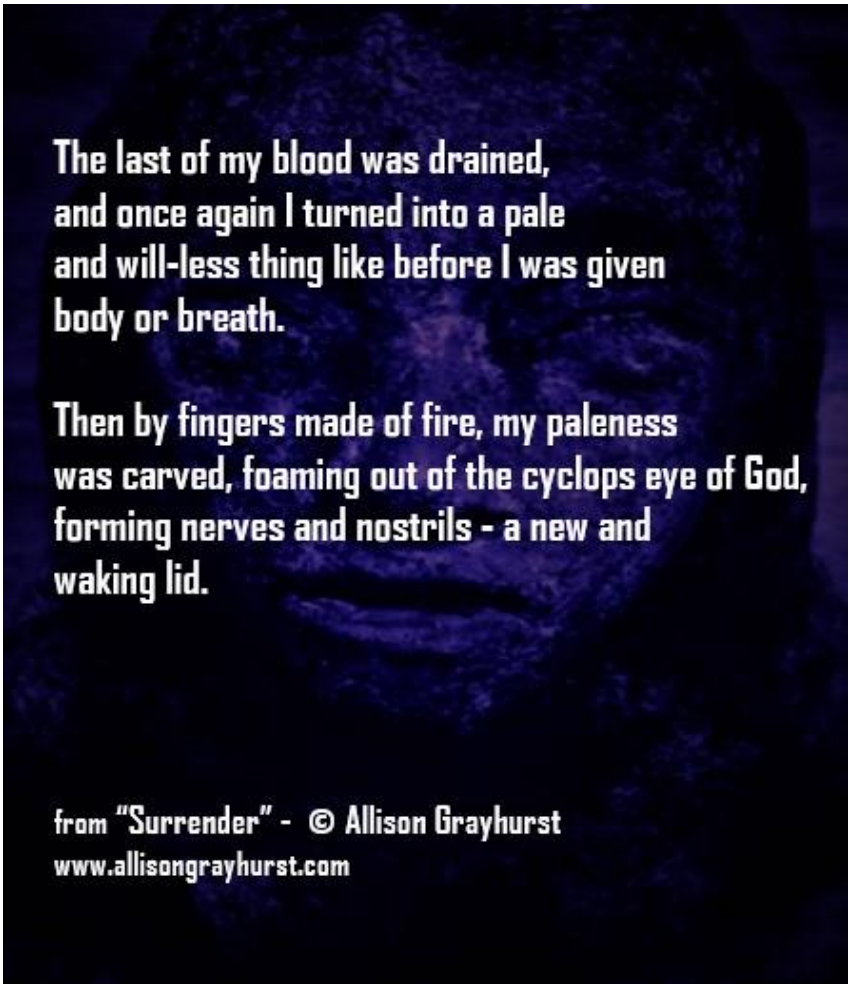

If I could rise like grass from dirt, then
my nerves would be brave and the smell of the sun
would heal me with prayers.
If my eyes were an ocean where the whale
and the seahorse gathered, then I could see mercy
in the shark's primitive teeth, I would
lie on the surface of a wave,
catching the colours of dusk with
my out-stretched tongue.
from "Silence" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/11/like-a-wave/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/14/silence/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/10/in-my-bones/

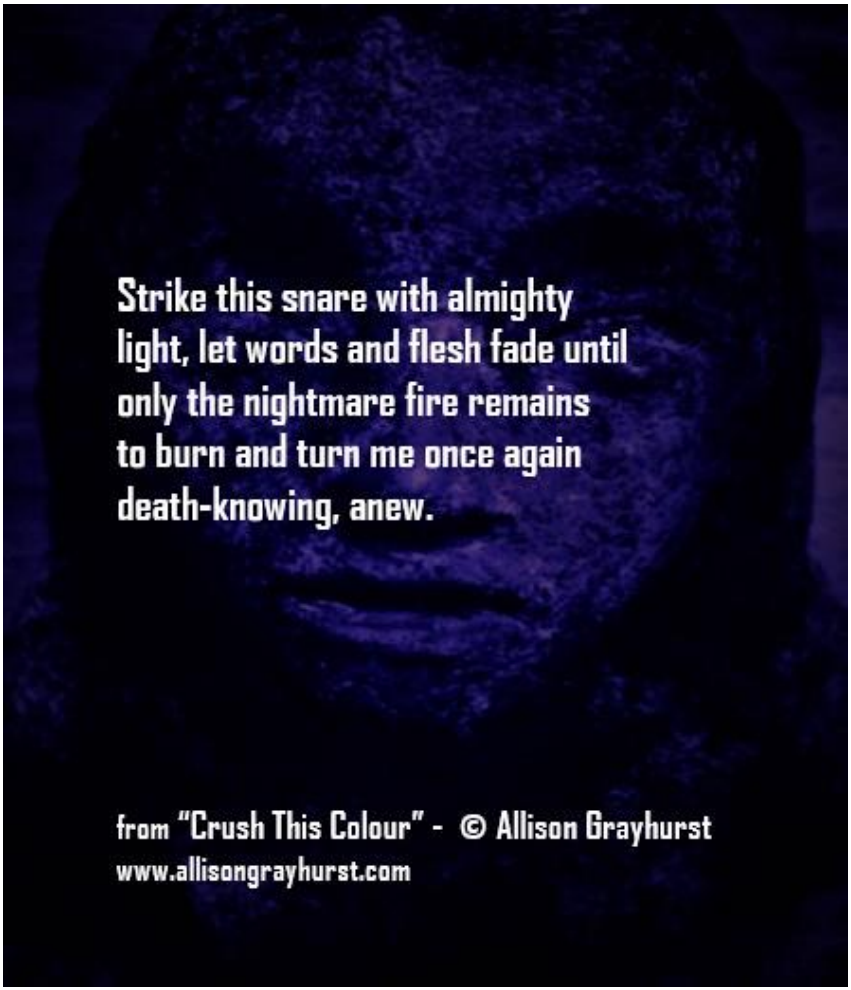

The last of my blood was drained,
and once again I turned into a pale
and will-less thing like before I was given
body or breath.
Then by fingers made of fire, my paleness
was carved, foaming out of the cyclops eye of God,
forming nerves and nostrils - a new and
waking lid.
from "Surrender" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

We do not believe in the contagious code
but in the slug at midnight under the stone,
curled tight against the predator's paw,
in flesh-driven grief, in the bed-pan
under the invalid,
and the infant's hanging feet.

We rest in both grey-soiled glue
and in sunset haze.

We rest with appetite, beginning.

from "Together Journeying" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/02/surrender/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/21/together-journeying/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/01/crush-this-colour/

Once I Cried

Once I cried the conscious death,
reborn in the orb of humiliation, mopping the slime off floors,
nausea permeating the base of my spine.
Once I was trapped in a wavering faith,
shifting in a restless sleep from nightmare to being awake.
My skin was caked in lime, scorched by
the unharvested dream.
Quick the sky cracked as though scissors
sliced right through,
and the spell of suicidal defeat reshaped
into an era that was past and never to be relived.
The house door opened, the sore removed,
the picture frame expanded to encompass
more than I ever knew.
And now with rent unpaid and time
a driving axe, the grass looks gold
as my dignity blazes through the flood
like a beloved ship unchained.

"Once I Cried" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

The river is blind.
Trapped now and holding - soon it will end and
the trees outside will whisper, developing
a new landscape of imagination.
from "Breaking the Circle" - © Allison Grayhurst;
www.allisongrayhurst.com

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/03/08/once-i-cried/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/07/the-quenchable-drain-within/

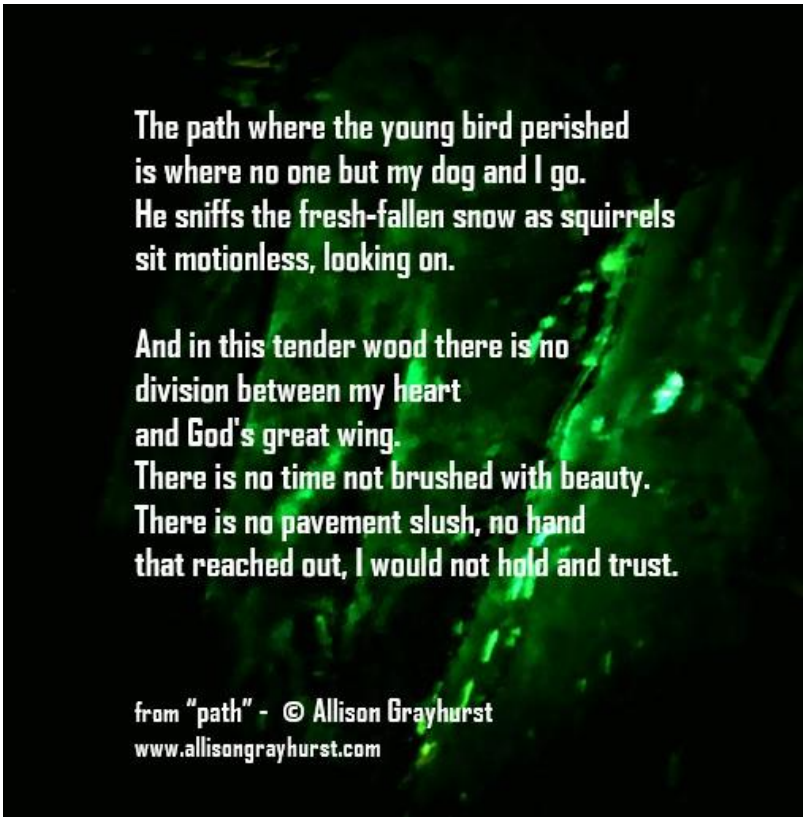
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/05/breaking-the-circle/

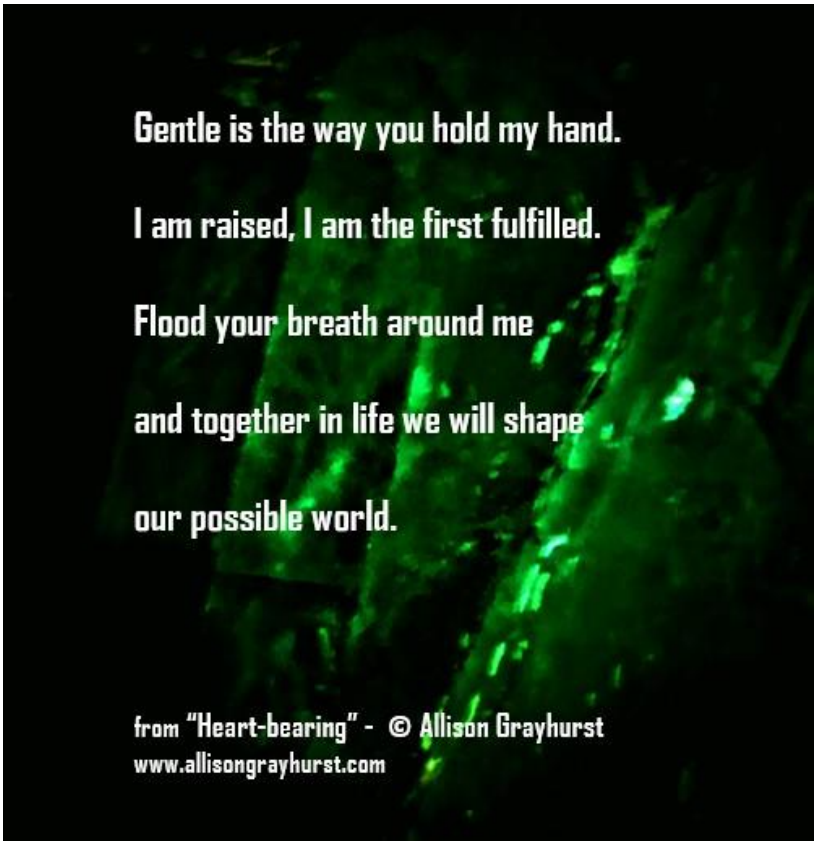
Joy. I know I could blossom
if only threatened by the cliff's edge -
held hanging by God's fingers
like an insect without wings.

Everything happens
like sleep eventually does.
I am lost. Too preoccupied with snails and moss.

But blessed be the hunger
and the saltiness of others.
Blessed be the essential, inseparable rib,
the quenching of all our boredom.

from "Everything Happens" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


The path where the young bird perished
is where no one but my dog and I go.
He sniffs the fresh-fallen snow as squirrels
sit motionless, looking on.
And in this tender wood there is no
division between my heart
and God's great wing.
There is no time not brushed with beauty.
There is no pavement slush, no hand
that reached out, I would not hold and trust.
from "path" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/28/everything-happens-2/

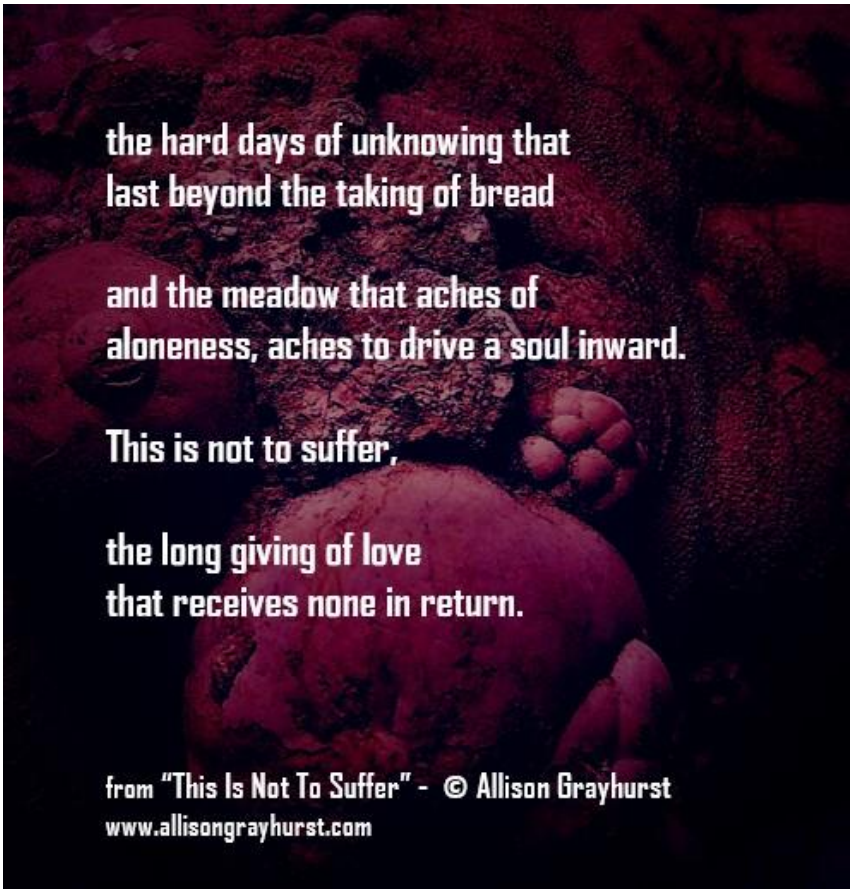
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/01/06/poem-published-in-lit-up-magazine-2/

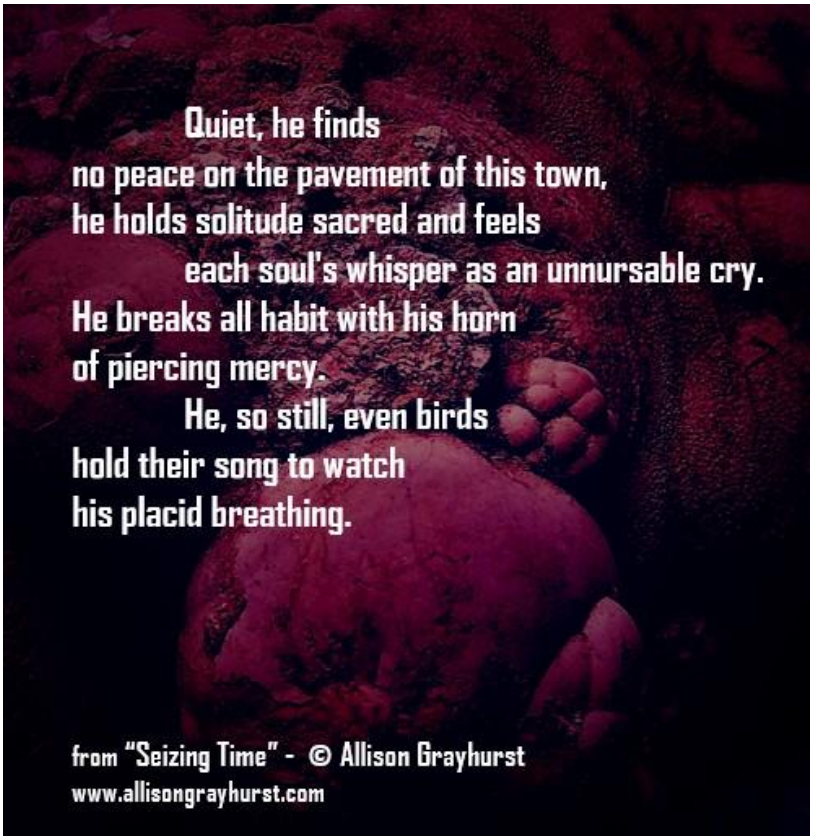
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/03/18/heart-bearing/

Adrift

Stripped of temper and the tossing blue.
The sky weighs on me like a globe.
Beginning in the curve of my tongue, I hide
my sorrow like an eel.
I dive past daybreak into the ditch of midnight.
Guilt is my patched umbrella.
I am only a few feet from home -
a penny in my pocket, a chain I cannot lose.
I want to learn of pastures where the dying
are saved by prayer, where each captive beast
is released and love is not compared.
Reptiles in the morning clouds. A snake around a leaf.
I hope to build a boat for patience.
Clinging to a fragment of a tree
I count each schoolless fish,
and tilt against the tide.

"Adrift" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com


the hard days of unknowing that
last beyond the taking of bread
and the meadow that aches of
aloneness, aches to drive a soul inward.
This is not to suffer,
the long giving of love
that receives none in return.
from "This Is Not To Suffer" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/22/adrift-2/

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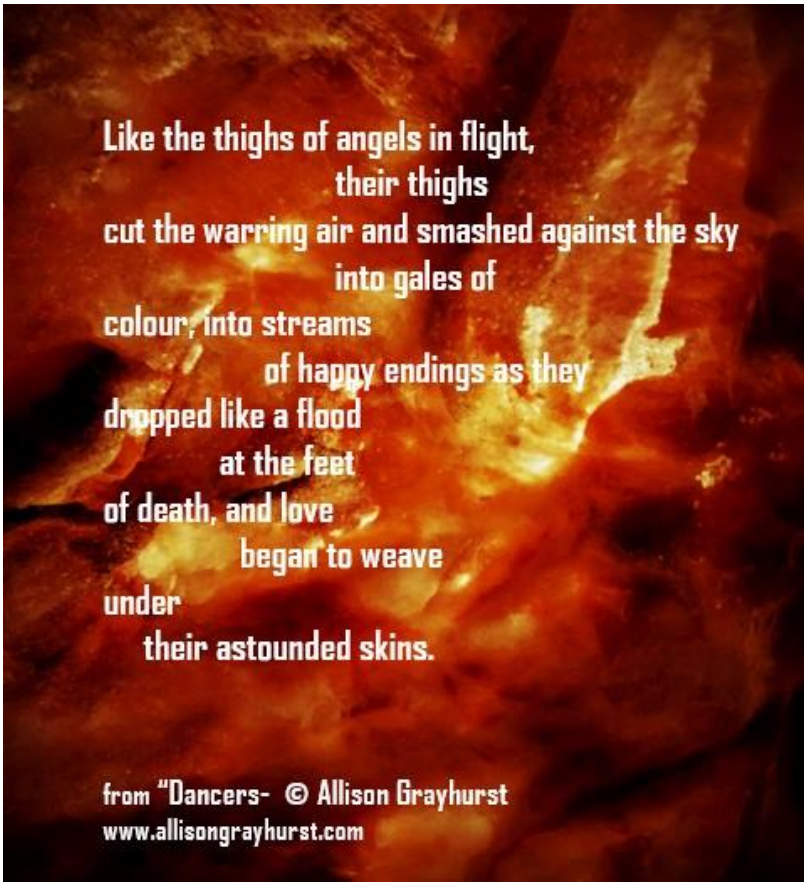
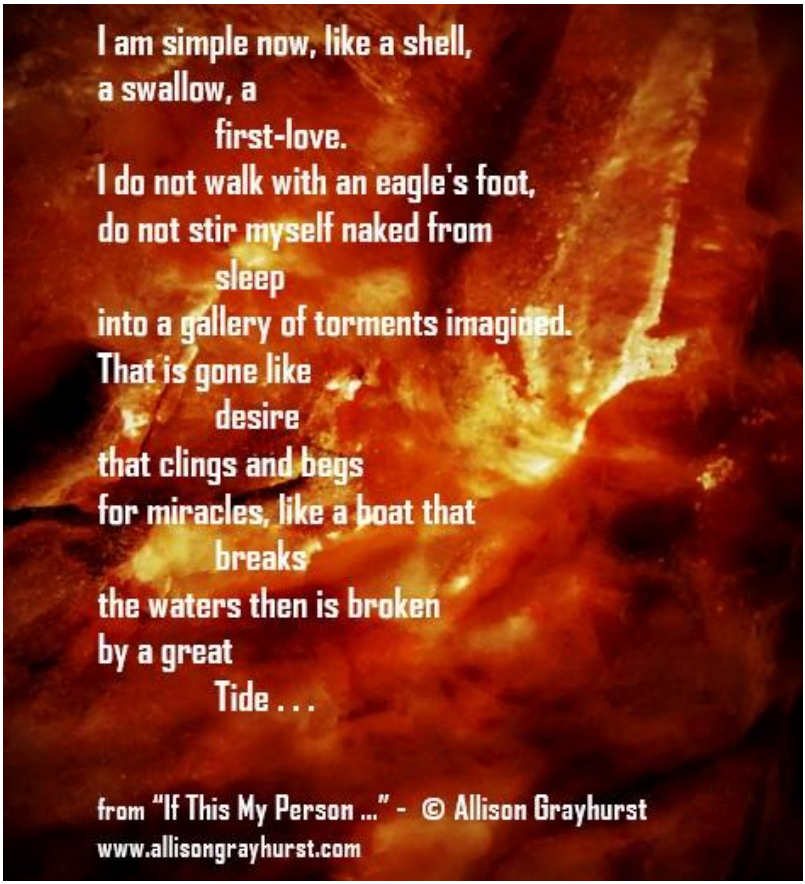
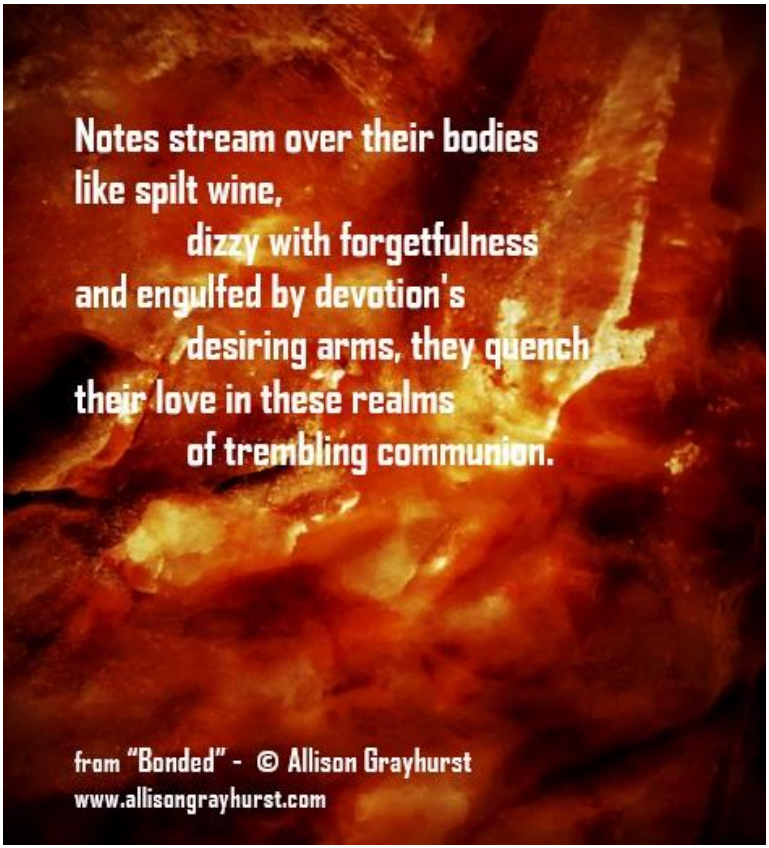

Like the thighs of angels in flight,
their thighs
cut the warring air and smashed against the sky
into gales of
colour, into streams
of happy endings as they
dropped like a flood
at the feet
of death, and love
began to weave
under
their astounded skins.
from "Dancers- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

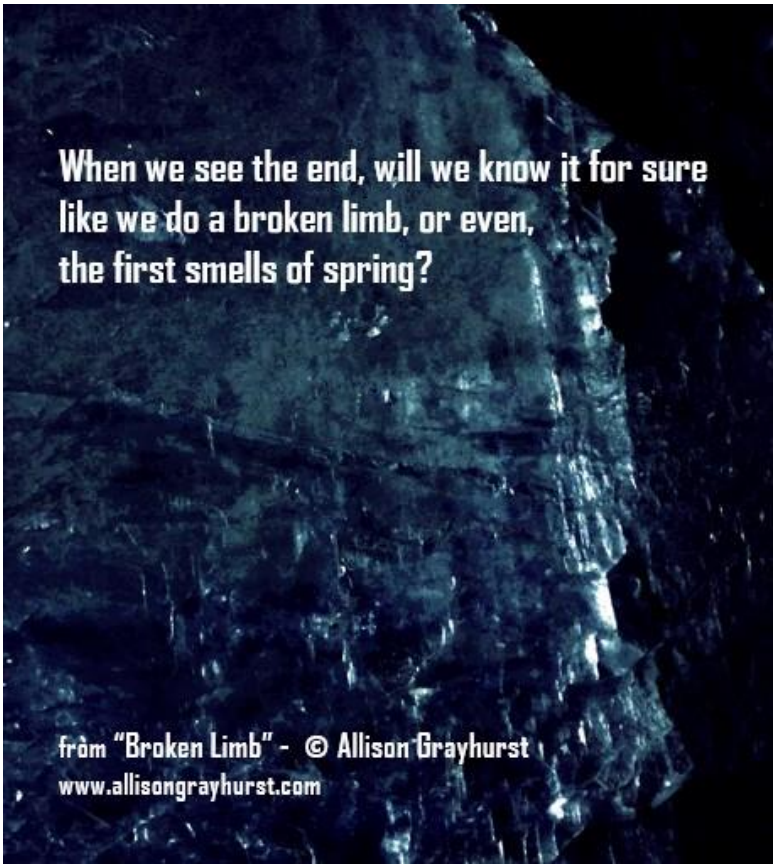

I am simple now, like a shell,
a swallow, a
first-love.
I do not walk with an eagle's foot,
do not stir myself naked from
sleep
into a gallery of torments imagined.
That is gone like
desire
that clings and begs
for miracles, like a boat that
breaks
the waters then is broken
by a great
Tide . . .
from "If This My Person ..." - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

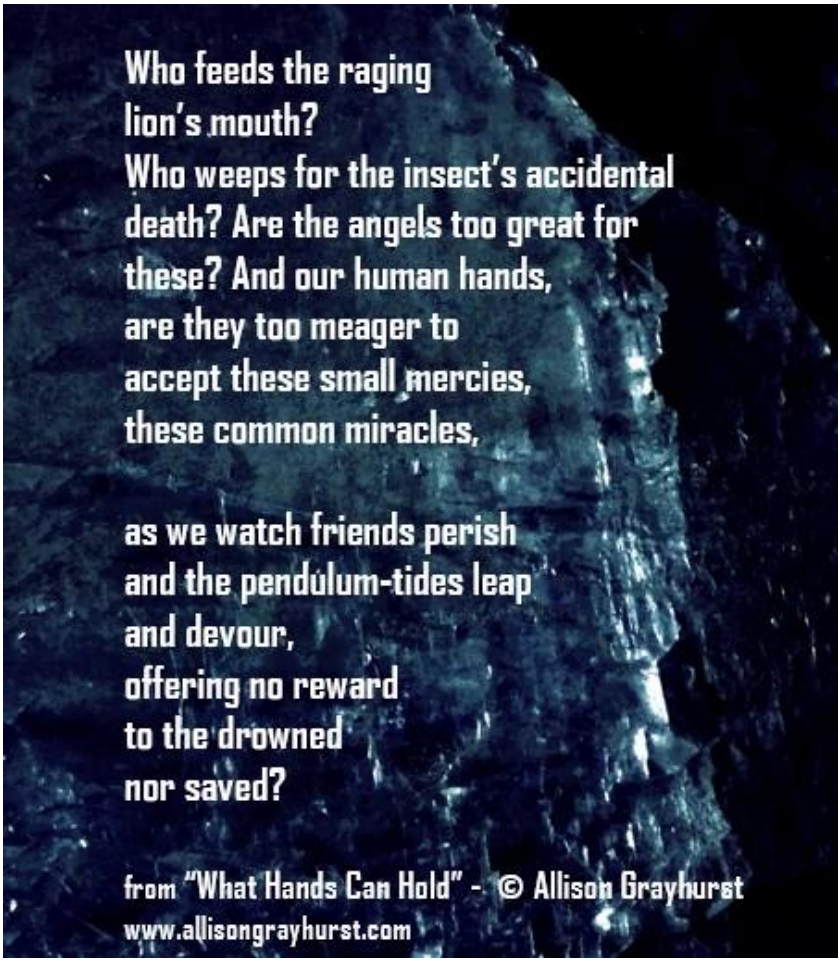


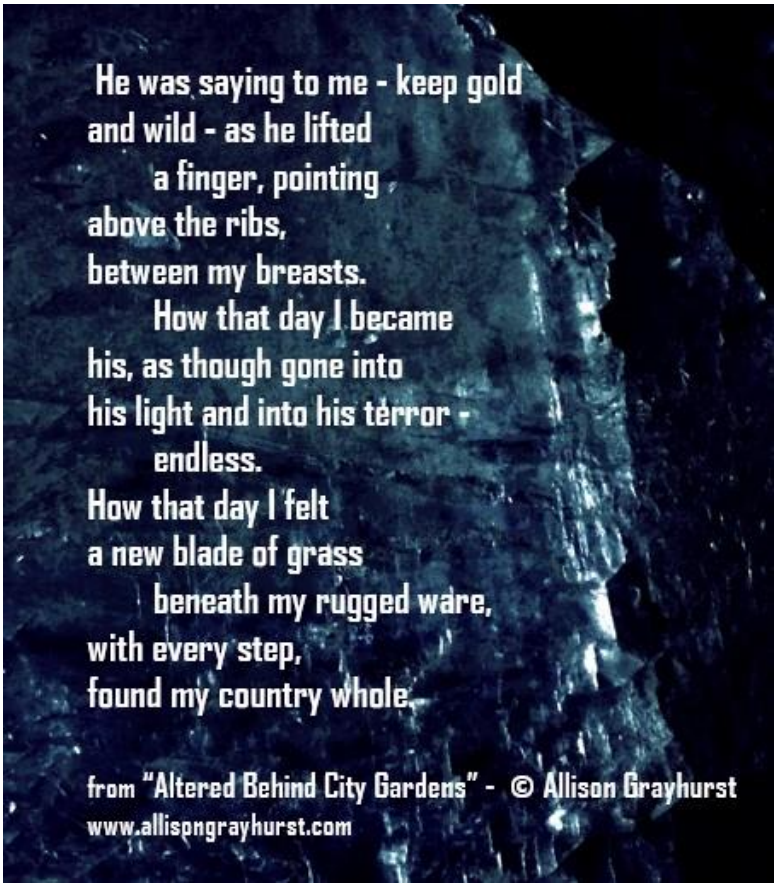
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/16/dancers/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/20/if-this-my-person-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/06/bonded/


When we see the end, will we know it for sure
like we do a broken limb, or even,
the first smells of spring?
from "Broken Limb" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Who feeds the raging
lion's mouth?
Who weeps for the insect's accidental
death? Are the angels too great for
these? And our human hands,
are they too meager to
accept these small mercies,
these common miracles,
as we watch friends perish
and the pendulum-tides leap
and devour,
offering no reward
to the drowned
nor saved?
from "What Hands Can Hold" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/16/broken-limb/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/15/what-hands-can-hold/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/17/altered-behind-city-gardens/

I walk into autumn's
darkening rays, lonely
as the architecture of church walls,
lonely as the light
in the half-closed eyes
of children

I think again of his thin fingers
exhaling tenderness in every blind curve touch

He is milk & wind
He is nowhere
to be found

from "Days Without Water" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

In my mind there were

archways made of silver & thorns,
& horses with pumped-up shoulders

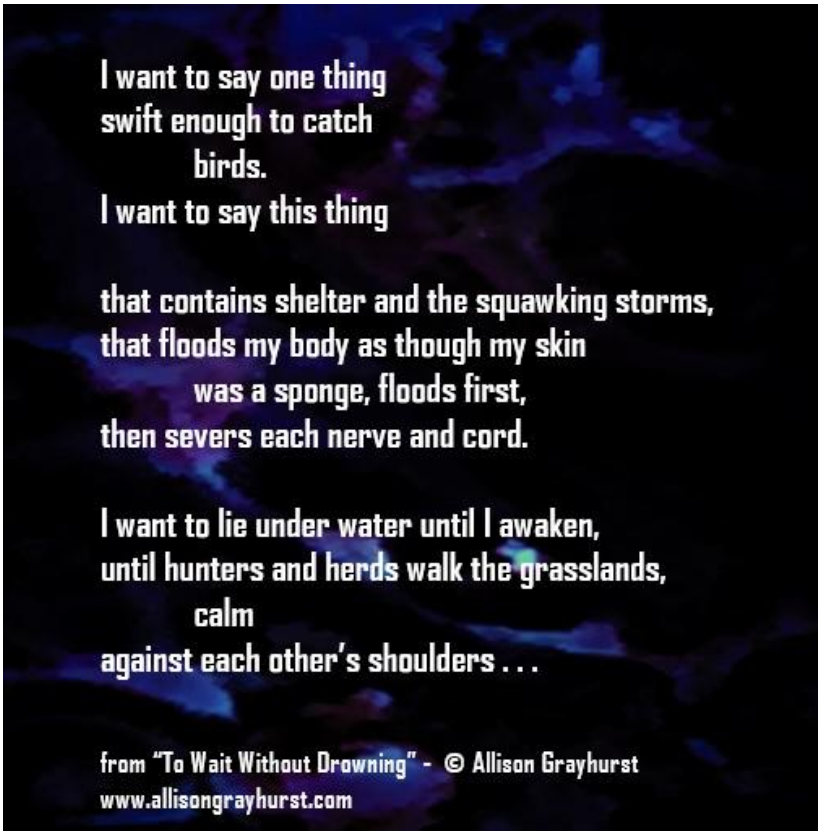
racing aimlessly to & fro.
I looked for him among the pastures wild

& in the oceans of living octopi. I looked
behind a sniveling child, into the eyes

of a great afternoon. I held my muse but
for a blind hour. I could not keep him.

I could not love with all my heart.

from "What A Dream Can Tell" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/14/days-without-water/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/17/what-a-dream-can-tell/

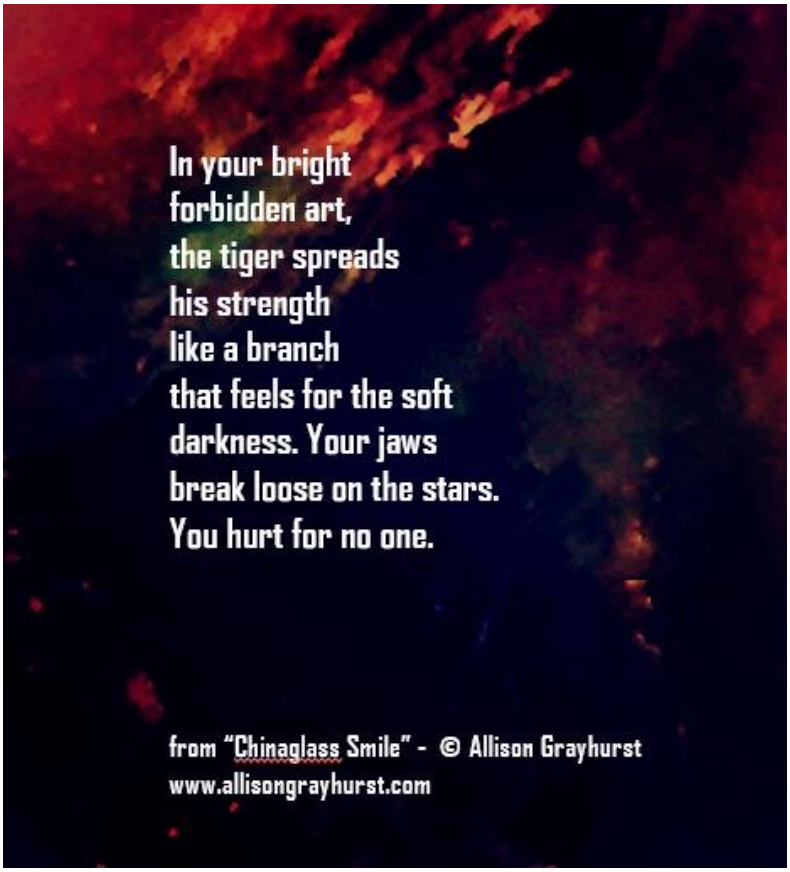
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/27/to-wait-without-drowning/

I see you now like I didn't before,
see the eclipsing cataclysmic drive,
heavy in its consumption, consuming
me with images of you and the upper reaches
of your forehead, upper scope of divine desire,
filtering down my throat, into arm sinews, fingers
and finally my teacup, drinking again.

from "See" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

what is left but dead planets done with
geological formations, never
knowing scattering amoebas, only
knowing failed attempts at rhythm,
equilibrium,
rubble,
aftermaths of harsh creation,
pointless rock-globes
spinning
with moons no signs of summer.

from "Crystal Dark" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/25/see/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/04/crystal-dark/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/06/15/chinaglass-smile/

City Unborn

Out
on the sidewalk fringe
gulls converse in hostile tones.

Church doors open,
taking in all who care
to milk their withered souls.

Construction in the distance.
Towels hanging from clotheslines.

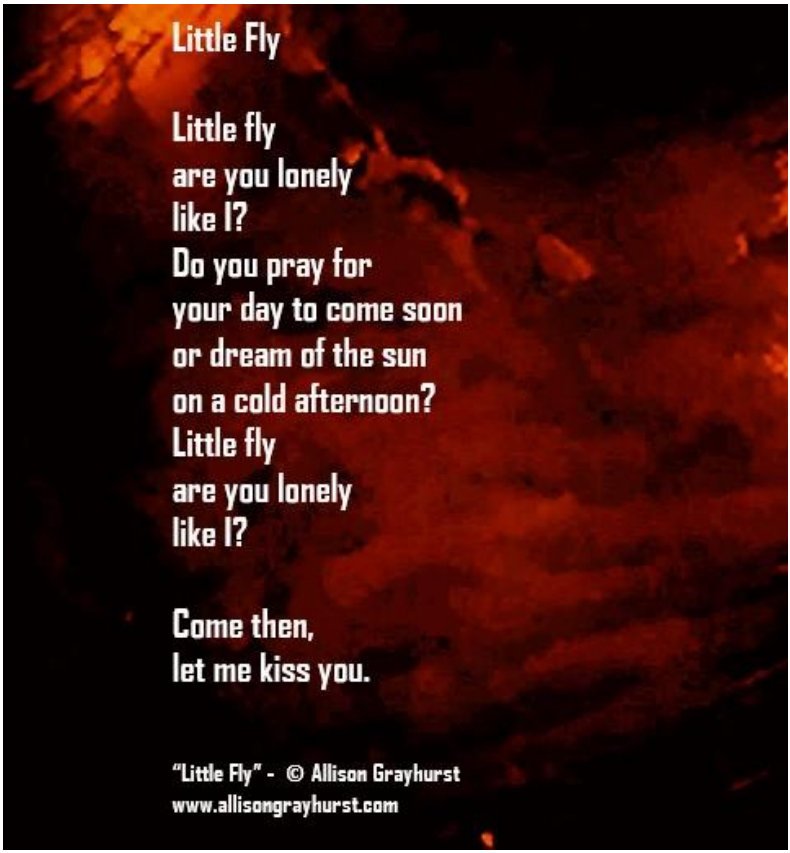
A dead pigeon lies
crushed on the road,

ignored
like the blazing buttercups
and love.

"City Unborn" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

I reach that wave of endless choice,
returning from episode to episode
of our unforgettable unions. And then
the stars seem to stumble around
the globe, tripping for no reason
into grave oblivion. Like us, they have
their secrets and sorrows they cannot
share. Like us, they glow in the night's
pool-deep eye, unanchored
despite the gravity.

from "Pendulum" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

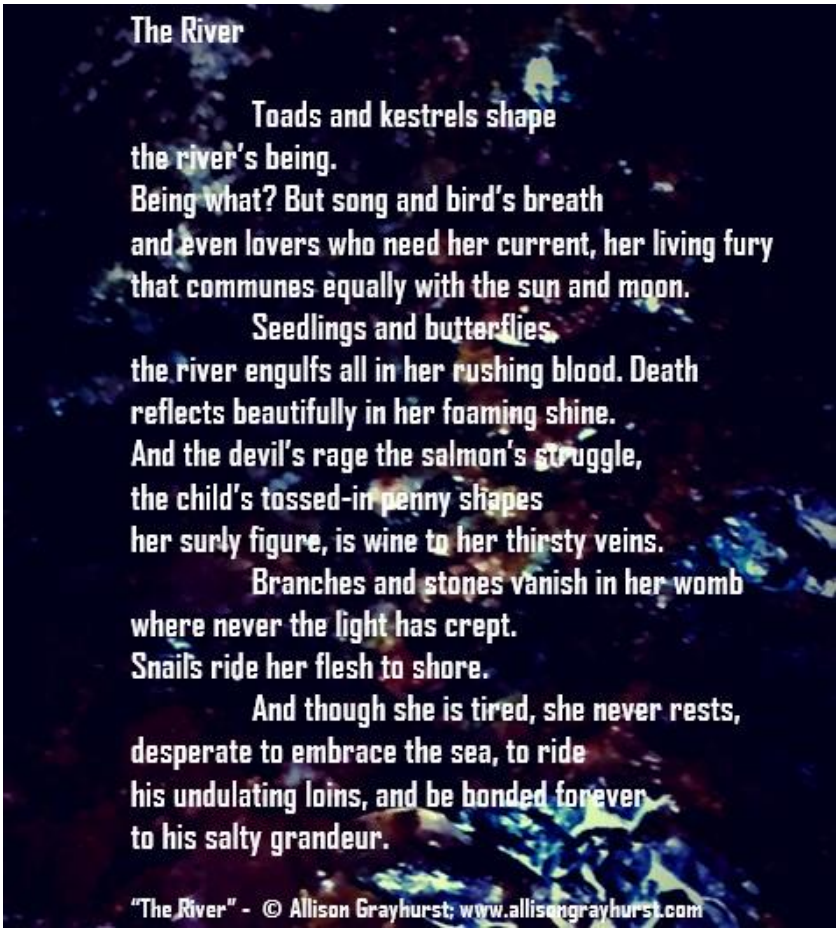


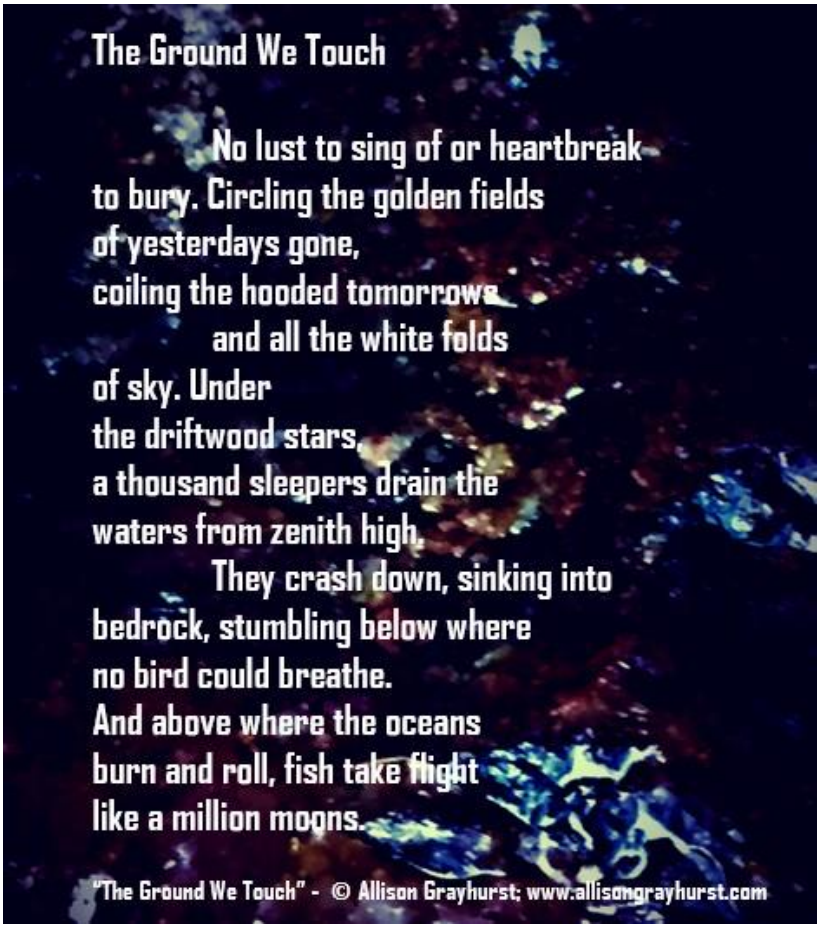
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/09/30/pendulum/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/09/22/city-unborn/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/09/29/little-fly/

Love is the enemy unmasked
of its endless destruction, the topless
flowers that sound no blame into
the wind.
from "Once and Forever" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

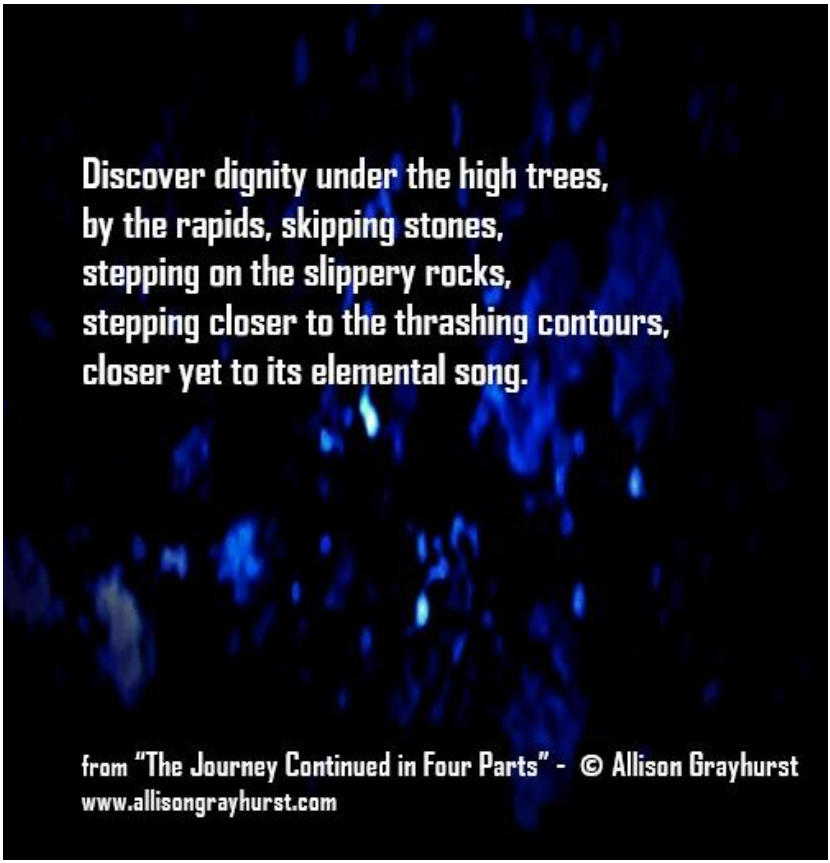

The River
Toads and kestrels shape
the river's being.
Being what? But song and bird's breath
and even lovers who need her current, her living fury
that communes equally with the sun and moon.
Seedlings and butterflies,
the river engulfs all in her rushing blood. Death
reflects beautifully in her foaming shine.
And the devil's rage the salmon's struggle,
the child's tossed-in penny shapes
her surly figure, is wine to her thirsty veins.
Branches and stones vanish in her womb
where never the light has crept.
Snails ride her flesh to shore.
And though she is tired, she never rests,
desperate to embrace the sea, to ride
his undulating loins, and be bonded forever
to his salty grandeur.
"The River" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/10/03/once-and-forever/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/09/18/the-river/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/09/25/the-ground-we-touch/


Discover dignity under the high trees,
by the rapids, skipping stones,
stepping on the slippery rocks,
stepping closer to the thrashing contours,
closer yet to its elemental song.
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Why not the heart a fish
with a coin in its mouth?
The warrior, now a mother and still
the same?

Why not a steady supply of nourishment,
everything found when needed, everything given
when asked?

Why not the gathered yarn, the knitted
sweaters?

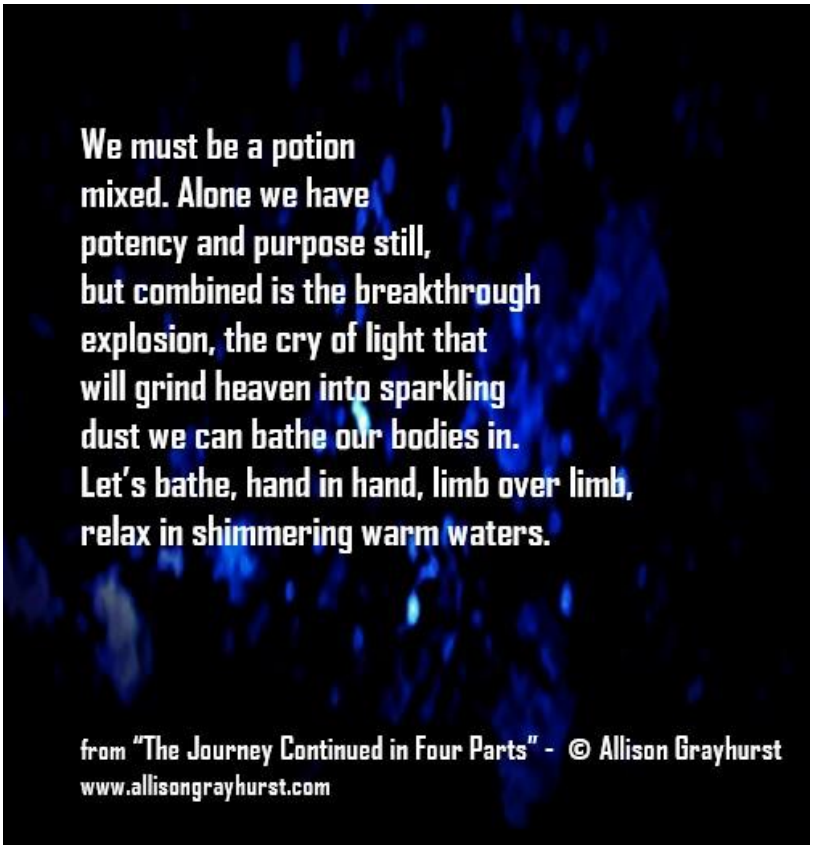
Why not
the person on the bus sitting
in a suffering madness, just his eyes
looking down, teaching you
the unburnished treasure within
- compassion -
seasoned, for you, the world and all?

from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

You open the door and let go
of your individual inheritance
to know a flow between
yourself and heaven, without ritual
as catalyst, only God's love
as completion, only
Jesus's gift of utter anarchy.

Letting go of repetitive spiritual duties
that chip away at the rock because the song is sung
"There is no rock!" It has vanished, the burden
of blood and ancestry removed:
forgiveness in the depths,
freedom at the starting line.

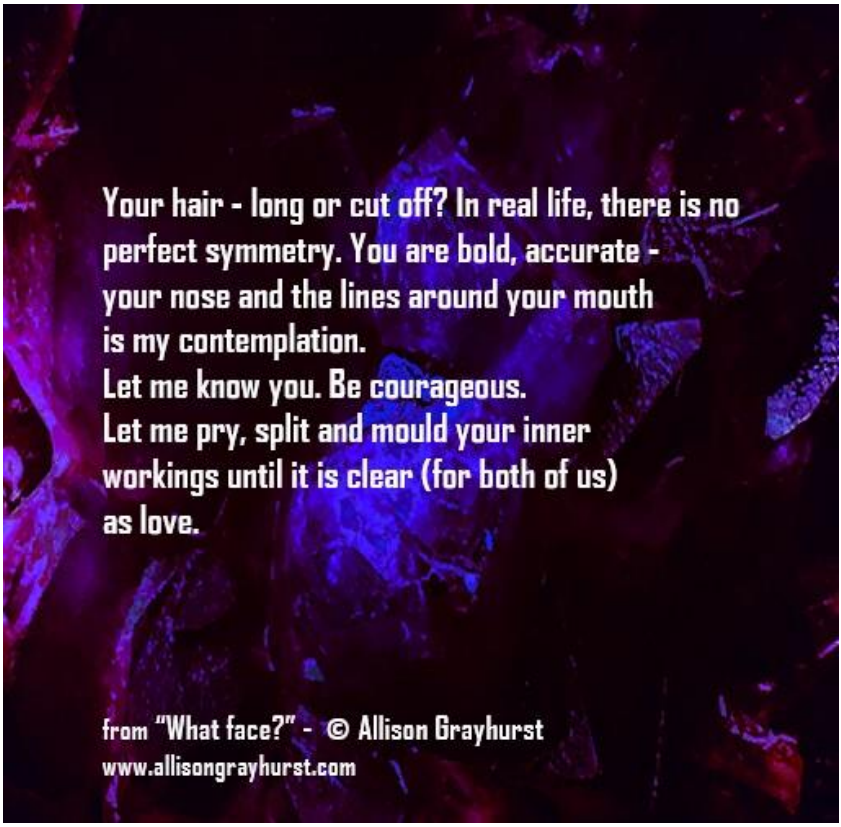
from "The Journey Continued in Four Parts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

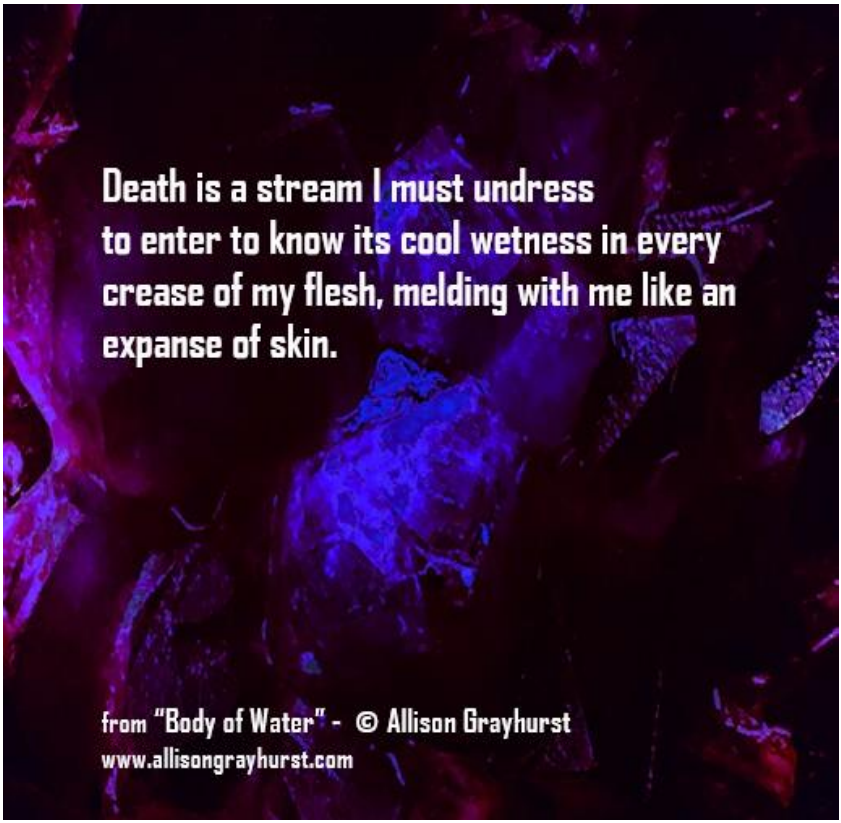


https://allisongrayhurst.com/2019/01/25/the-journey-continued-in-four-parts/

There is heat drying
your light, dead things that have been making
their way beside your immaculate arms.
I have been trying to
lift them with my hands. But my hands
are made of thin glass. And these things
have thighs and impenetrable open eyes, looking at you -
wondrous lover, missionary of the current. It is only them
between us, between the wall and the way out.

from "Back- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

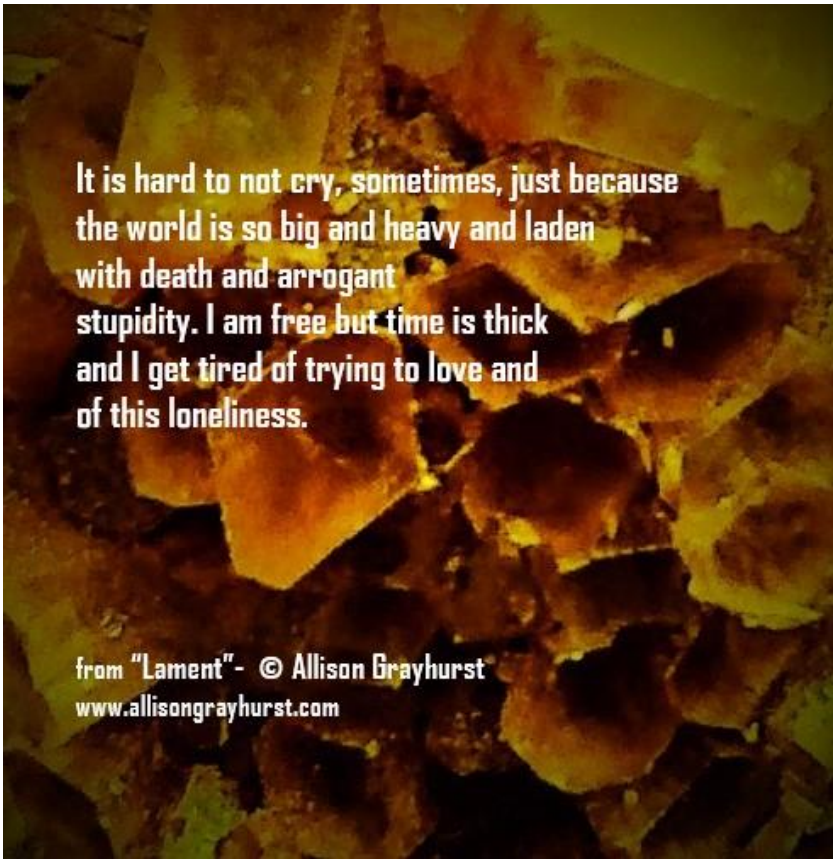

Your hair - long or cut off? In real life, there is no
perfect symmetry. You are bold, accurate -
your nose and the lines around your mouth
is my contemplation.
Let me know you. Be courageous.
Let me pry, split and mould your inner
workings until it is clear (for both of us)
as love.
from "What face?" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

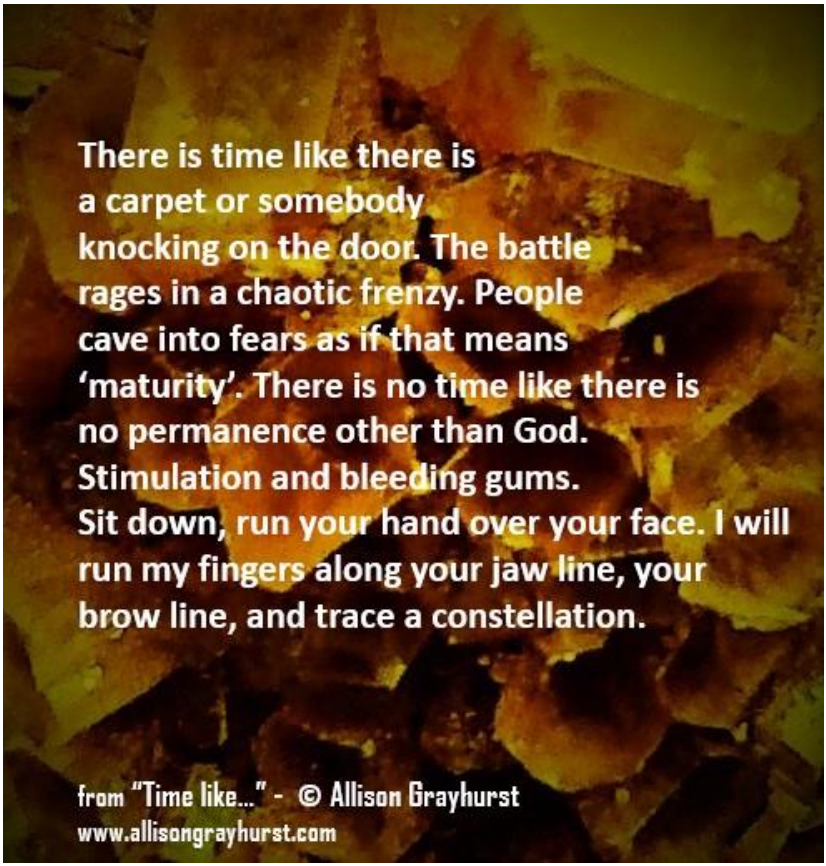


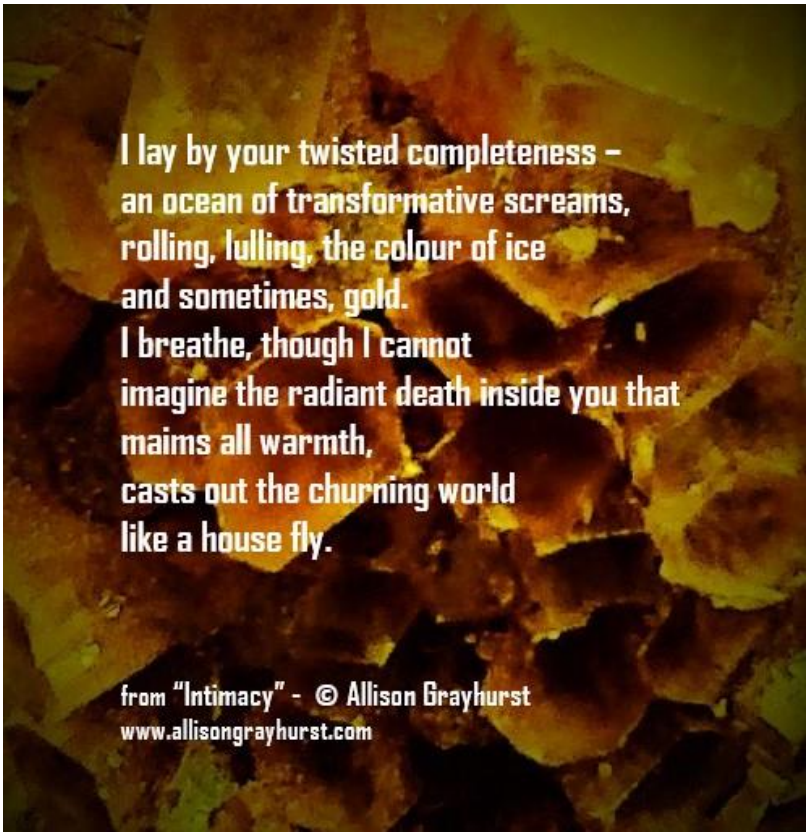
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/18/poem-published-in-pocket-thoughts/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/05/what-face/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/04/body-of-water/


It is hard to not cry, sometimes, just because
the world is so big and heavy and laden
with death and arrogant
stupidity. I am free but time is thick
and I get tired of trying to love and
of this loneliness.
from "Lament"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


There is time like there is
a carpet or somebody
knocking on the door. The battle
rages in a chaotic frenzy. People
cave into fears as if that means
'maturity'. There is no time like there is
no permanence other than God.
Stimulation and bleeding gums.
Sit down, run your hand over your face. I will
run my fingers along your jaw line, your
brow line, and trace a constellation.
from "Time like..." - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/10/lament/

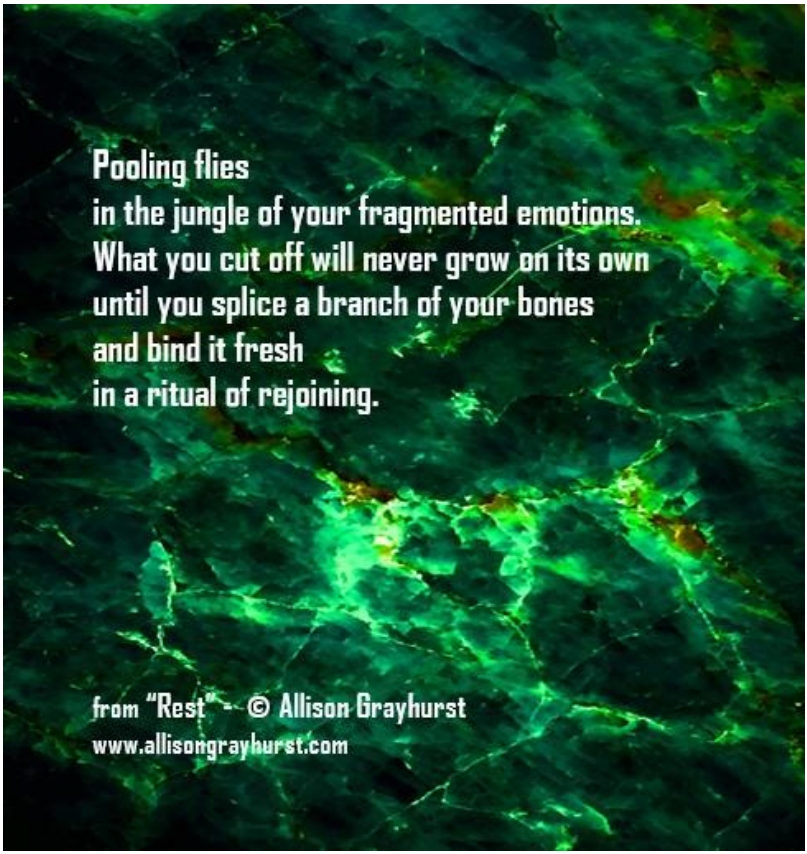
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/25/time-like/

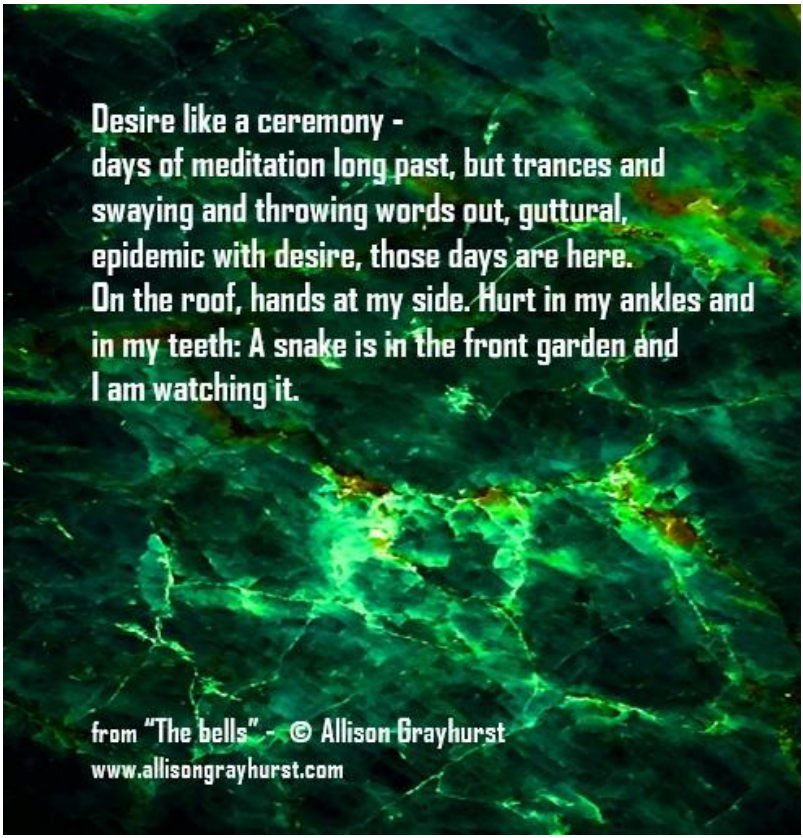
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/23/poem-published-in-triage-monthly/

I go inside

to hide
from the wind and
the windy things the wind brings
like popsicles, icicles
and cloud watchers on their backs
ashamed to speak without symbols.
I retreat from the rocky mounds where
toddlers hold their picnics and the cardinals
rest, oblivious of camouflage.

from "I go inside" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

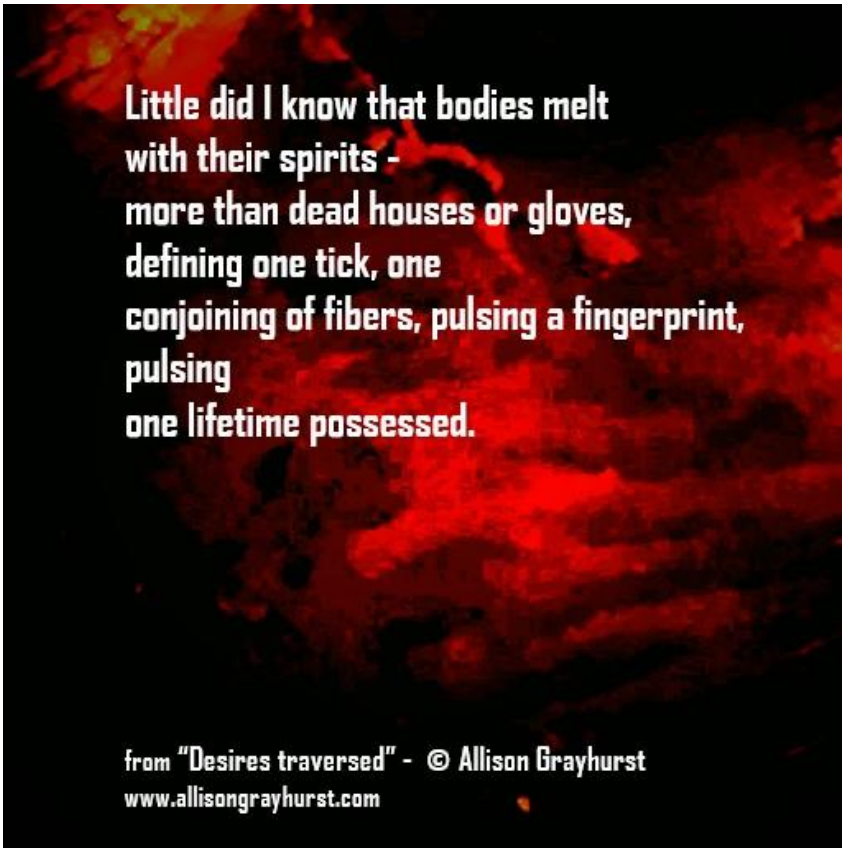

Pooling flies
in the jungle of your fragmented emotions.
What you cut off will never grow on its own
until you splice a branch of your bones
and bind it fresh
in a ritual of rejoining.
from "Rest" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

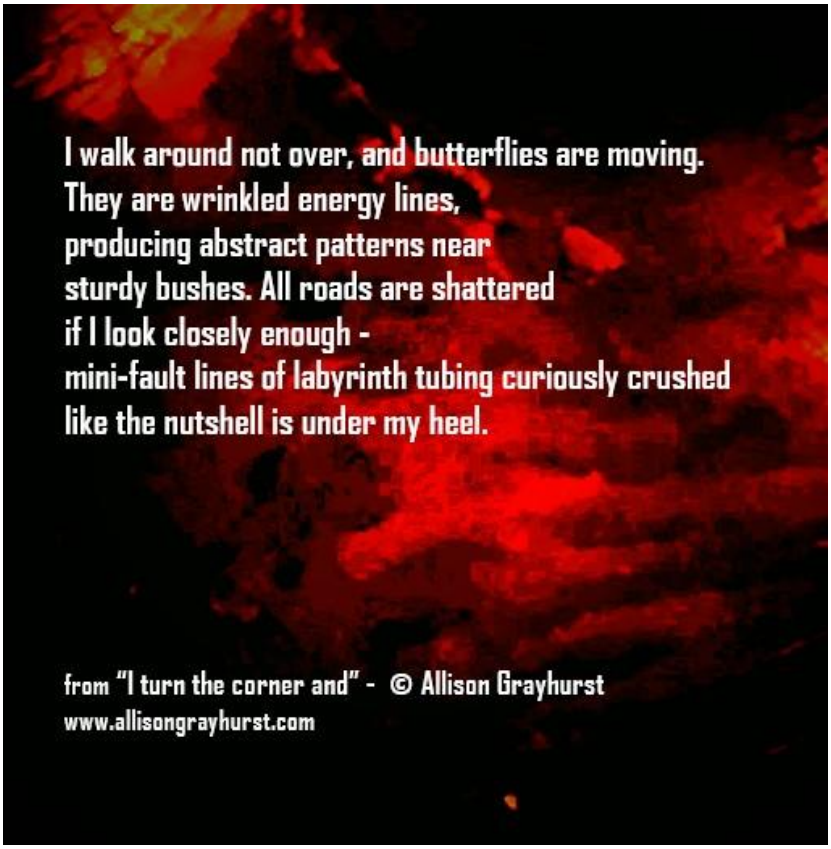


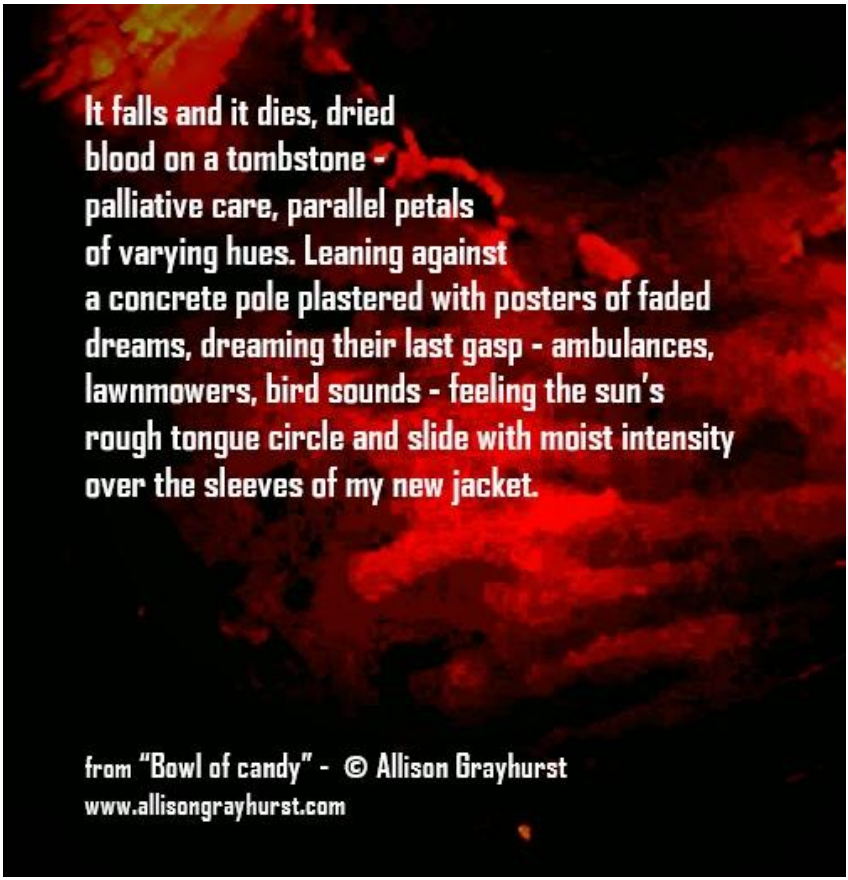
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/08/01/i-go-inside/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/03/rest/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/05/the-bells/


Little did I know that bodies melt
with their spirits -
more than dead houses or gloves,
defining one tick, one
conjoining of fibers, pulsing a fingerprint,
pulsing
one lifetime possessed.
from "Desires traversed" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I walk around not over, and butterflies are moving.
They are wrinkled energy lines,
producing abstract patterns near
sturdy bushes. All roads are shattered
if I look closely enough -
mini-fault lines of labyrinth tubing curiously crushed
like the nutshell is under my heel.
from "I turn the corner and" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/01/desires-traversed/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/03/i-turn-the-corner-and/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/28/bowl-of-candy/

The eagles arrive never asking for remuneration,
but they are useless
as they stream through rainclouds.
They never own anything -
not the cliffs they claim, not prey, and not their offspring.
So will you keep me,
now that I am ambushed by your requests,
thoroughly excavated - liver and marrow - no more,
now that I am gone,
and I have given up every potential shore?
Will you play on my step,
keep me from running, from fading headlong
into a banal madness, keep me
from becoming roadkill, dust
in a never-ending duststorm?

from "Will you keep me" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Was I bound by the artificial?
Driftwood down an interceding flow?
Horse stance, back muscles rolling, lines of twine,
and fishing. I will not fish
or tighten my spinal cord
for the appearance of strength.
I will not bask relaxed in hot spring nobility
or lick the nose
of prey I someday plan to devour.
Was I combined or conditioned
to make a unified shape?
from "Edified" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

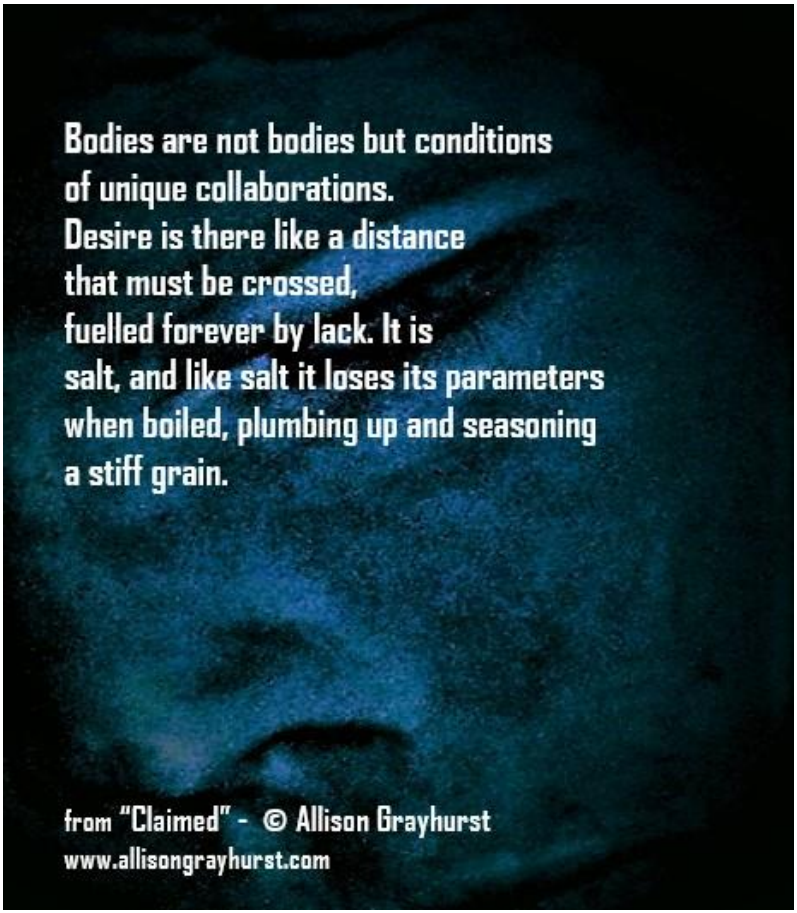
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/17/will-you-keep-me/

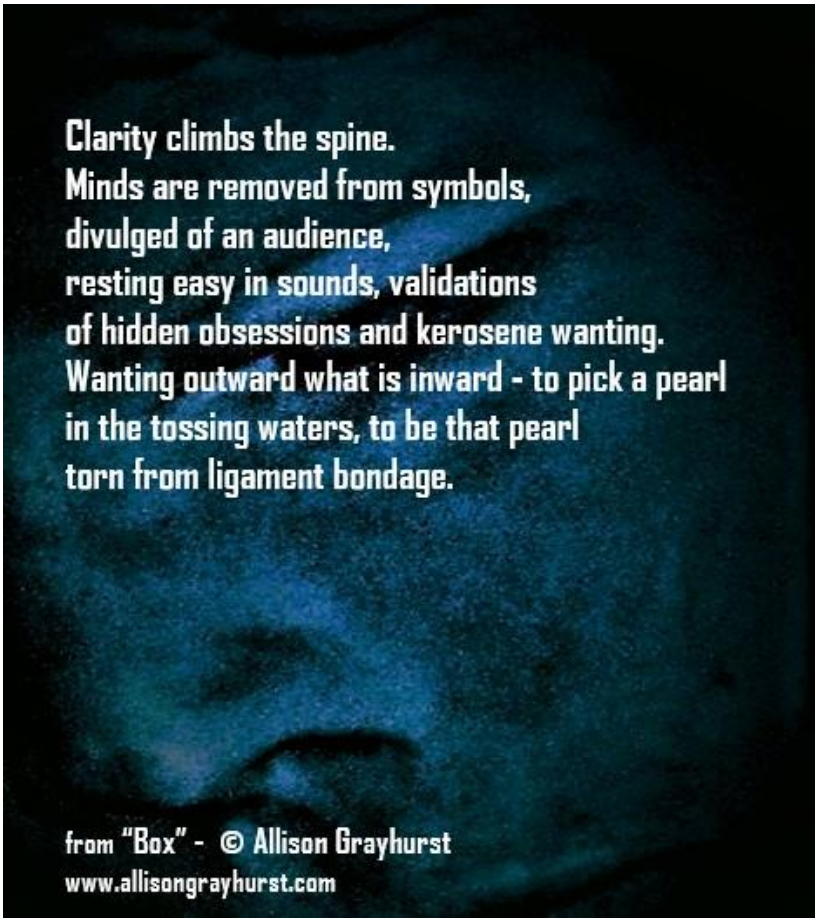
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/23/edified/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/24/seamless/

There are things that start then overtake.
They emerge pure as children,
touch ground and vaporize. August is hard.
In that critical heat, everything that wavers
between worlds gets erased –
splits up into two categories
of corpses and lifeforms
that take celestial flight - ends up
where water sinks or where water concentrates,
either way, falls
but does not flow.

from "It starts" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Bodies are not bodies but conditions
of unique collaborations.
Desire is there like a distance
that must be crossed,
fuelled forever by lack. It is
salt, and like salt it loses its parameters
when boiled, plumbing up and seasoning
a stiff grain.
from "Claimed" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



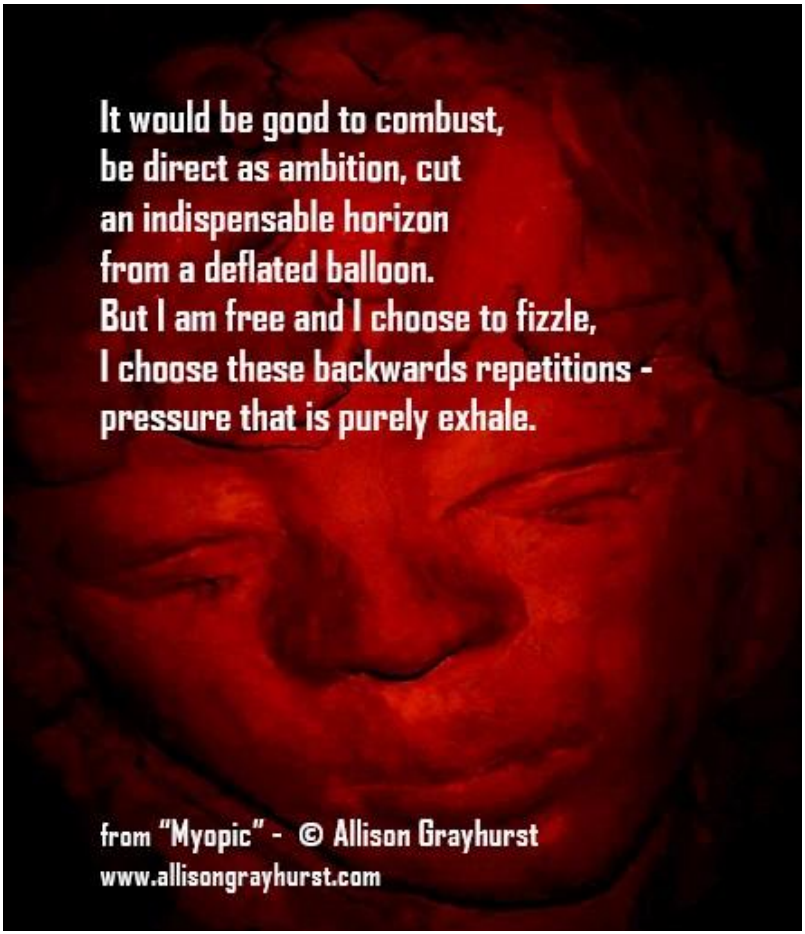
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/22/it-starts/

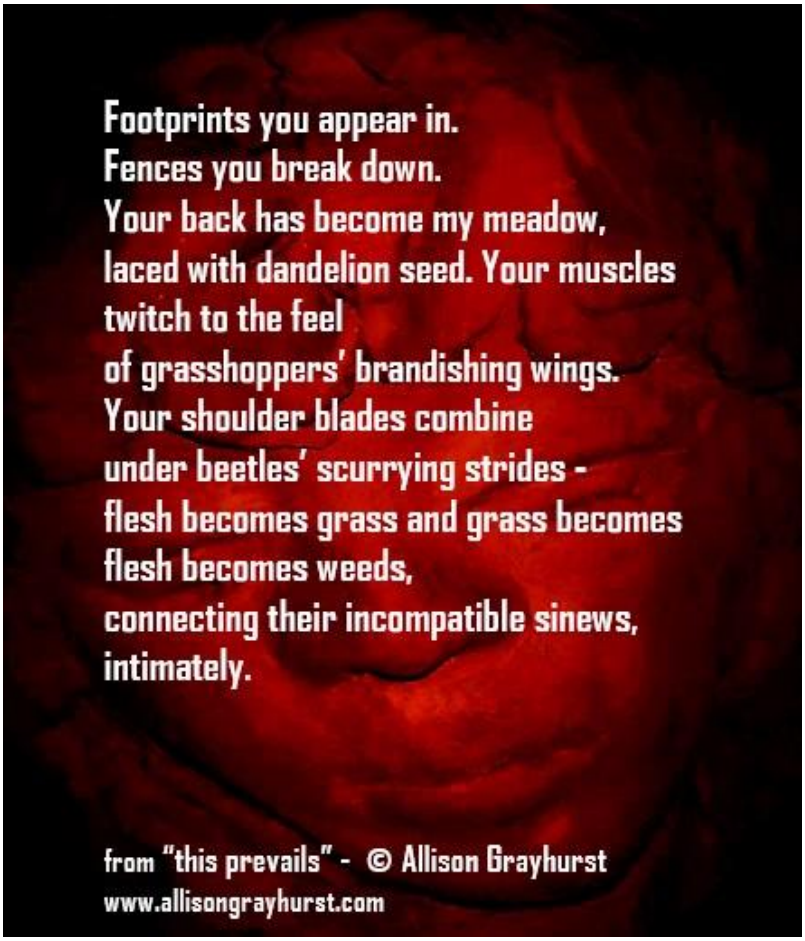
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/10/claimed/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/12/box/

I see a small tree
or a bush grown tall
where animals congregate
on spindly branches,
lift up on their hind legs to nibble at buds.
I see the tip of a steeple
pierce the skin of the sun,
liberating a liquid radiation,
a voluminous spell
of brutish creation. More still,
found in smells and in houses
with decorated front doors –
a smorgasbord
of captivating elegance to consume.

from "Open Valve" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

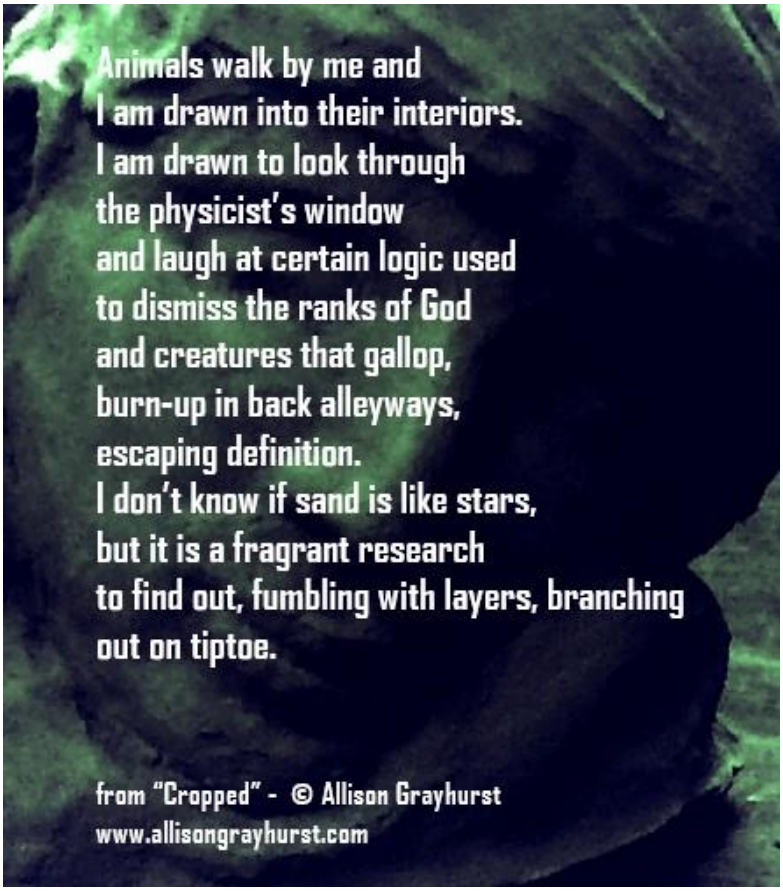

It would be good to combust,
be direct as ambition, cut
an indispensable horizon
from a deflated balloon.
But I am free and I choose to fizzle,
I choose these backwards repetitions -
pressure that is purely exhale.
from "Myopic" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

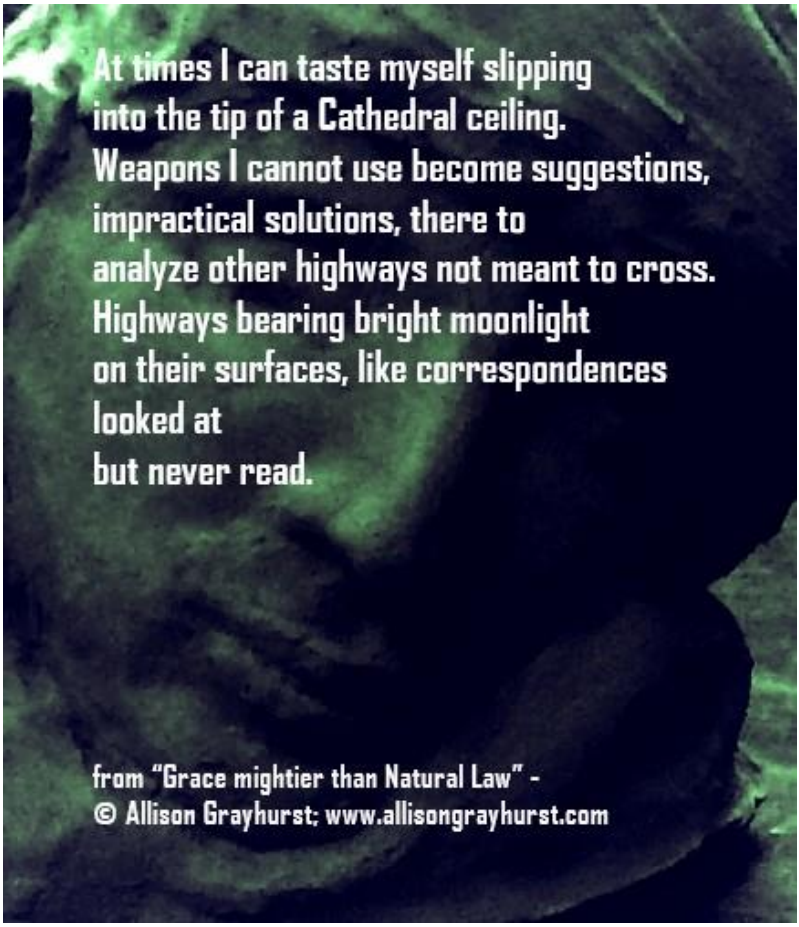


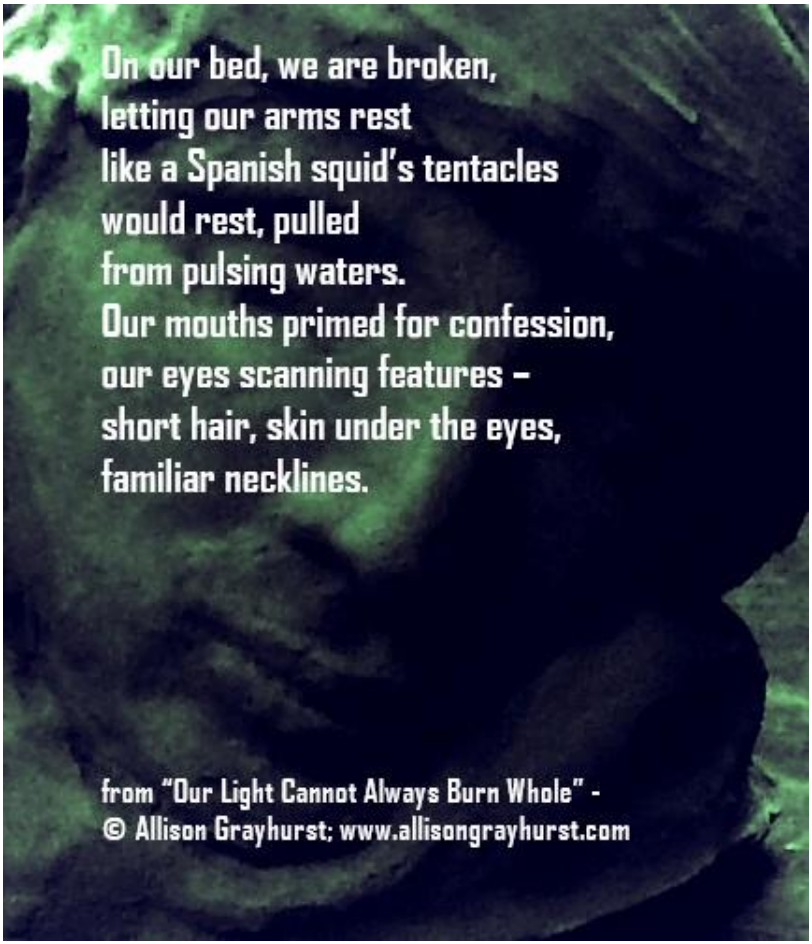
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/26/open-valve/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/29/myopic/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/03/this-prevails/


Animals walk by me and
I am drawn into their interiors.
I am drawn to look through
the physicist's window
and laugh at certain logic used
to dismiss the ranks of God
and creatures that gallop,
burn-up in back alleyways,
escaping definition.
I don't know if sand is like stars,
but it is a fragrant research
to find out, fumbling with layers, branching
out on tiptoe.
from "Cropped" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

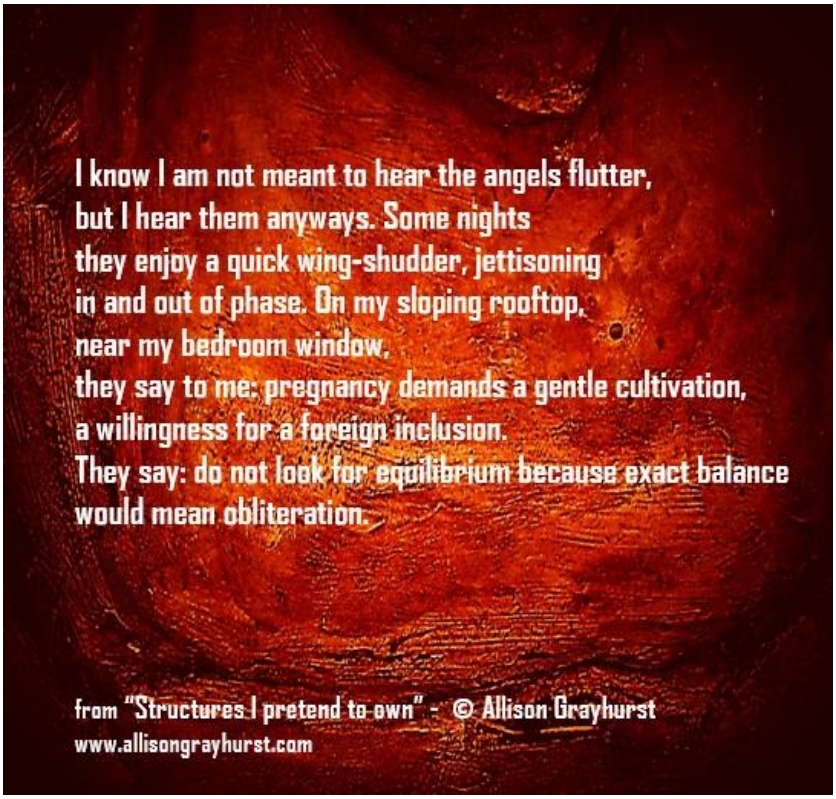

At times I can taste myself slipping
into the tip of a Cathedral ceiling.
Weapons I cannot use become suggestions,
impractical solutions, there to
analyze other highways not meant to cross.
Highways bearing bright moonlight
on their surfaces, like correspondences
looked at
but never read.
from "Grace mightier than Natural Law" -
© Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

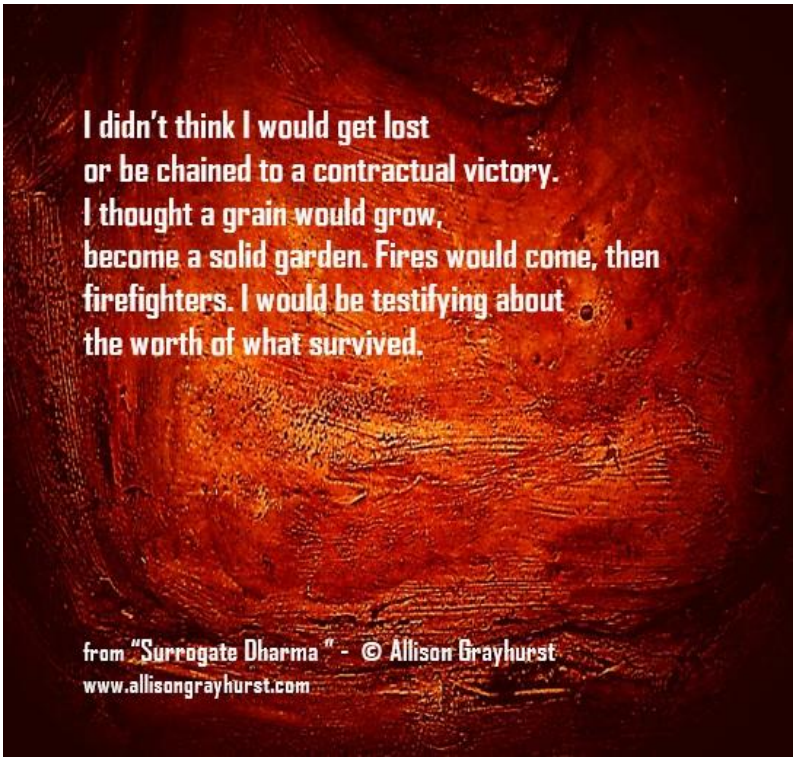


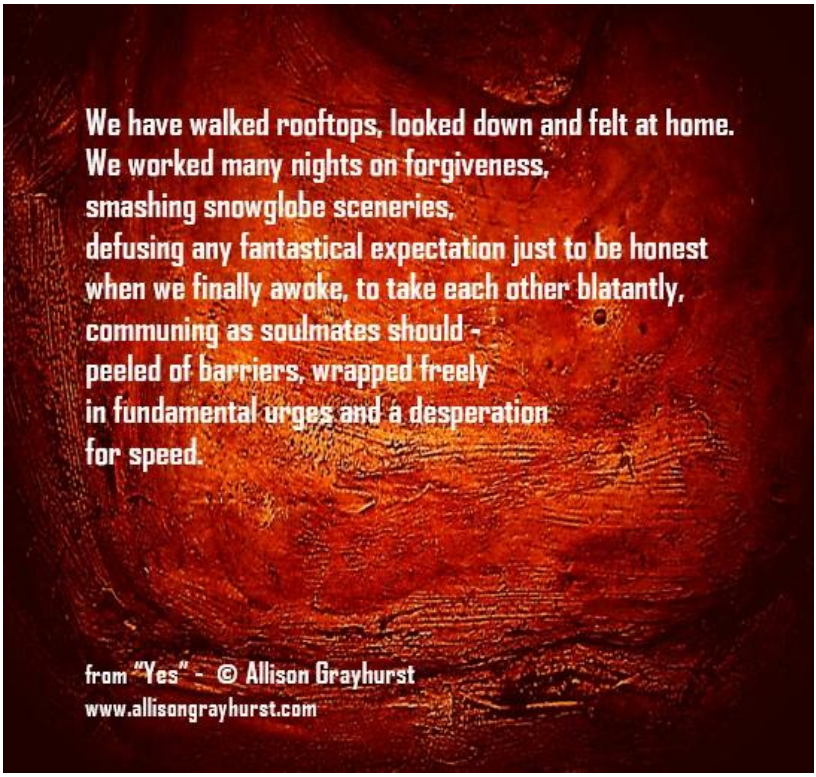
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/03/cropped/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/16/grace-mightier-than-natural-law/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/31/our-light-cannot-always-burn-whole/


I know I am not meant to hear the angels flutter,
but I hear them anyways. Some nights
they enjoy a quick wing-shudder, jettisoning
in and out of phase. On my sloping rooftop,
near my bedroom window,
they say to me: pregnancy demands a gentle cultivation,
a willingness for a foreign inclusion.
They say: do not look for equilibrium because exact balance
would mean obliteration.
from "Structures I pretend to own" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


I didn't think I would get lost
or be chained to a contractual victory.
I thought a grain would grow,
become a solid garden. Fires would come, then
firefighters. I would be testifying about
the worth of what survived.
from "Surrogate Dharma" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



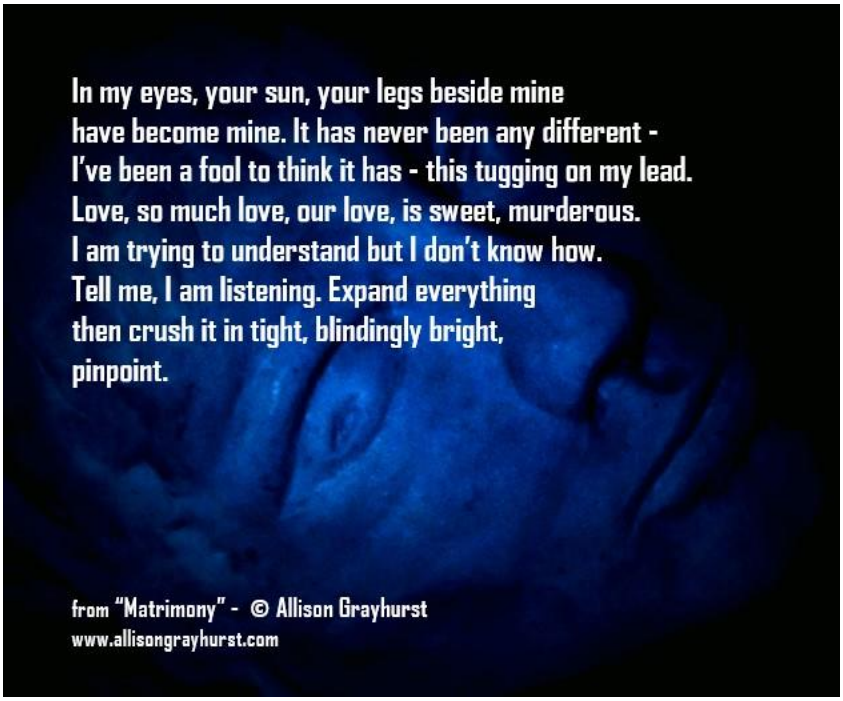
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/18/structures-i-pretend-to-own/

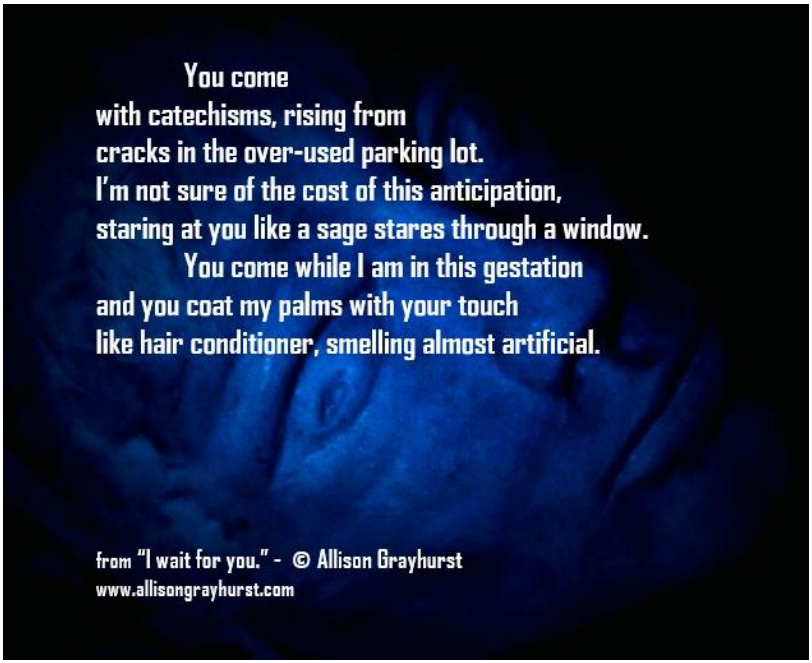
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/06/surrogate-dharma-2/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/30/yes/

When I was young I knew God was with me
at every threshold, standing inside my flesh. Since then,
I have played with death,
held conference with death as a sister.
But even such sibling biology
cannot cull this communion I have discovered,
can't vacuum apart indelible combined-shapes
into quarantined segregation.
I have known death's jolts, have known
its harrowing cripple and crack, and know
it cannot revert humanity back to that interval
before God exhaled, altering the playing field,
resulting in
such a mighty fusion.

from "I heard a poet say" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

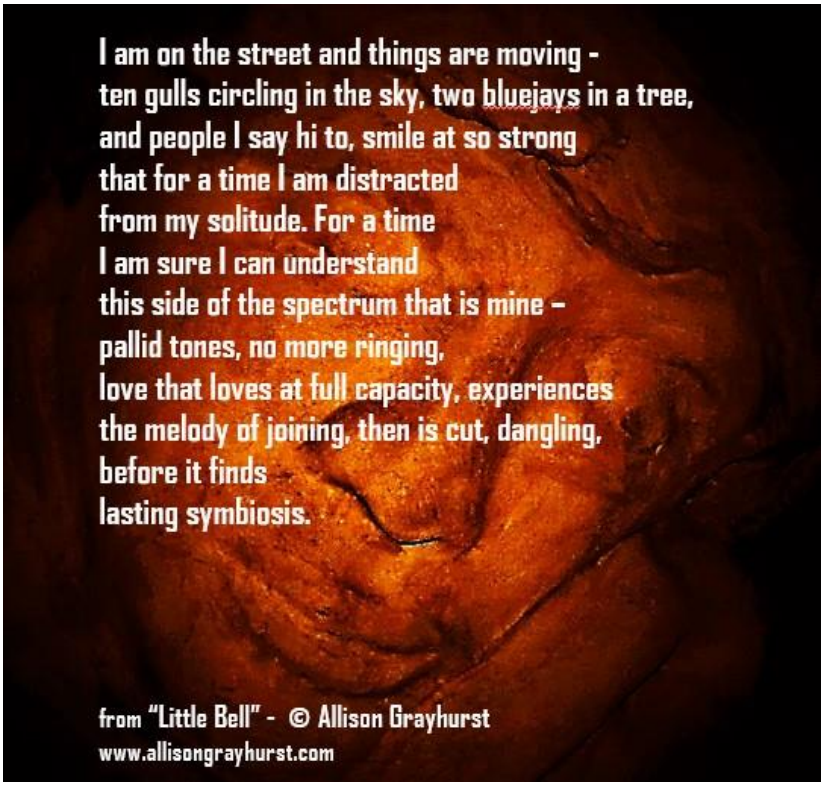

In my eyes, your sun, your legs beside mine
have become mine. It has never been any different -
I've been a fool to think it has - this tugging on my lead.
Love, so much love, our love, is sweet, murderous.
I am trying to understand but I don't know how.
Tell me, I am listening. Expand everything
then crush it in tight, blindingly bright,
pinpoint.
from "Matrimony" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

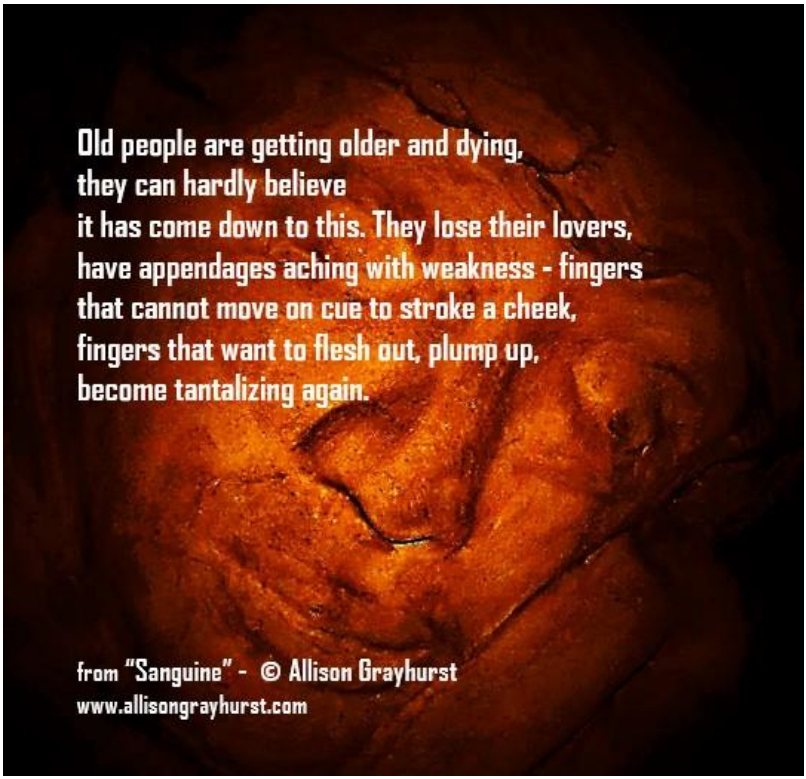


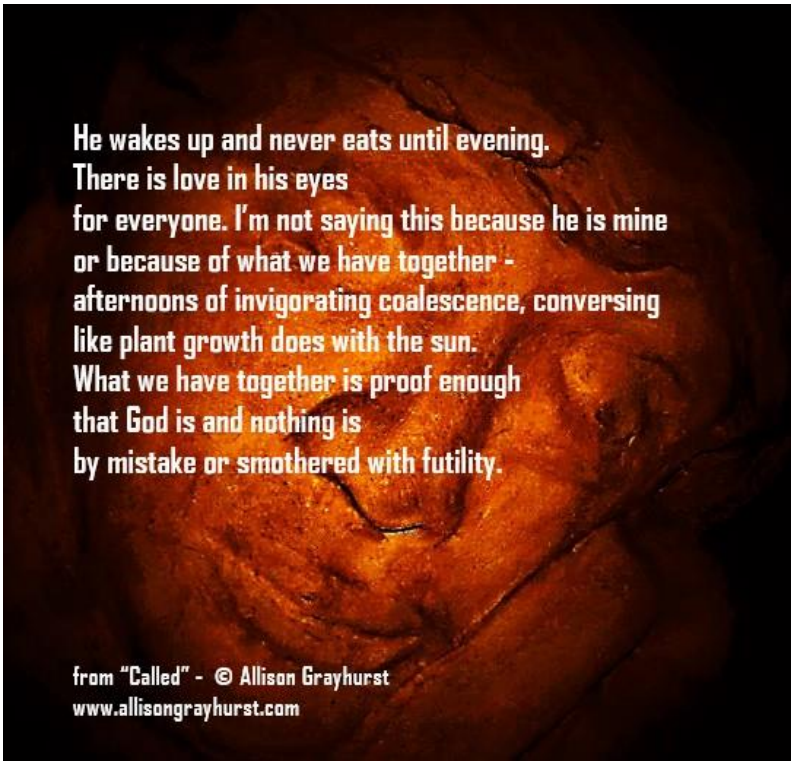
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/09/i-heard-a-poet-say/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/12/matrimony/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/14/i-wait-for-you/


I am on the street and things are moving -
ten gulls circling in the sky, two bluejays in a tree,
and people I say hi to, smile at so strong
that for a time I am distracted
from my solitude. For a time
I am sure I can understand
this side of the spectrum that is mine –
pallid tones, no more ringing,
love that loves at full capacity, experiences
the melody of joining, then is cut, dangling,
before it finds
lasting symbiosis.
from "Little Bell" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

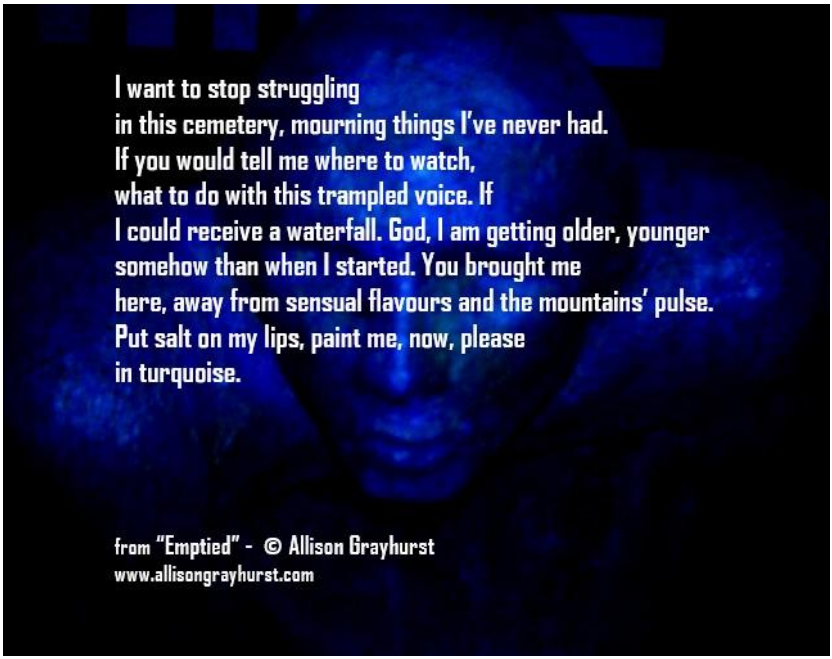

Old people are getting older and dying,
they can hardly believe
it has come down to this. They lose their lovers,
have appendages aching with weakness - fingers
that cannot move on cue to stroke a cheek,
fingers that want to flesh out, plump up,
become tantalizing again.
from "Sanguine" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

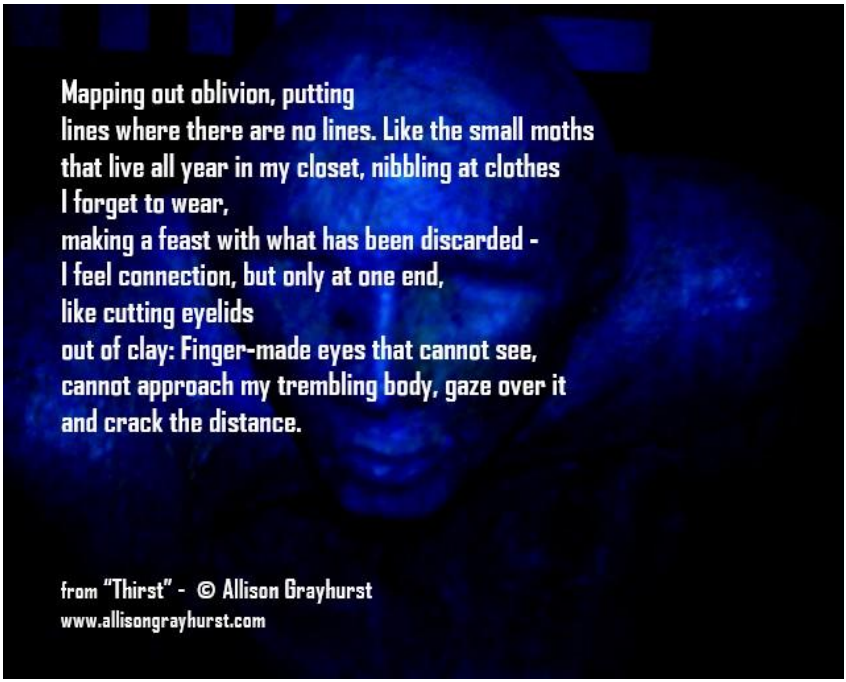


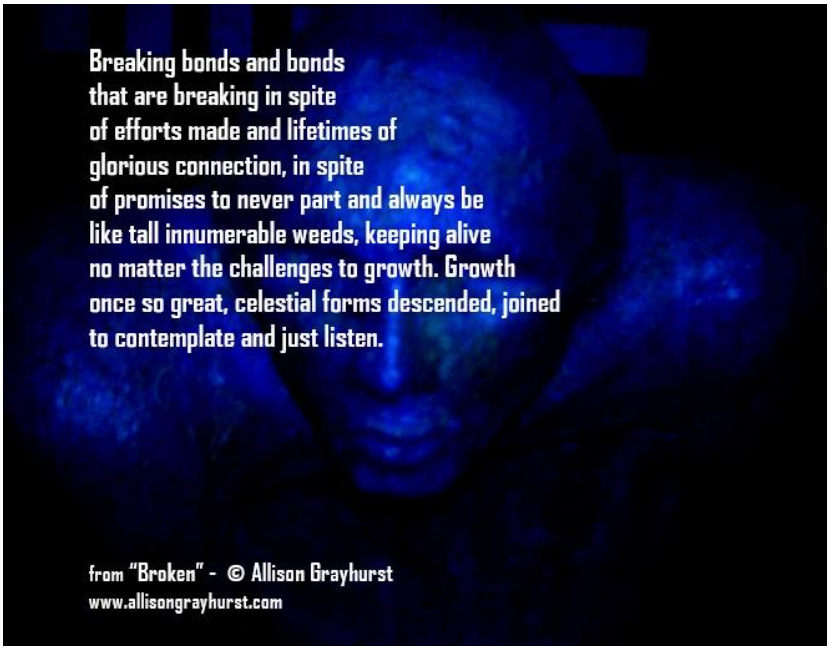
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/29/little-bell/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/10/sanguine/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/08/called/


I want to stop struggling
in this cemetery, mourning things I've never had.
If you would tell me where to watch,
what to do with this trampled voice. If
I could receive a waterfall. God, I am getting older, younger
somehow than when I started. You brought me
here, away from sensual flavours and the mountains' pulse.
Put salt on my lips, paint me, now, please
in turquoise.
from "Emptied" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Mapping out oblivion, putting
lines where there are no lines. Like the small moths
that live all year in my closet, nibbling at clothes
I forget to wear,
making a feast with what has been discarded -
I feel connection, but only at one end,
like cutting eyelids
out of clay: Finger-made eyes that cannot see,
cannot approach my trembling body, gaze over it
and crack the distance.
from "Thirst" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/16/emptied/

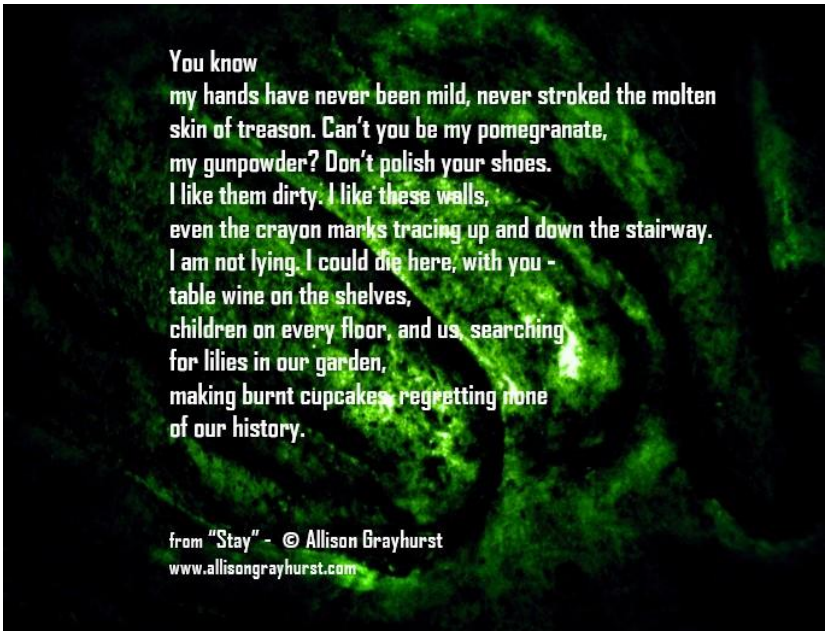
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/13/thirst/

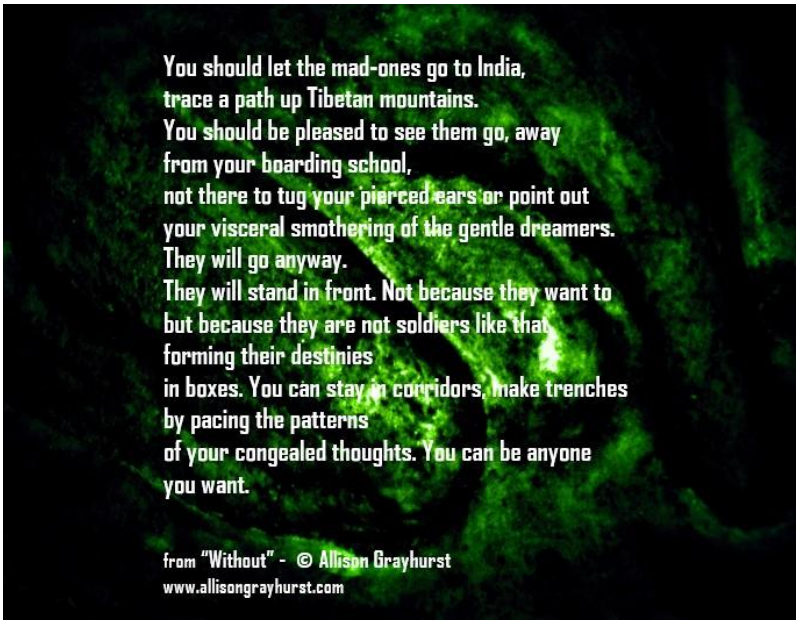
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/12/broken/

I would not thirst

in damp places, a voice
exterminated, unable to thrive. I would not
spend hours rubbing the luxurious surface of eyelids and
label my longing 'hallucination'.
The body of a tree like the folded skin
of an old woman's belly or thighs once moulded
in sensuous smoothness, speaks to me with throbbing
distinction - centuries of living wood, and furniture
is all I own.
I would dig and drop a new geography, build an island.
I would ink fruit - a mango, one berry - and never
colour it in. I would not be this passage
of demolished dreams or like the guitar
that is hiding bones in its hollow.

from "I would not thirst" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com


You know
my hands have never been mild, never stroked the molten
skin of treason. Can't you be my pomegranate,
my gunpowder? Don't polish your shoes.
I like them dirty. I like these walls,
even the crayon marks tracing up and down the stairway.
I am not lying. I could die here, with you -
table wine on the shelves,
children on every floor, and us, searching
for lilies in our garden,
making burnt cupcakes, regretting none
of our history.
from "Stay" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/08/i-would-not-thirst/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/10/stay/

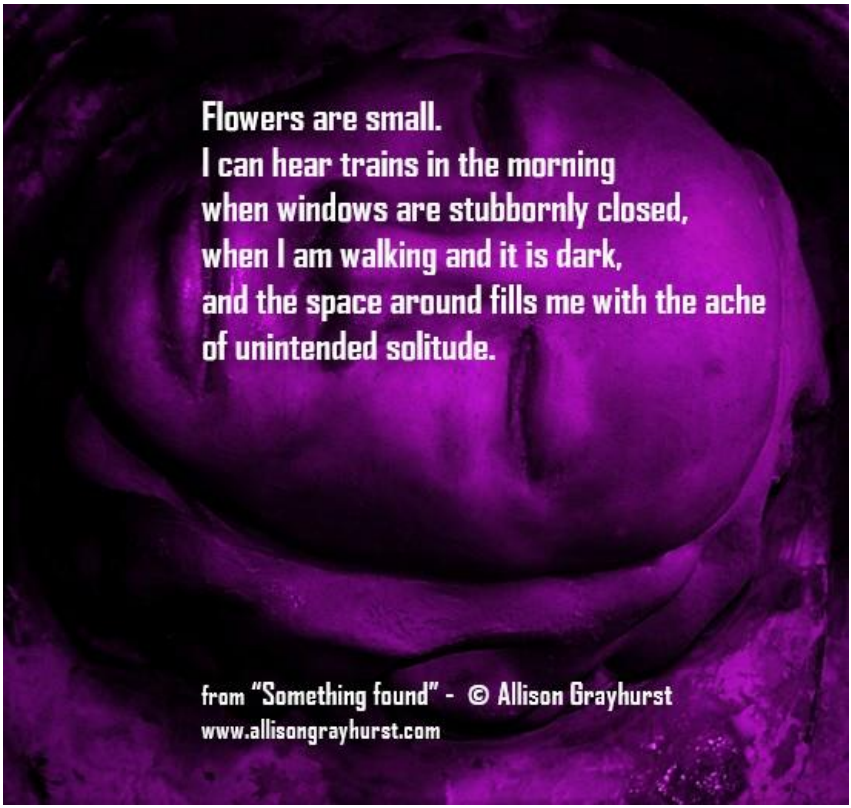
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/15/without/

It is not the same as being limited
by loneliness, these feelings of broken fidelity,
abandonment. It is not enough to germinate
in this grief, pleading for a picture
of better times, appealing to
memory, sentiment, knowing
I could be wrong.

Those days, married
to your insatiable outpourings, ecstasy
just to listen, to share our minds - walking
on streetcar tracks at 4 a.m. and never sleeping.
I carried you like a book, wilting always in life, but never
when mingled with your stature. Between us,
nothing was spoiled, not soft either.
I was delivered by your high forehead and
by your crazed emotions. I was celebrating.

from "Myth" - © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Keep it. Always.
Well built, like literature.
This birthplace and then, into
the weighted wind. I am scarcely
bearing it, palpitating, counting
palpitations, high on this kundalini drug.
from "Coiled" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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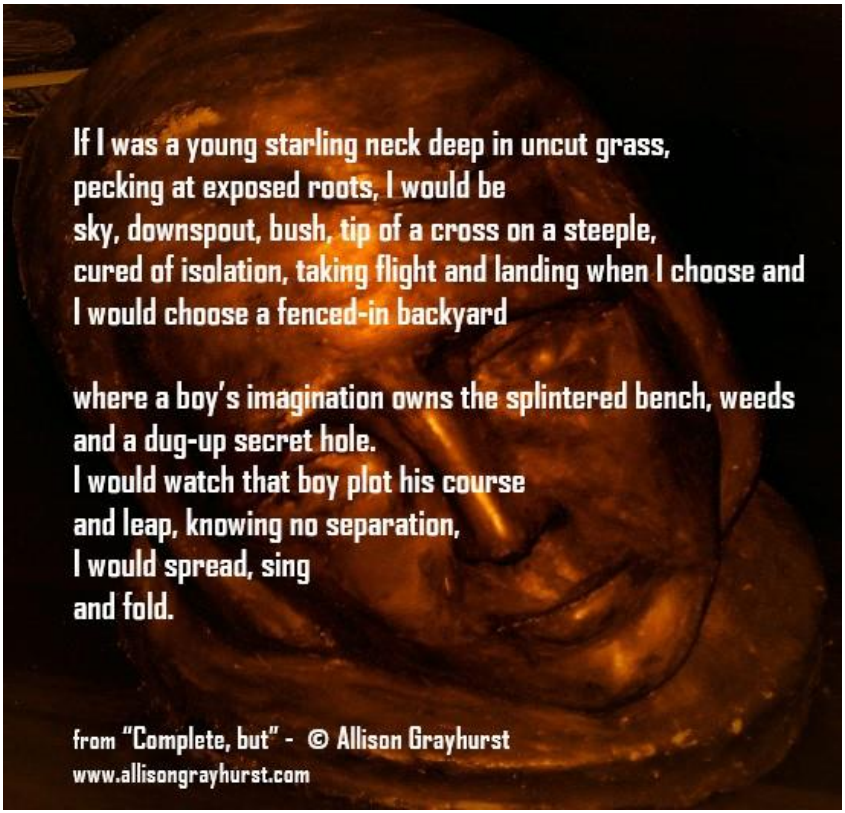
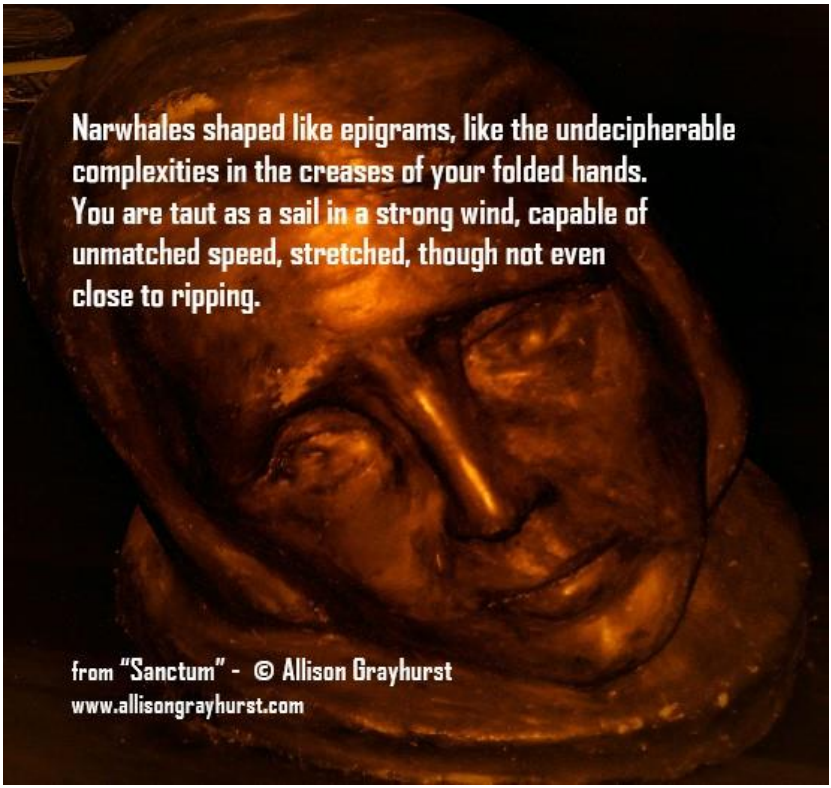
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/24/something-found-2/


If I was a young starling neck deep in uncut grass,
pecking at exposed roots, I would be
sky, downspout, bush, tip of a cross on a steeple,
cured of isolation, taking flight and landing when I choose and
I would choose a fenced-in backyard
where a boy's imagination owns the splintered bench, weeds
and a dug-up secret hole.
I would watch that boy plot his course
and leap, knowing no separation,
I would spread, sing
and fold.
from "Complete, but" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

Great stained-glass eyes of the one eye, where are you?
Only the sound of a shallow drumbeat drumming,
plunging me into this sewer-tunnel template, dangerous
as the planet we are all forced to manoeuvre on.
Save me from cherished traditions and filing-cabinet dreams.
Save me from my bodily needs. Transform me into
an angel or into the one transformed from the angel -
never to come here again,
except to hold my only true love
and to cradle close the heads of my sleeping children.
from "The laws that find me bind me" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/24/complete-but/

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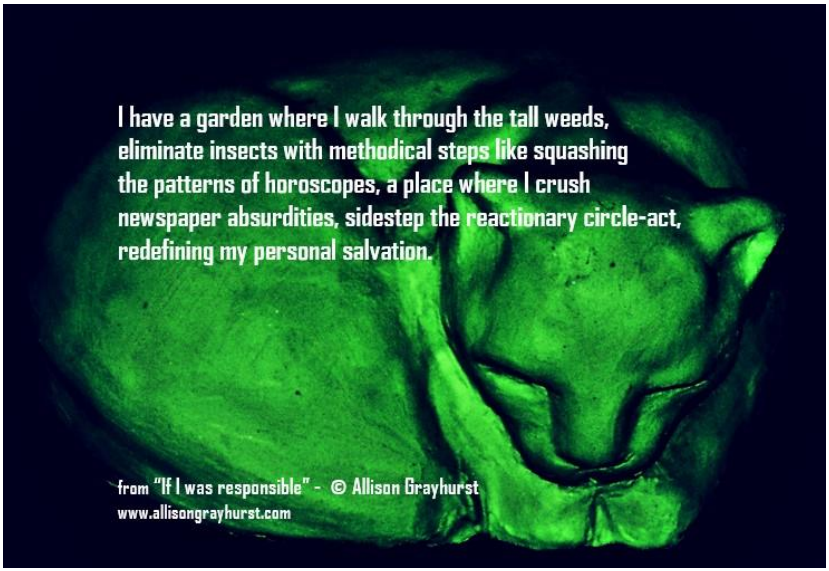
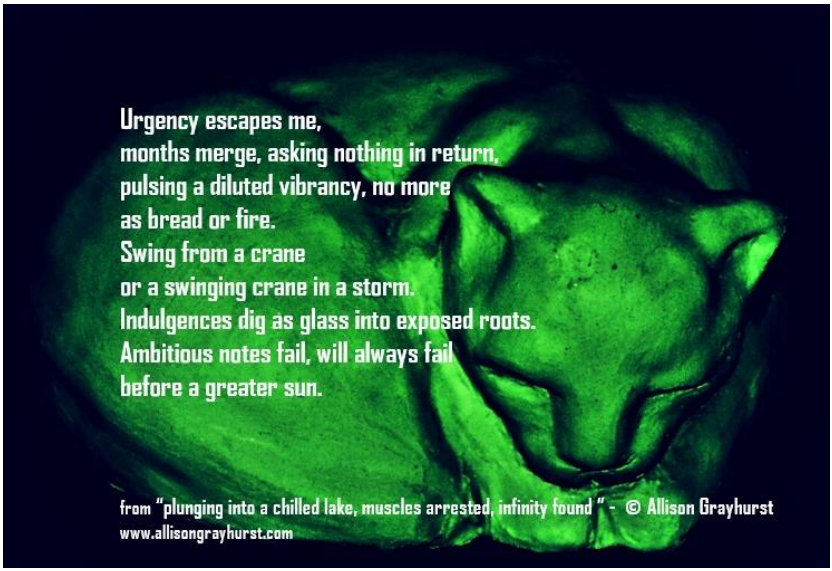
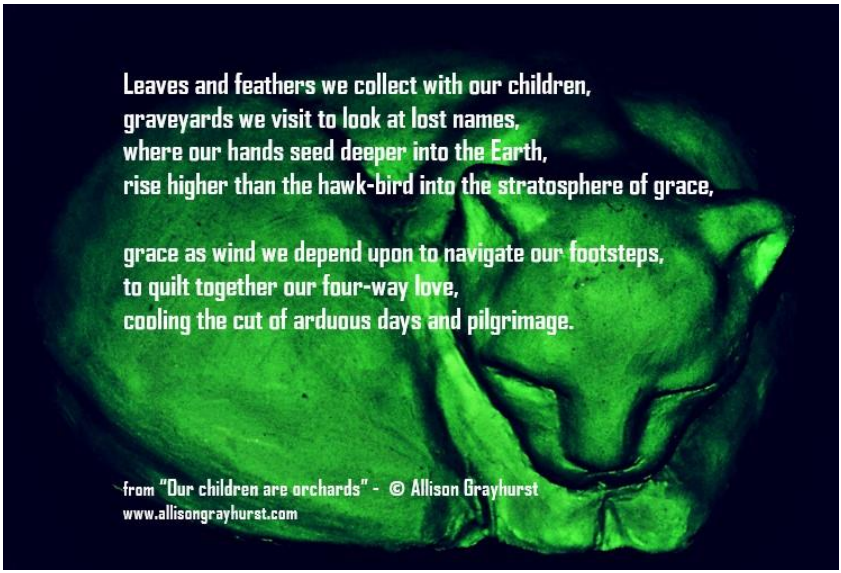
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/05/sanctum/


I have a garden where I walk through the tall weeds,
eliminate insects with methodical steps like squashing
the patterns of horoscopes, a place where I crush
newspaper absurdities, sidestep the reactionary circle-act,
redefining my personal salvation.
from "If I was responsible" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

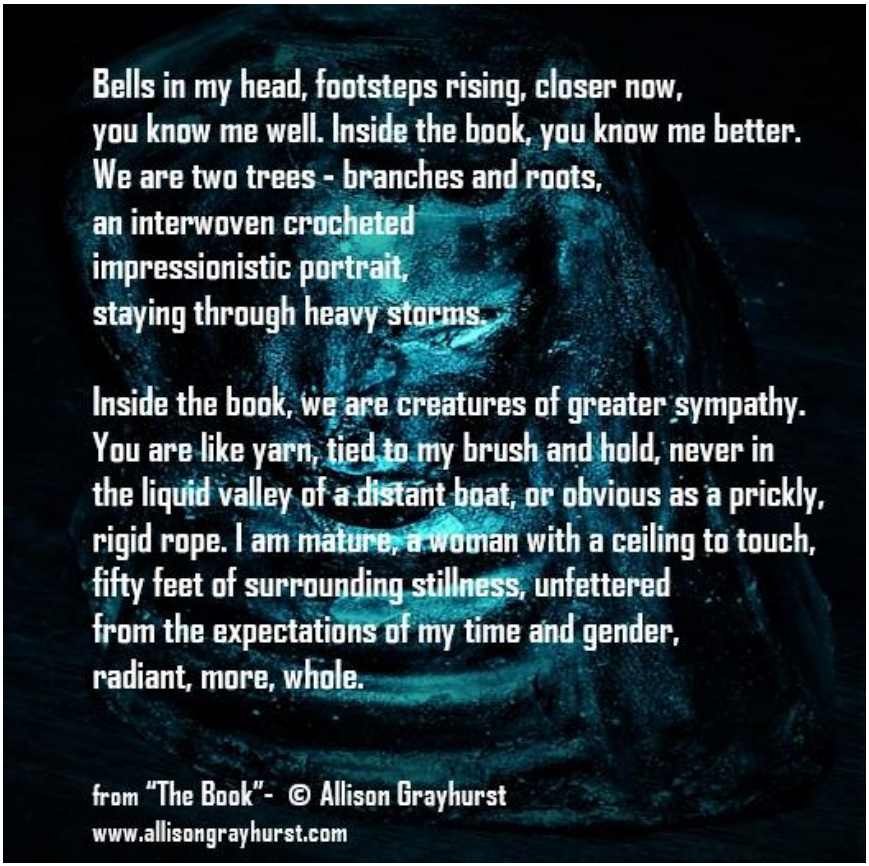

Urgency escapes me,
months merge, asking nothing in return,
pulsing a diluted vibrancy, no more
as bread or fire.
Swing from a crane
or a swinging crane in a storm.
Indulgences dig as glass into exposed roots.
Ambitious notes fail, will always fail
before a greater sun.
from "plunging into a chilled lake, muscles arrested, infinity found " - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

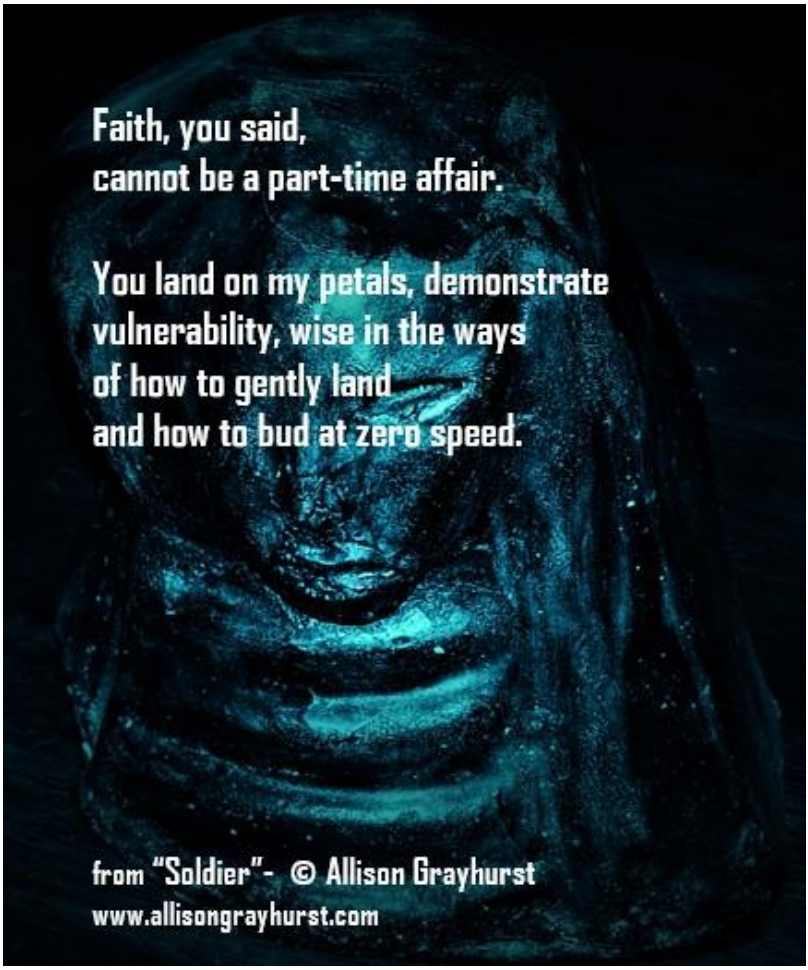


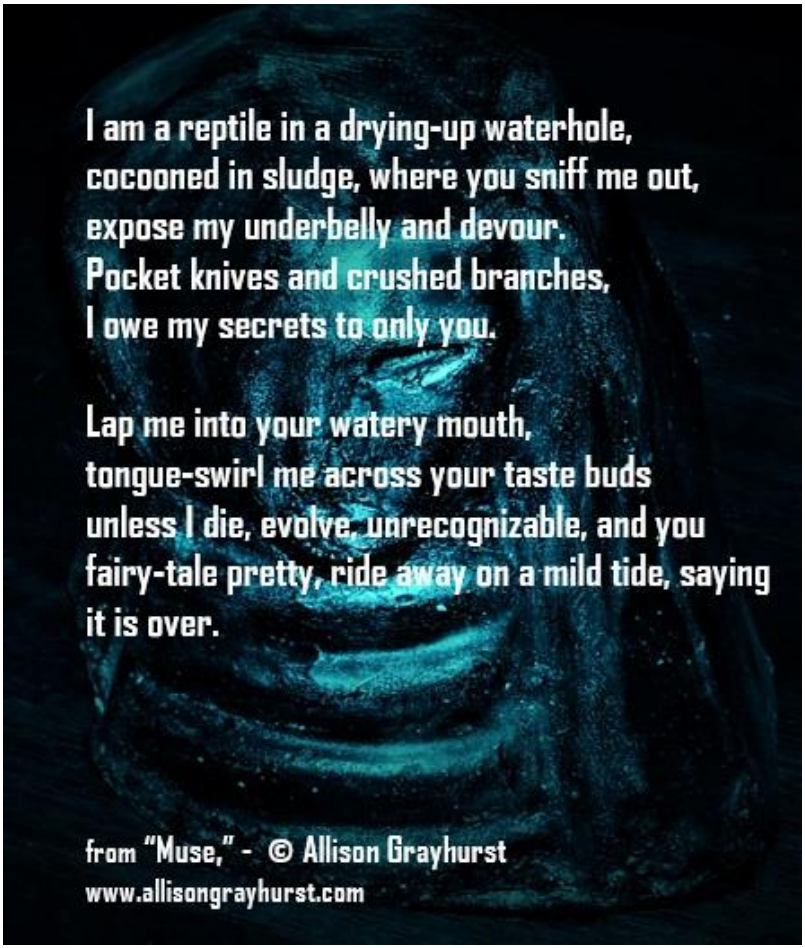
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/03/if-i-was-responsible/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/13/plunging-into-a-chilled-lake-muscles-arrested-infinity-found/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/09/our-children-are-orchards/


Bells in my head, footsteps rising, closer now,
you know me well. Inside the book, you know me better.
We are two trees - branches and roots,
an interwoven crocheted
impressionistic portrait,
staying through heavy storms.
Inside the book, we are creatures of greater sympathy.
You are like yarn, tied to my brush and hold, never in
the liquid valley of a distant boat, or obvious as a prickly,
rigid rope. I am mature, a woman with a ceiling to touch,
fifty feet of surrounding stillness, unfettered
from the expectations of my time and gender,
radiant, more, whole.
from "The Book"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Faith, you said,
cannot be a part-time affair.
You land on my petals, demonstrate
vulnerability, wise in the ways
of how to gently land
and how to bud at zero speed.
from "Soldier"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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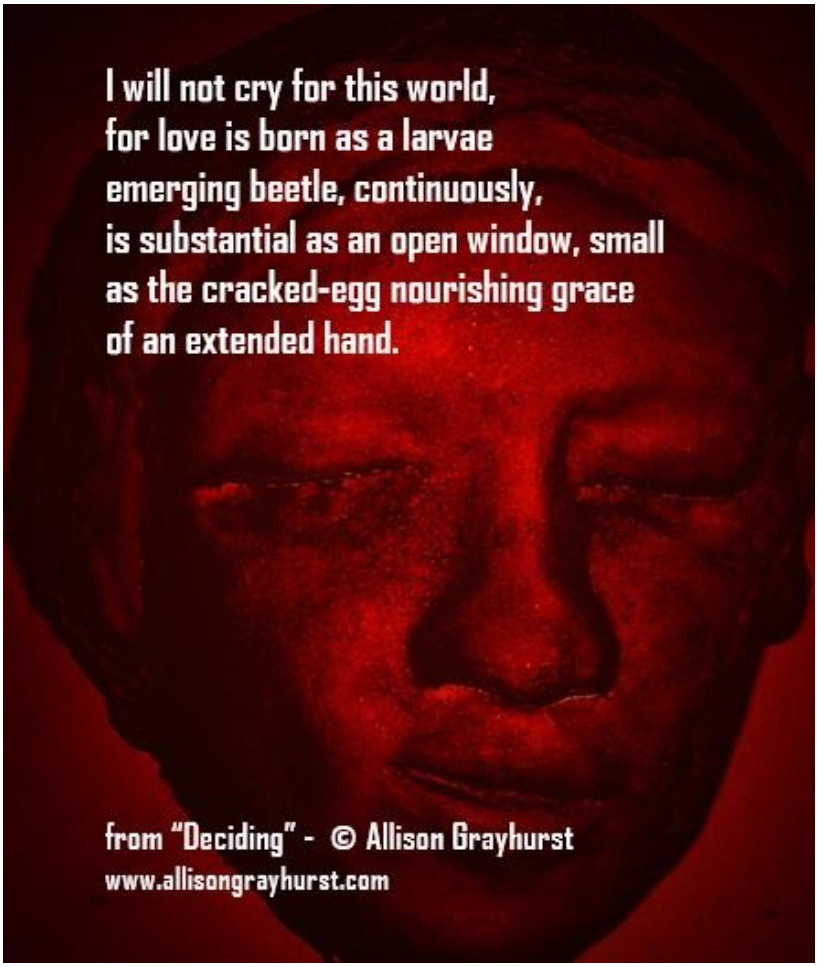
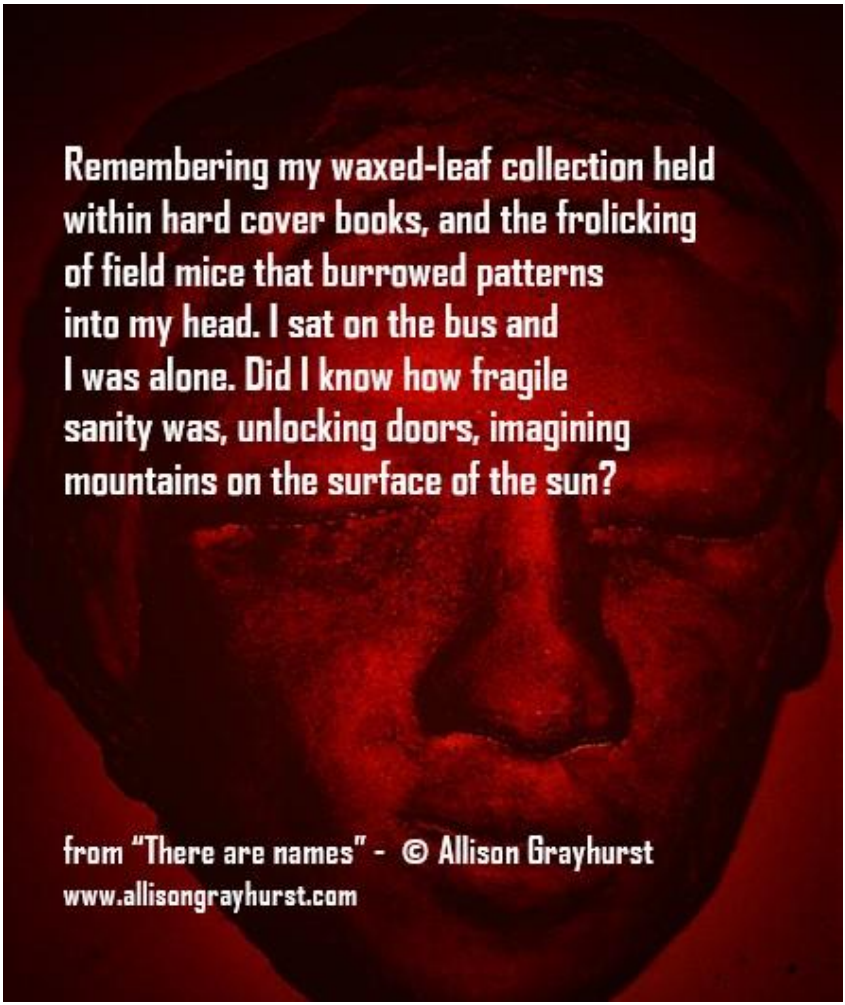
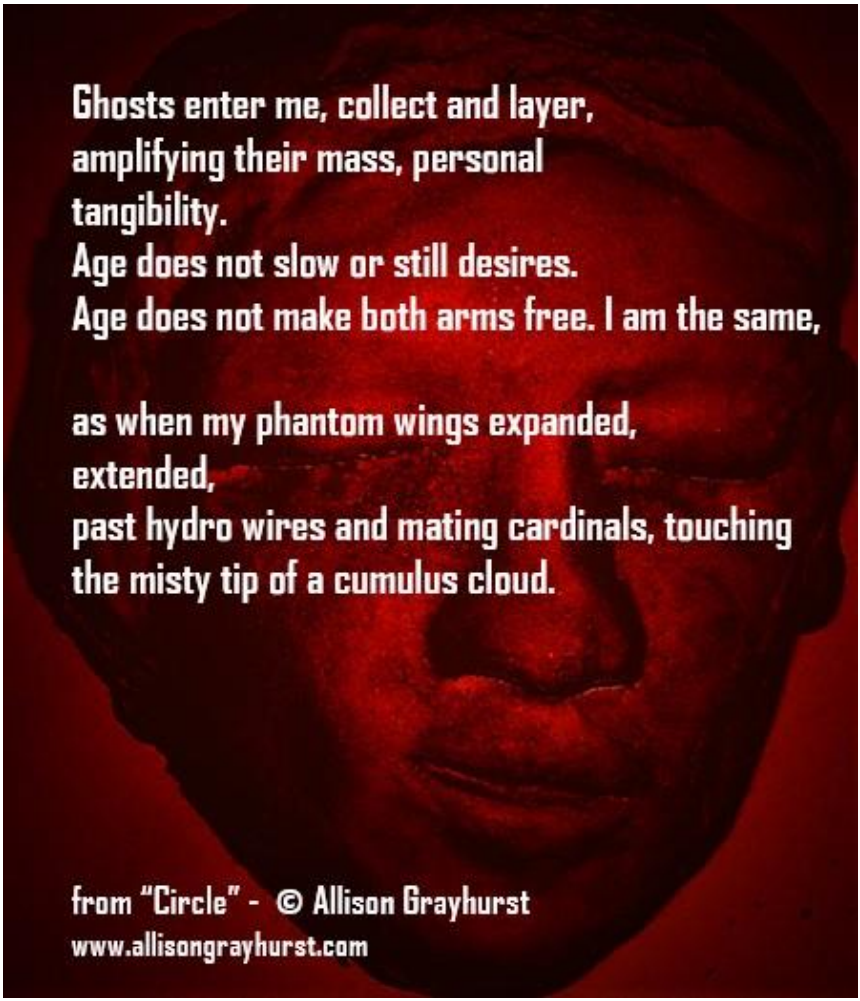

I will not cry for this world,
for love is born as a larvae
emerging beetle, continuously,
is substantial as an open window, small
as the cracked-egg nourishing grace
of an extended hand.
from "Deciding" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

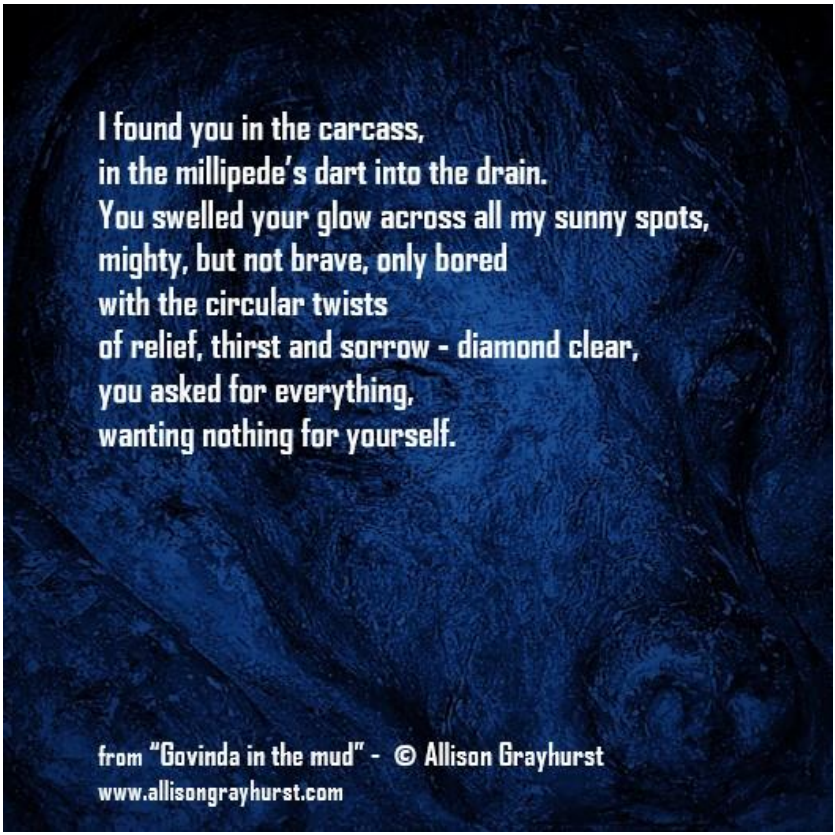

Remembering my waxed-leaf collection held
within hard cover books, and the frolicking
of field mice that burrowed patterns
into my head. I sat on the bus and
I was alone. Did I know how fragile
sanity was, unlocking doors, imagining
mountains on the surface of the sun?
from "There are names" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

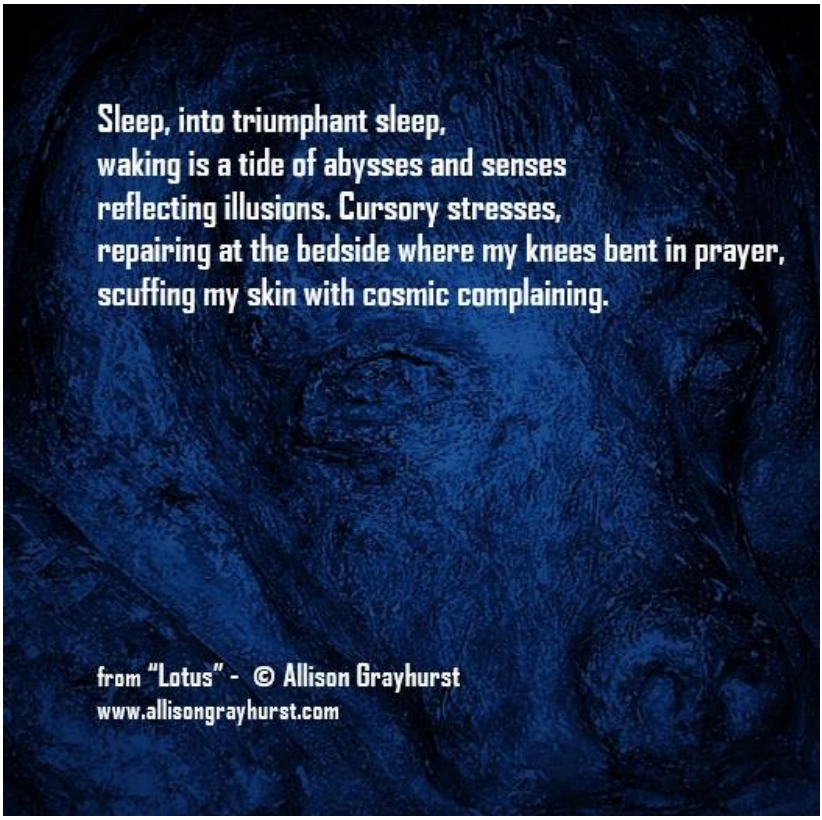


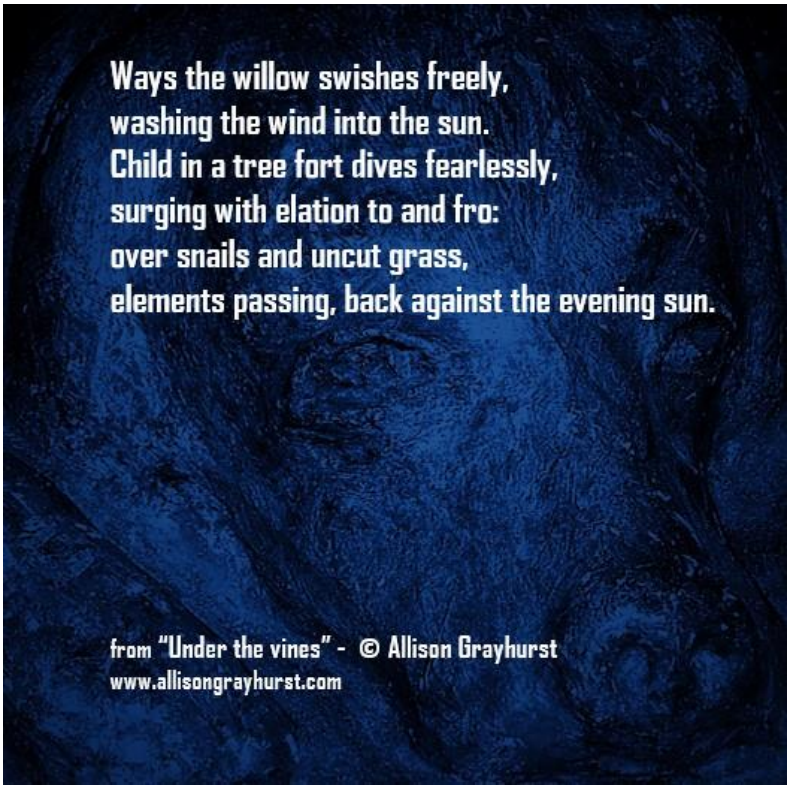
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/03/there-are-names/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/14/circle/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/31/deciding/


I found you in the carcass,
in the millipede's dart into the drain.
You swelled your glow across all my sunny spots,
mighty, but not brave, only bored
with the circular twists
of relief, thirst and sorrow - diamond clear,
you asked for everything,
wanting nothing for yourself.
from "Govinda in the mud" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Sleep, into triumphant sleep,
waking is a tide of abysses and senses
reflecting illusions. Cursory stresses,
repairing at the bedside where my knees bent in prayer,
scuffing my skin with cosmic complaining.
from "Lotus" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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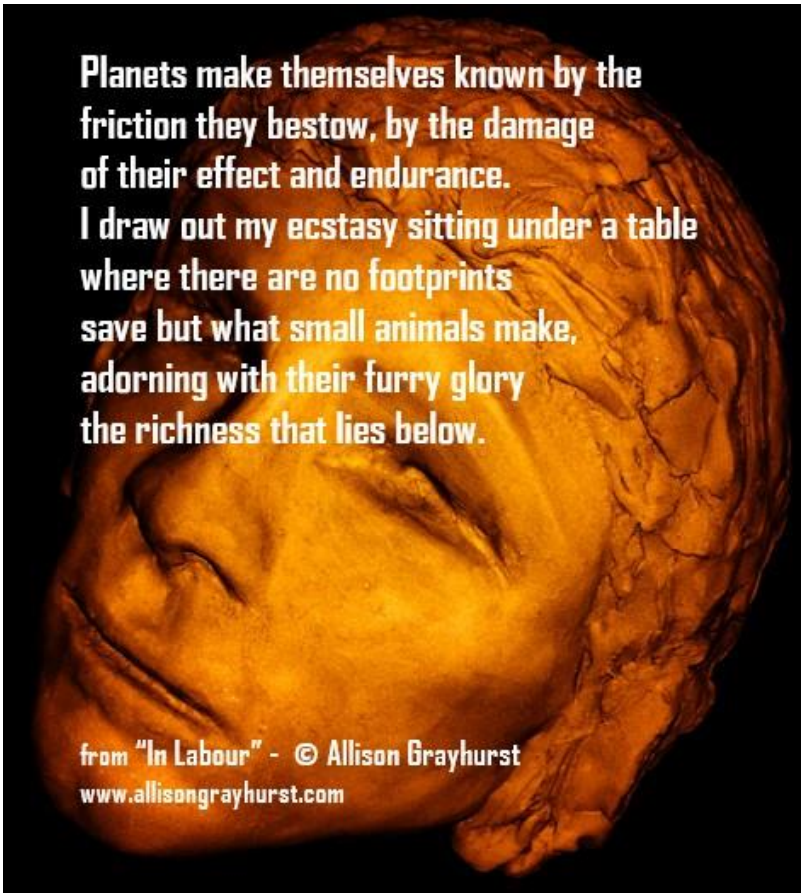
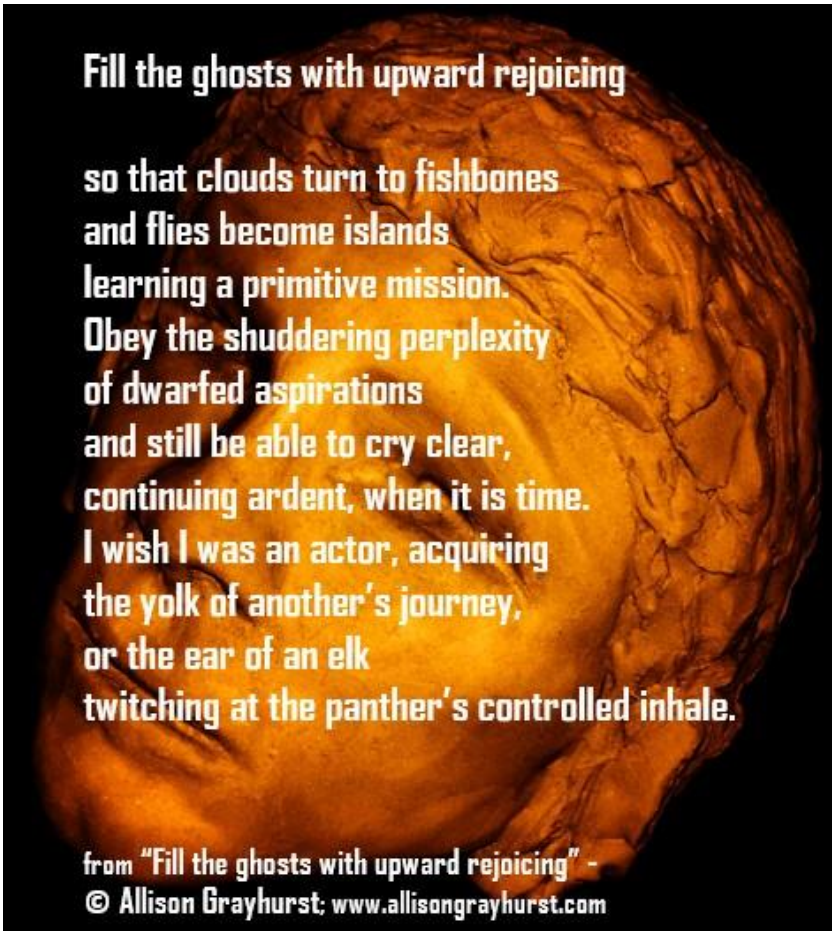
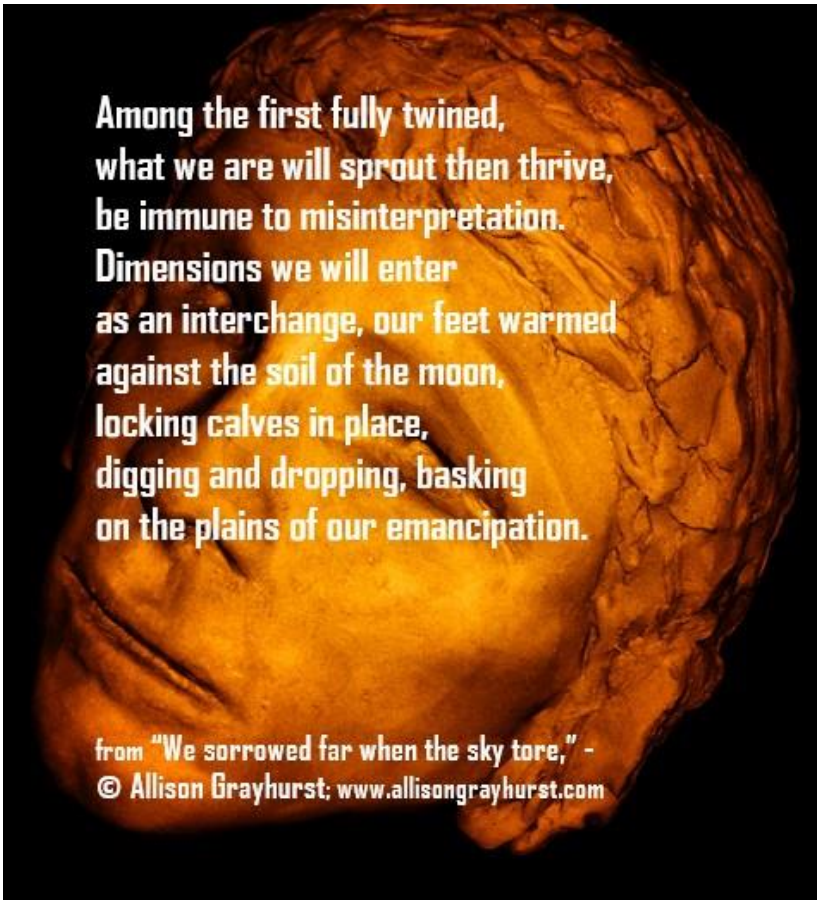
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/08/lotus/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/08/05/under-the-vines/


Planets make themselves known by the
friction they bestow, by the damage
of their effect and endurance.
I draw out my ecstasy sitting under a table
where there are no footprints
save but what small animals make,
adorning with their furry glory
the richness that lies below.
from "In Labour" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

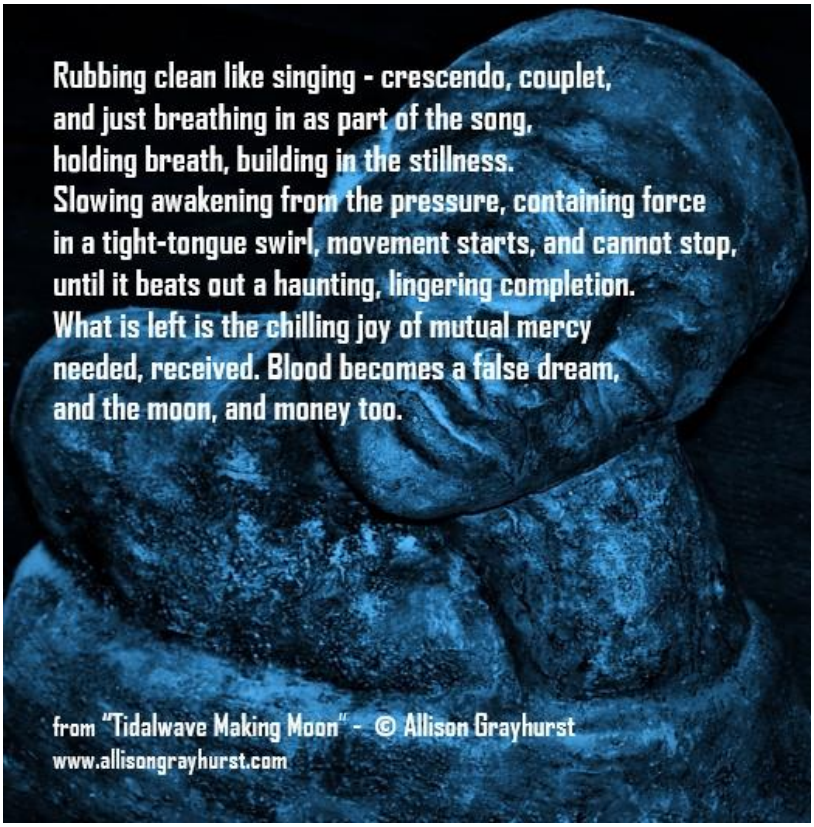

Fill the ghosts with upward rejoicing
so that clouds turn to fishbones
and flies become islands
learning a primitive mission.
Obey the shuddering perplexity
of dwarfed aspirations
and still be able to cry clear,
continuing ardent, when it is time.
I wish I was an actor, acquiring
the yolk of another's journey,
or the ear of an elk
twitching at the panther's controlled inhale.
from "Fill the ghosts with upward rejoicing" -
© Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

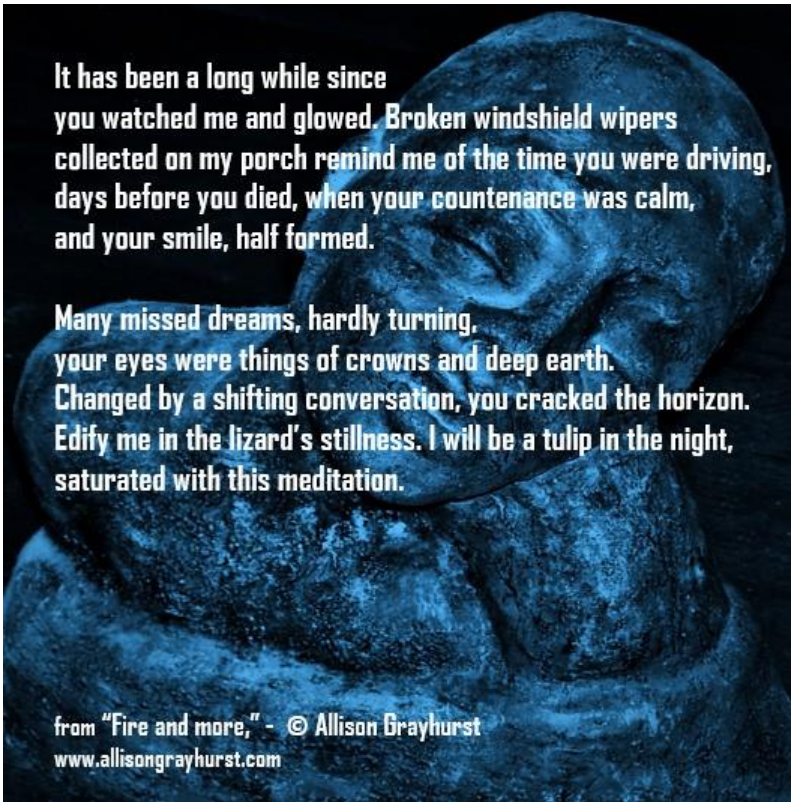


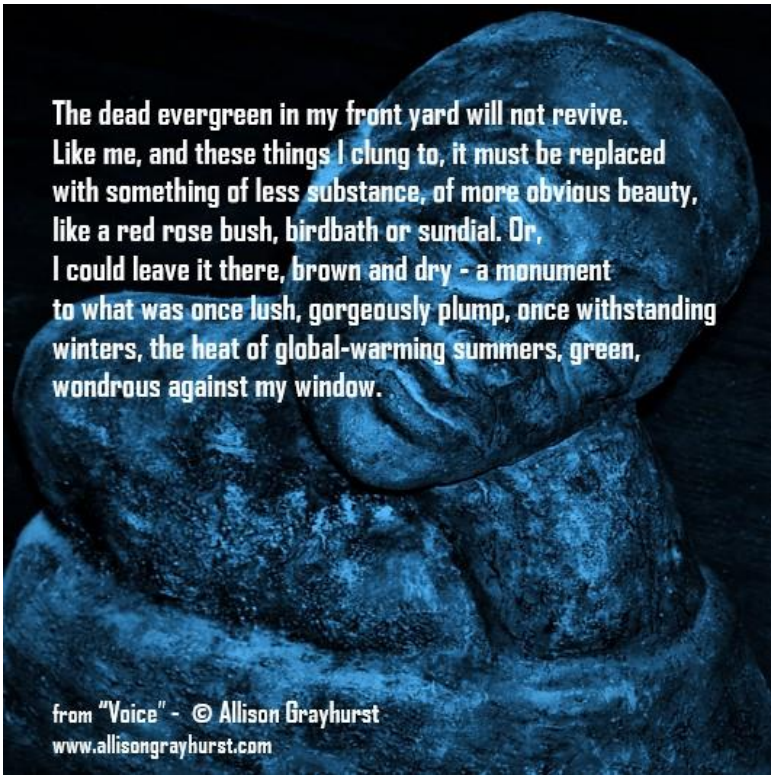
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/13/in-labour/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/23/fill-the-ghosts-with-upward-rejoicing/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/09/we-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore/


Rubbing clean like singing - crescendo, couplet,
and just breathing in as part of the song,
holding breath, building in the stillness.
Slowing awakening from the pressure, containing force
in a tight-tongue swirl, movement starts, and cannot stop,
until it beats out a haunting, lingering completion.
What is left is the chilling joy of mutual mercy
needed, received. Blood becomes a false dream,
and the moon, and money too.
from "Tidalwave Making Moon" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


It has been a long while since
you watched me and glowed. Broken windshield wipers
collected on my porch remind me of the time you were driving,
days before you died, when your countenance was calm,
and your smile, half formed.
Many missed dreams, hardly turning,
your eyes were things of crowns and deep earth.
Changed by a shifting conversation, you cracked the horizon.
Edify me in the lizard's stillness. I will be a tulip in the night,
saturated with this meditation.
from "Fire and more," - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

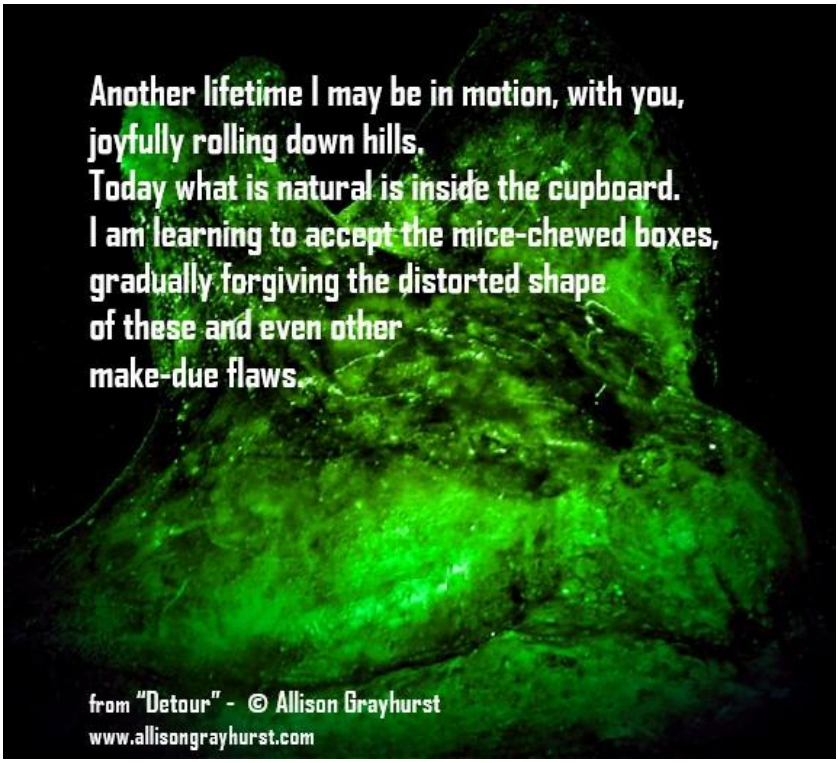


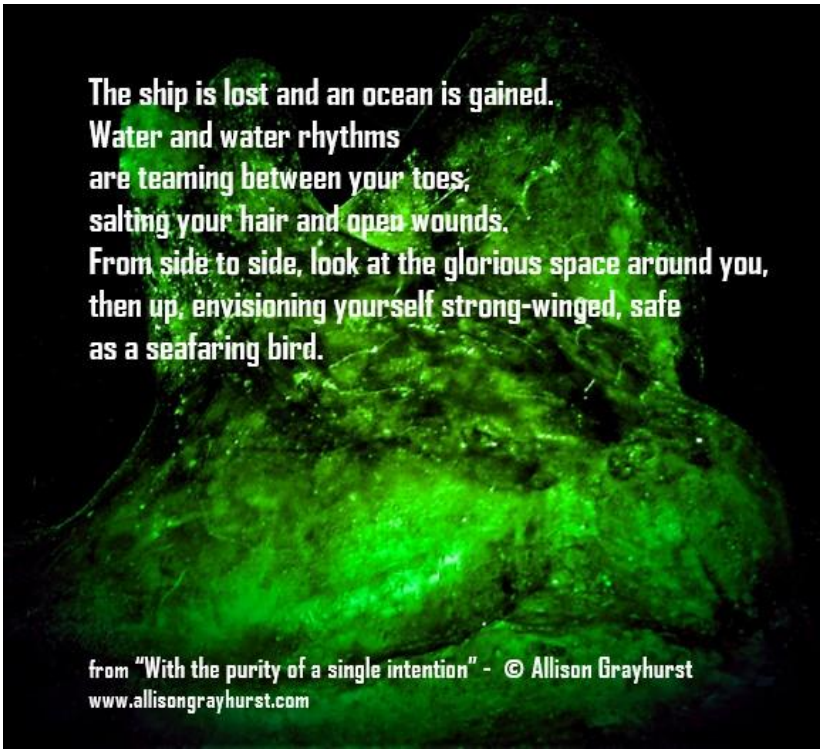
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/08/tidalwave-making-moon/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/26/fire-and-more/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/14/voice/

Doors keep collapsing
like elm-tree branches in an ice-storm.
Stars are weeds to Oblivion's depths,
sea-floating, swaying with the motion of moons,
spreading weedy flowers of illumination.
from "If I see"- © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

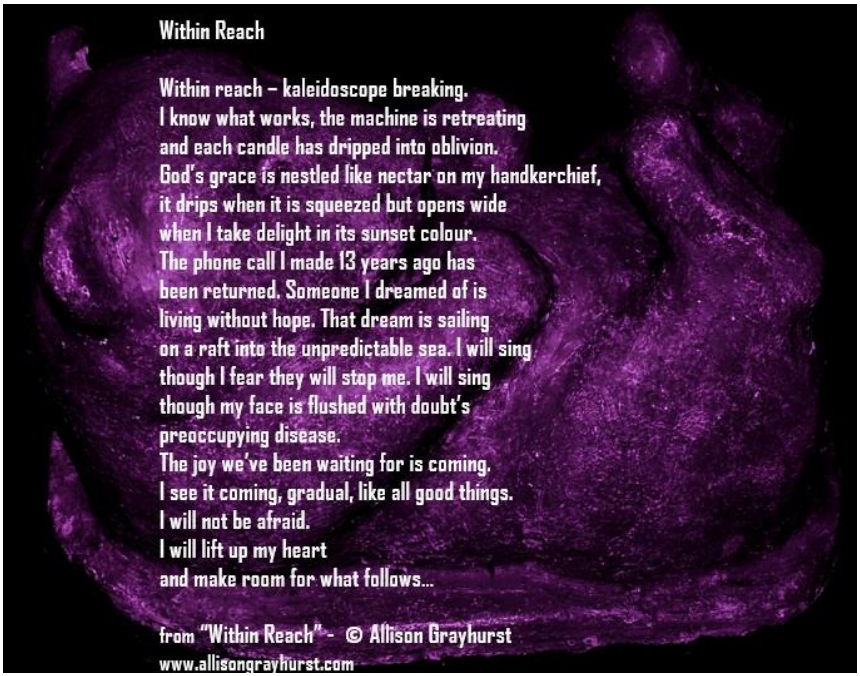

Another lifetime I may be in motion, with you,
joyfully rolling down hills.
Today what is natural is inside the cupboard.
I am learning to accept the mice-chewed boxes,
gradually forgiving the distorted shape
of these and even other
make-due flaws.
from "Detour" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

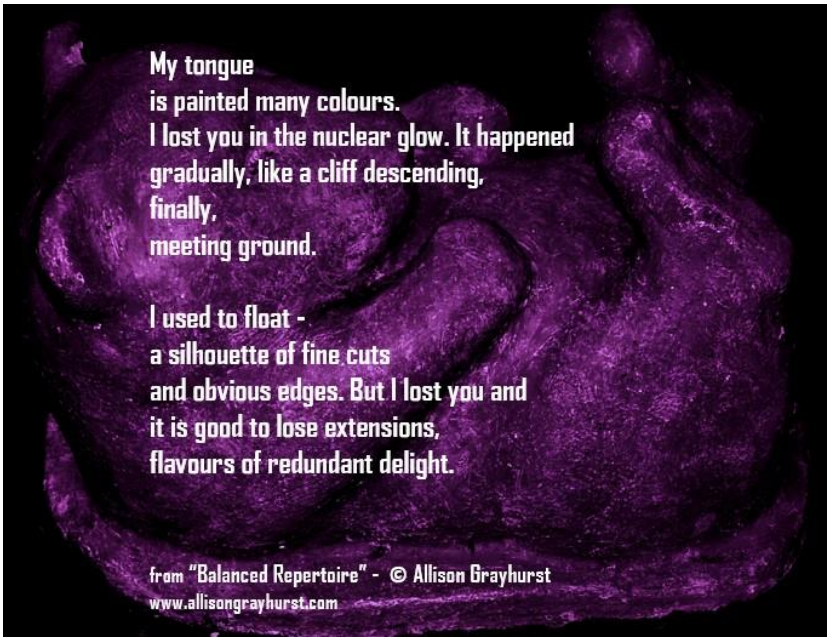


https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/02/if-i-see/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/24/detour/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/24/with-the-purity-of-a-single-intention/

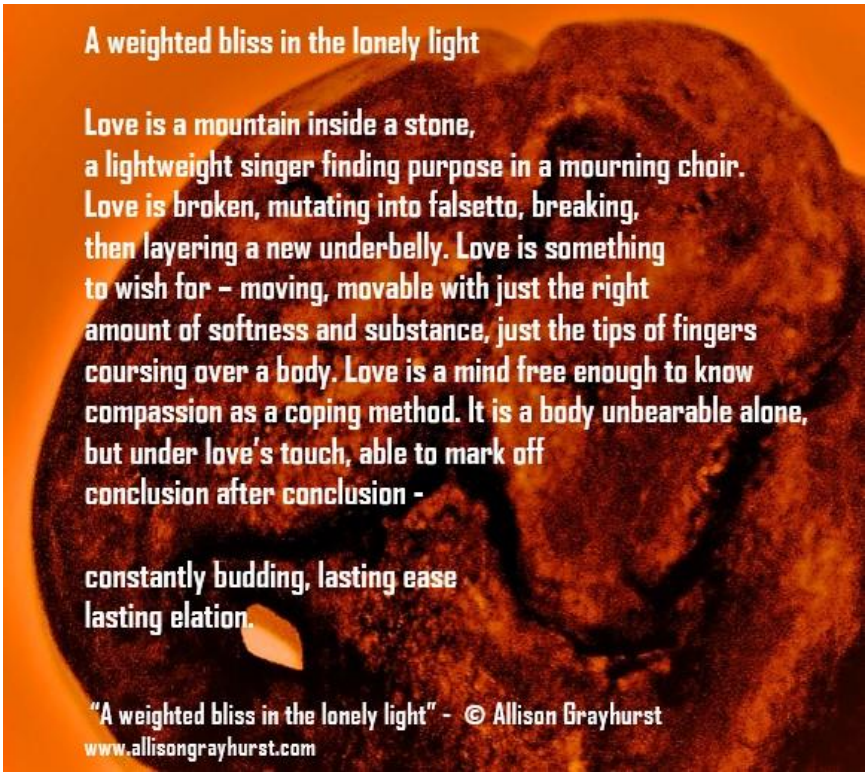

Within Reach
Within reach – kaleidoscope breaking.
I know what works, the machine is retreating
and each candle has dripped into oblivion.
God's grace is nestled like nectar on my handkerchief,
it drips when it is squeezed but opens wide
when I take delight in its sunset colour.
The phone call I made 13 years ago has
been returned. Someone I dreamed of is
living without hope. That dream is sailing
on a raft into the unpredictable sea. I will sing
though I fear they will stop me. I will sing
though my face is flushed with doubt's
preoccupying disease.
The joy we've been waiting for is coming.
I see it coming, gradual, like all good things.
I will not be afraid.
I will lift up my heart
and make room for what follows...
from "Within Reach" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

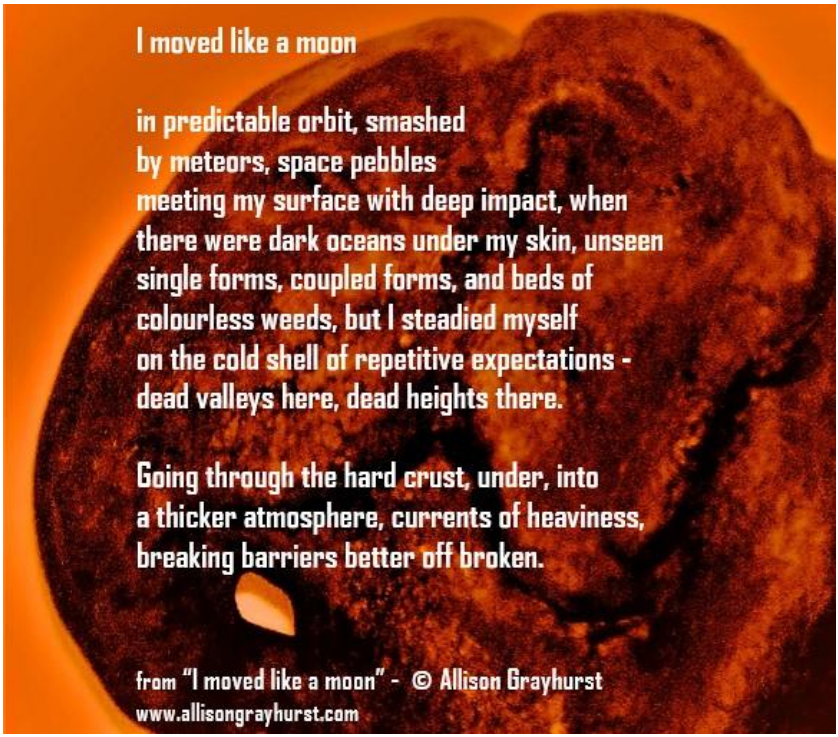

My tongue
is painted many colours.
I lost you in the nuclear glow. It happened
gradually, like a cliff descending,
finally,
meeting ground.
I used to float -
a silhouette of fine cuts
and obvious edges. But I lost you and
it is good to lose extensions,
flavours of redundant delight.
from "Balanced Repertoire" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

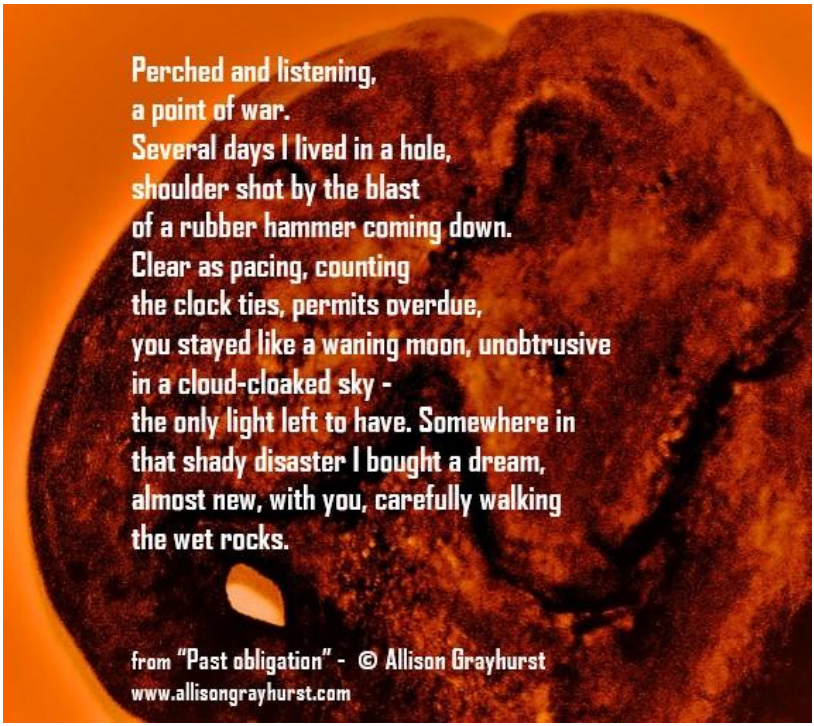
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/07/within-reach/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/17/balanced-repertoire/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/05/a-gathering-of-birds/


A weighted bliss in the lonely light
Love is a mountain inside a stone,
a lightweight singer finding purpose in a mourning choir.
Love is broken, mutating into falsetto, breaking,
then layering a new underbelly. Love is something
to wish for – moving, movable with just the right
amount of softness and substance, just the tips of fingers
coursing over a body. Love is a mind free enough to know
compassion as a coping method. It is a body unbearable alone,
but under love's touch, able to mark off
conclusion after conclusion -
constantly budding, lasting ease
lasting elation.
"A weighted bliss in the lonely light" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

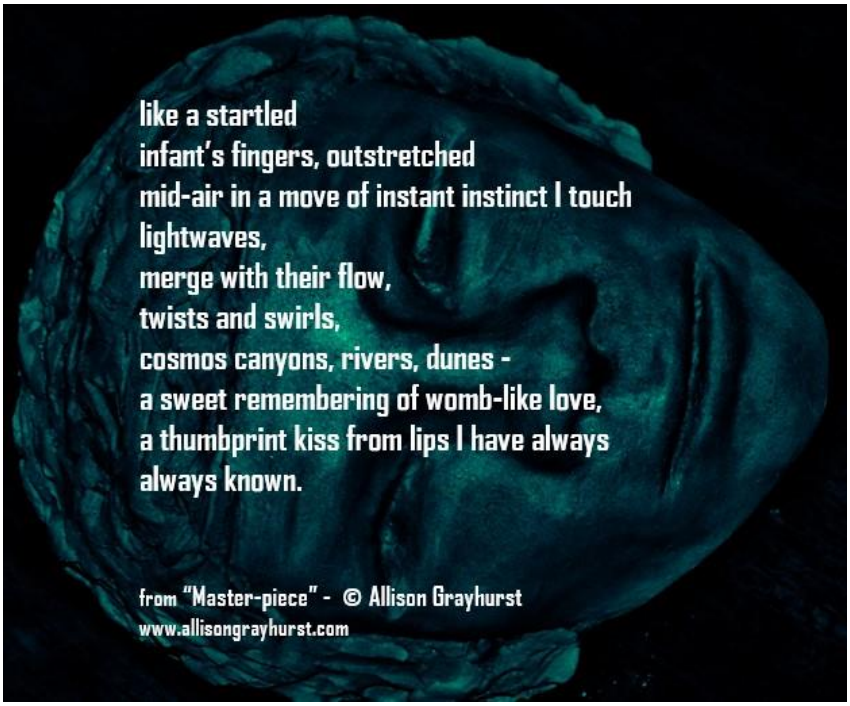

I moved like a moon
in predictable orbit, smashed
by meteors, space pebbles
meeting my surface with deep impact, when
there were dark oceans under my skin, unseen
single forms, coupled forms, and beds of
colourless weeds, but I steadied myself
on the cold shell of repetitive expectations -
dead valleys here, dead heights there.
Going through the hard crust, under, into
a thicker atmosphere, currents of heaviness,
breaking barriers better off broken.
from "I moved like a moon" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com

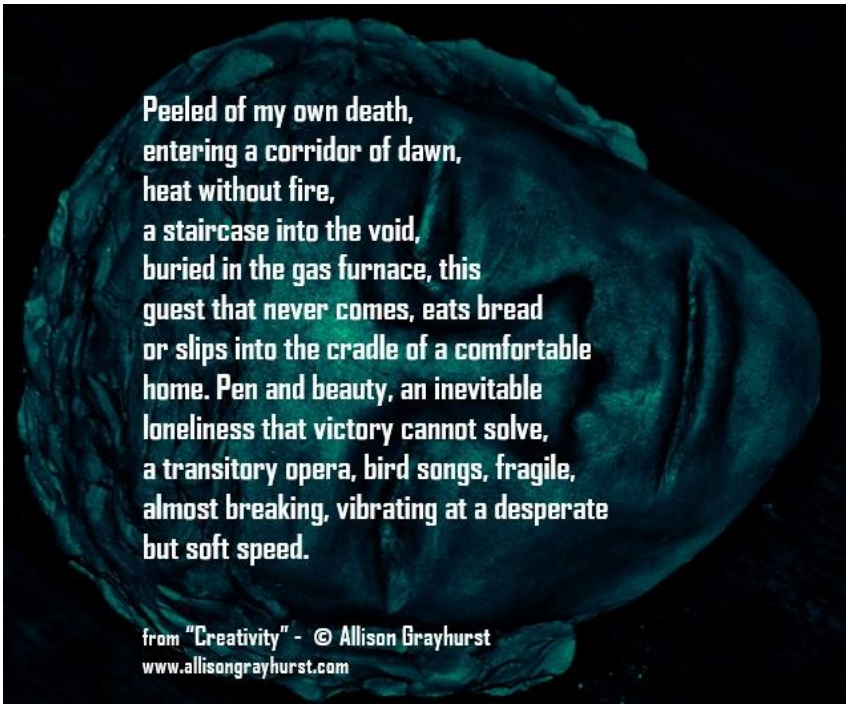


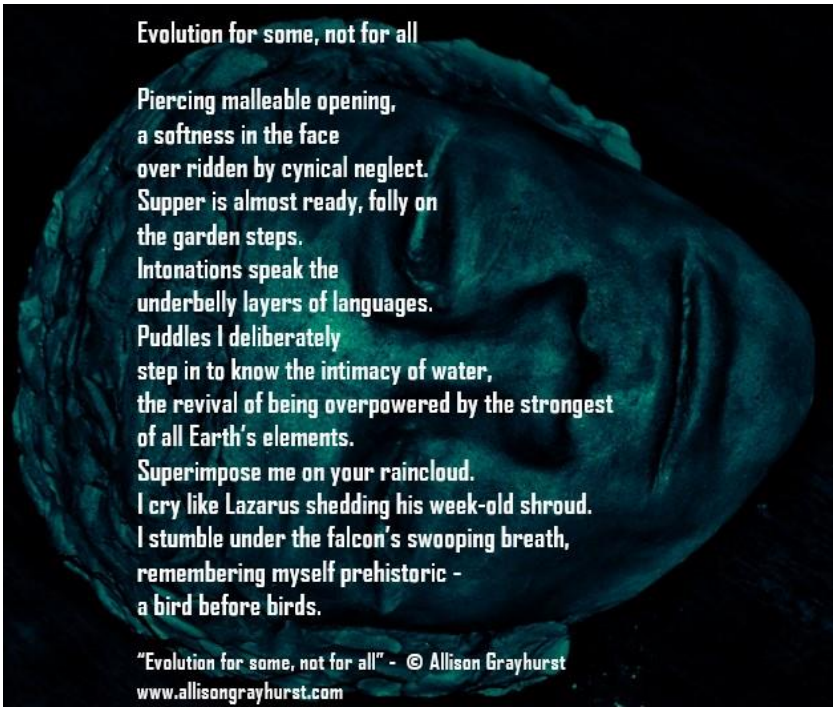
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/03/25/a-weighted-bliss-in-the-lonely-light/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/28/i-moved-like-a-moon/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/08/past-obligation/


like a startled
infant's fingers, outstretched
mid-air in a move of instant instinct I touch
lightwaves,
merge with their flow,
twists and swirls,
cosmos canyons, rivers, dunes -
a sweet remembering of womb-like love,
a thumbprint kiss from lips I have always
always known.
from "Master-piece" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com


Peeled of my own death,
entering a corridor of dawn,
heat without fire,
a staircase into the void,
buried in the gas furnace, this
guest that never comes, eats bread
or slips into the cradle of a comfortable
home. Pen and beauty, an inevitable
loneliness that victory cannot solve,
a transitory opera, bird songs, fragile,
almost breaking, vibrating at a desperate
but soft speed.
from "Creativity" - © Allison Grayhurst
www.allisongrayhurst.com



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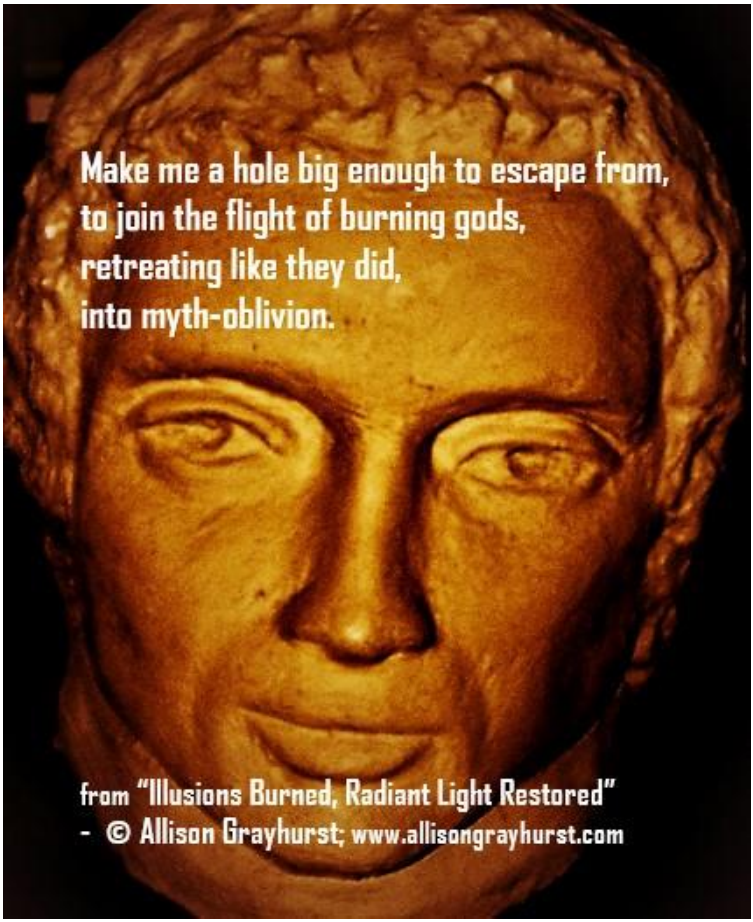
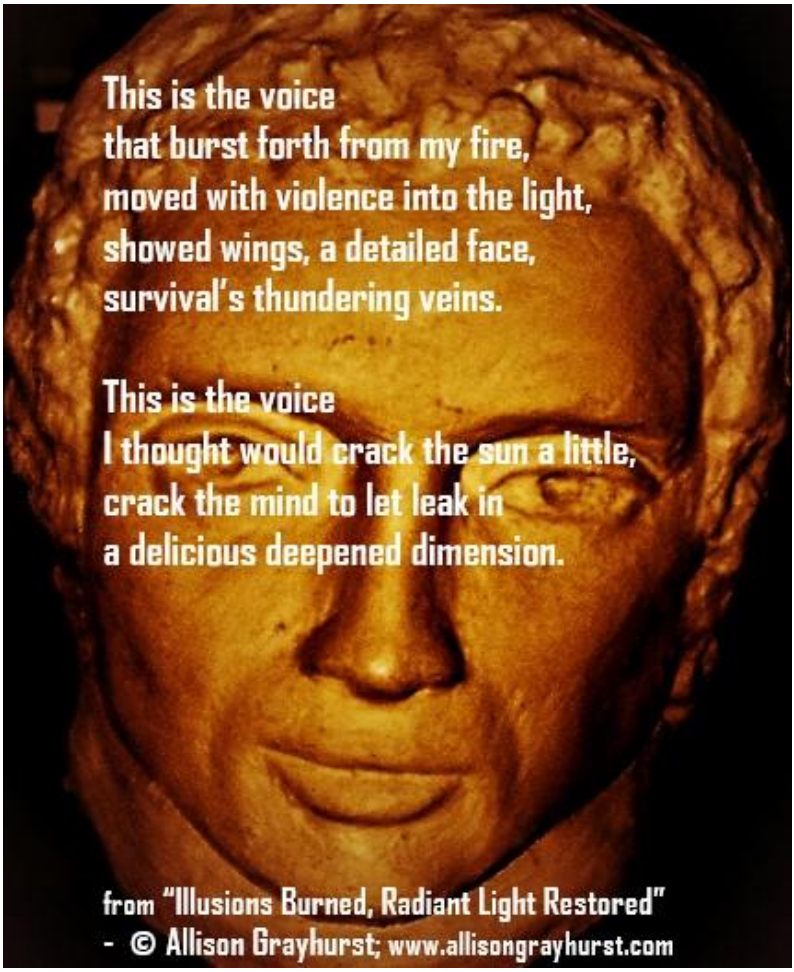
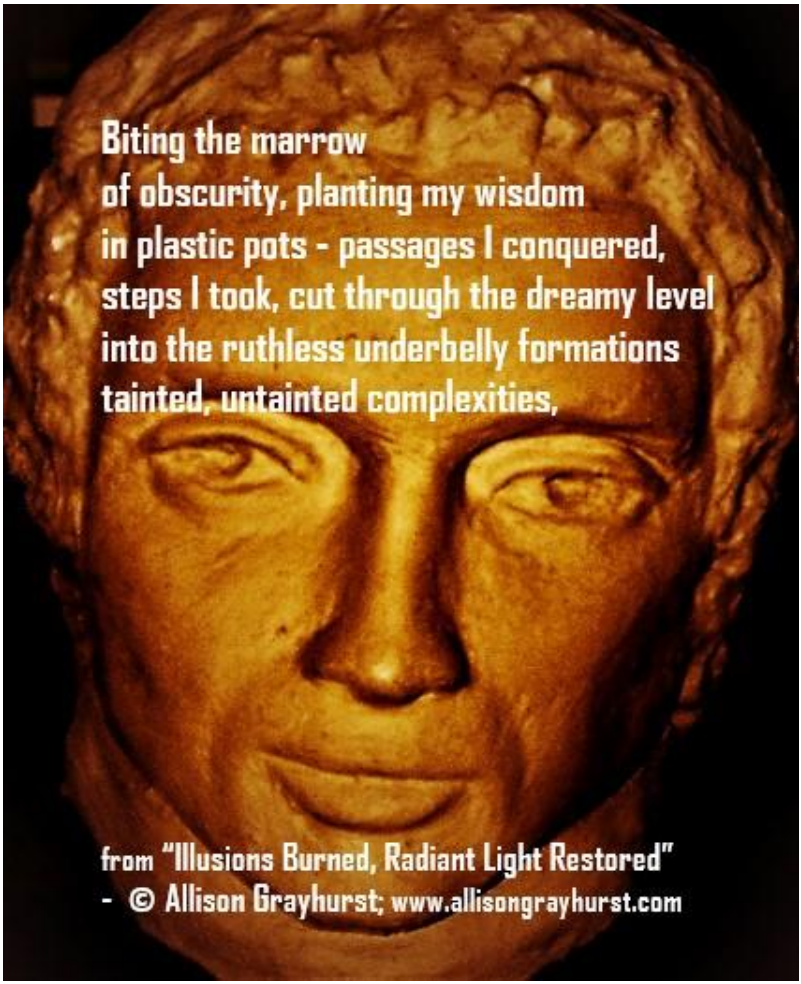
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/09/creativity/

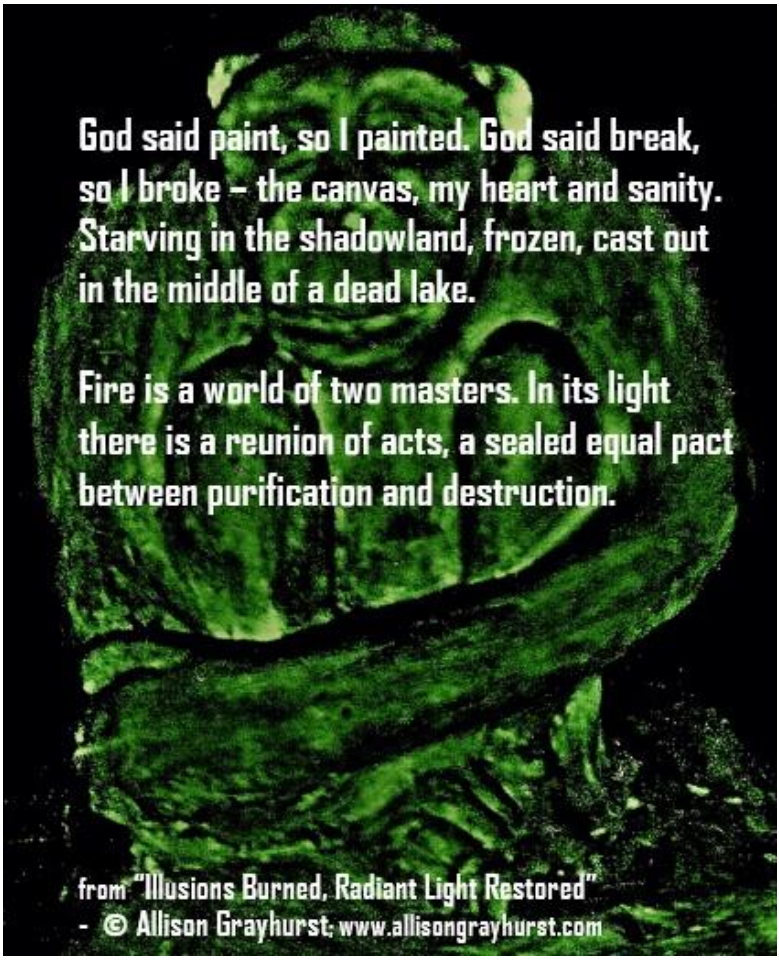
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/29/evolution-for-some-not-for-all/

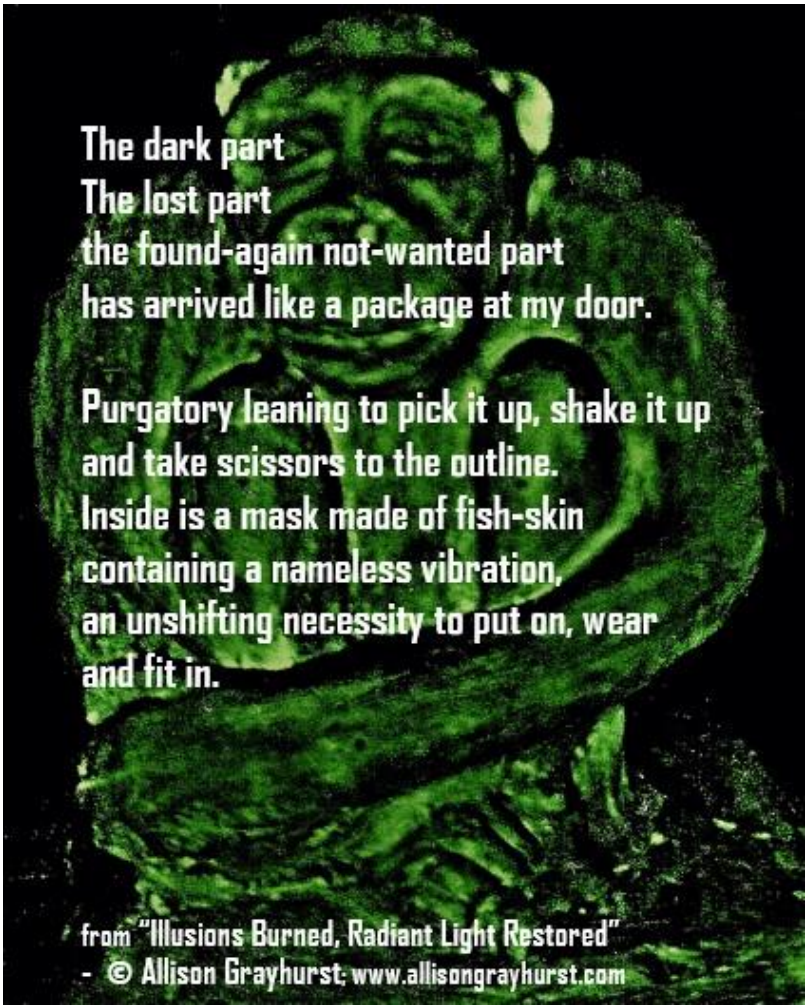

Make me a hole big enough to escape from,
to join the flight of burning gods,
retreating like they did,
into myth-oblivion.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com

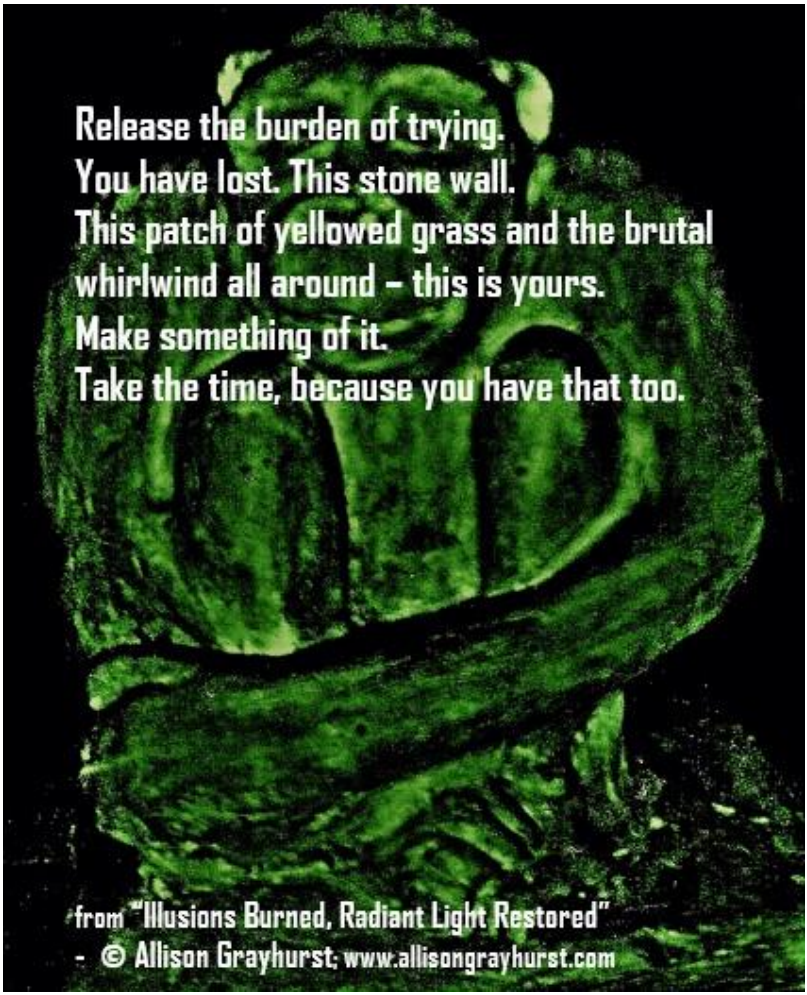

This is the voice
that burst forth from my fire,
moved with violence into the light,
showed wings, a detailed face,
survival's thundering veins.
This is the voice
I thought would crack the sun a little,
crack the mind to let leak in
a delicious deepened dimension.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2019/08/01/illusions-burned-radiant-light-restored/


God said paint, so I painted. God said break, so I broke – the canvas, my heart and sanity. Starving in the shadowland, frozen, cast out in the middle of a dead lake.
Fire is a world of two masters. In its light there is a reunion of acts, a sealed equal pact between purification and destruction.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com


The dark part
The lost part
the found-again not-wanted part
has arrived like a package at my door.
Purgatory leaning to pick it up, shake it up
and take scissors to the outline.
Inside is a mask made of fish-skin
containing a nameless vibration,
an unshifting necessity to put on, wear
and fit in.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



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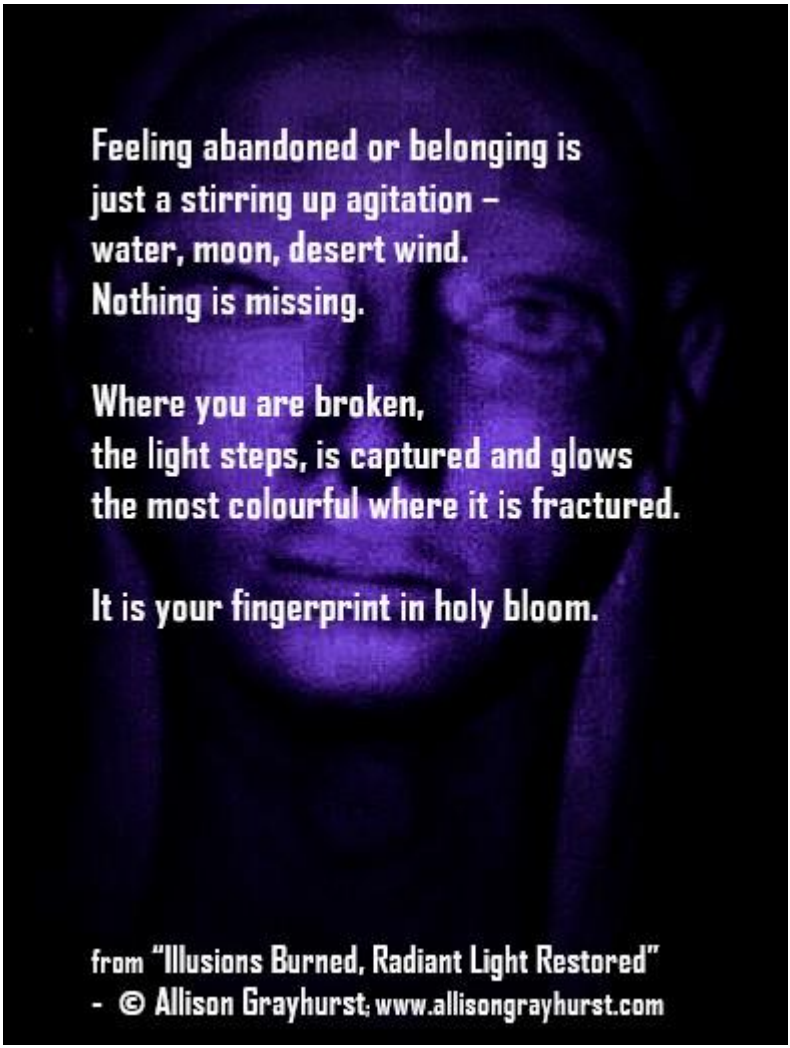
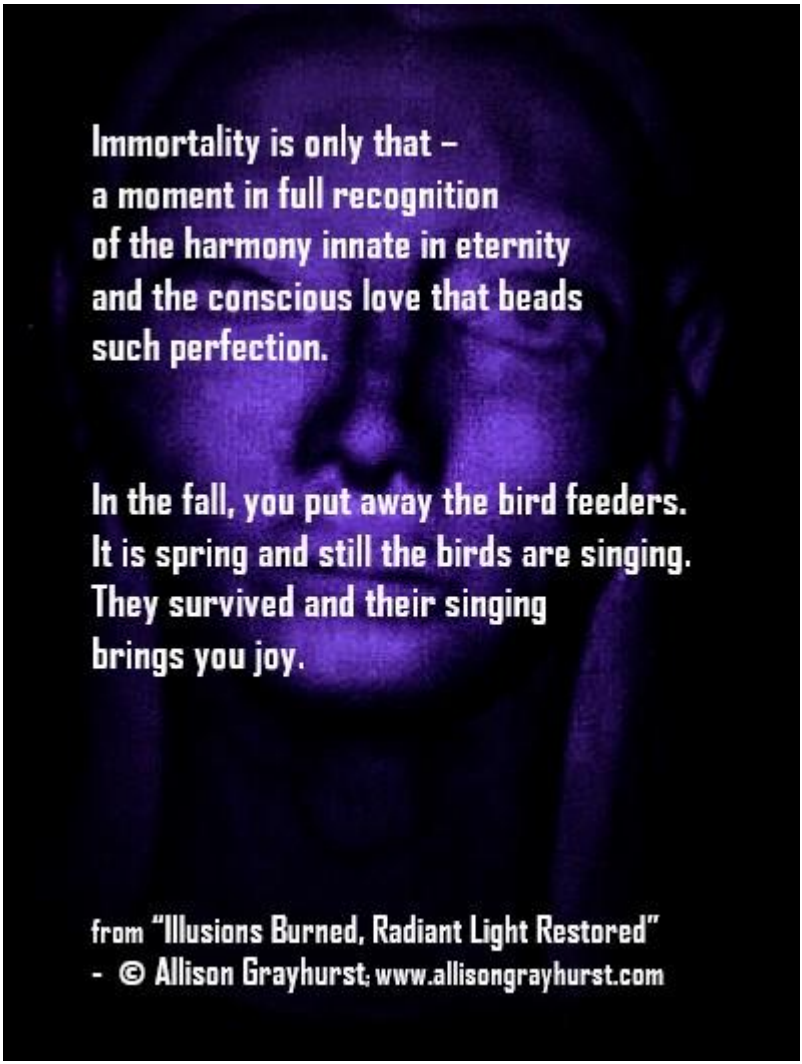

Feeling abandoned or belonging is
just a stirring up agitation –
water, moon, desert wind.
Nothing is missing.
Where you are broken,
the light steps, is captured and glows
the most colourful where it is fractured.
It is your fingerprint in holy bloom.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com


Immortality is only that –
a moment in full recognition
of the harmony innate in eternity
and the conscious love that beads
such perfection.
In the fall, you put away the bird feeders.
It is spring and still the birds are singing.
They survived and their singing
brings you joy.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
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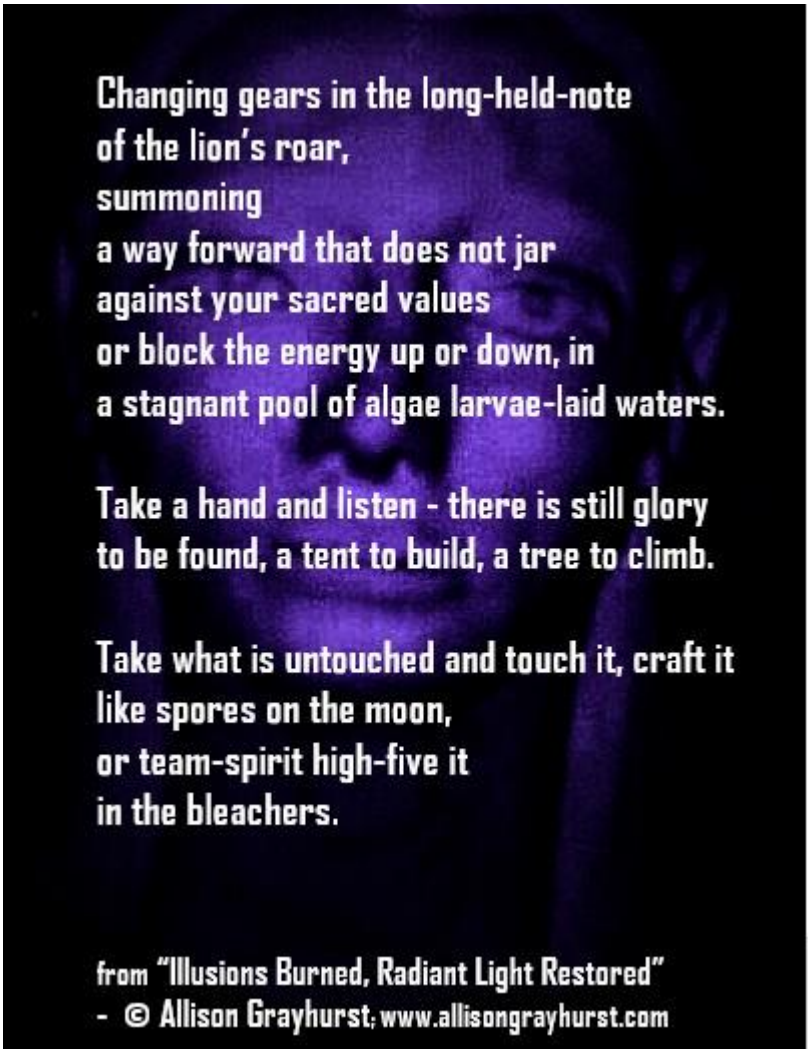

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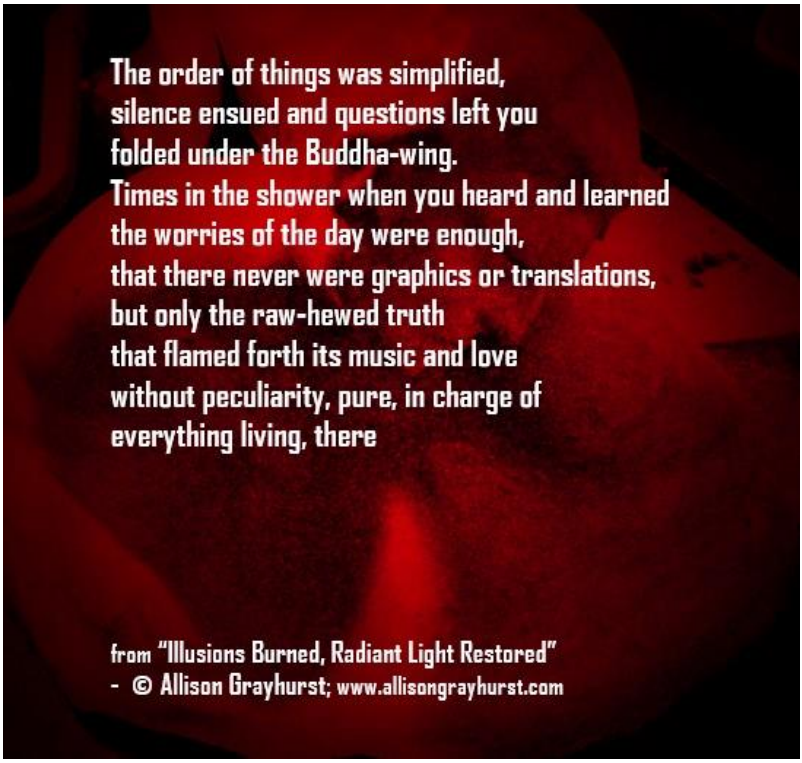
The order of things was simplified,
silence ensued and questions left you
folded under the Buddha-wing.
Times in the shower when you heard and learned
the worries of the day were enough,
that there never were graphics or translations,
but only the raw-hewed truth
that flamed forth its music and love
without peculiarity, pure, in charge of
everything living, there
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
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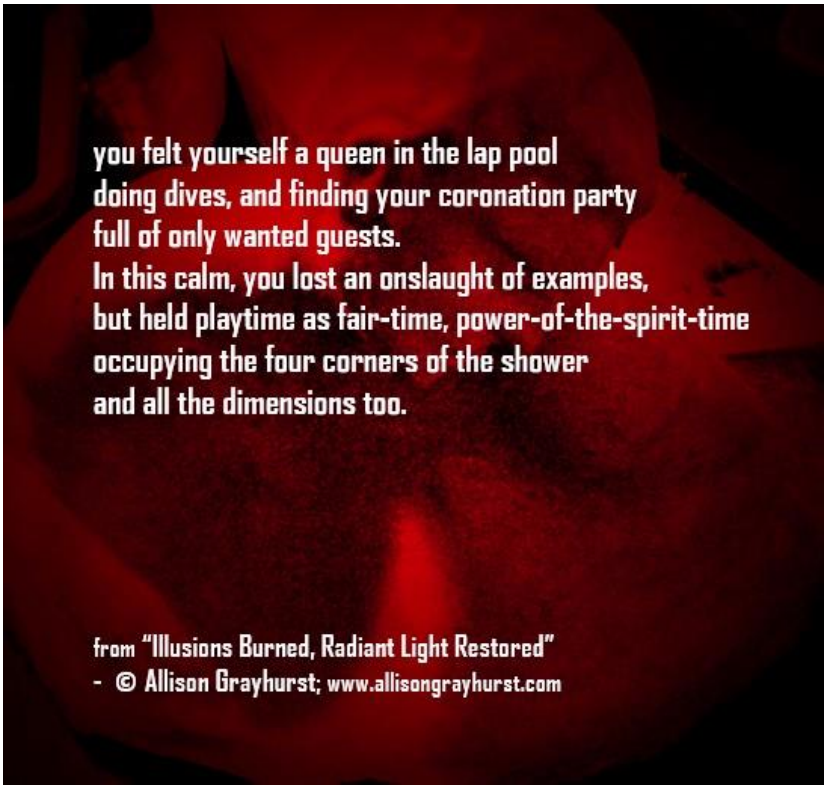
you felt yourself a queen in the lap pool
doing dives, and finding your coronation party
full of only wanted guests.
In this calm, you lost an onslaught of examples,
but held playtime as fair-time, power-of-the-spirit-time
occupying the four corners of the shower
and all the dimensions too.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
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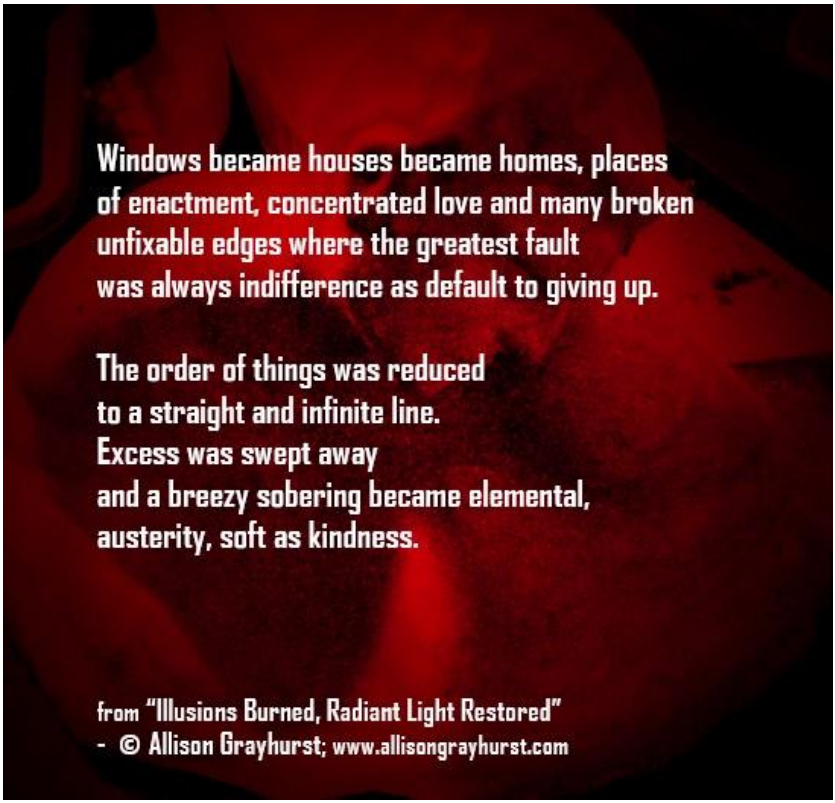

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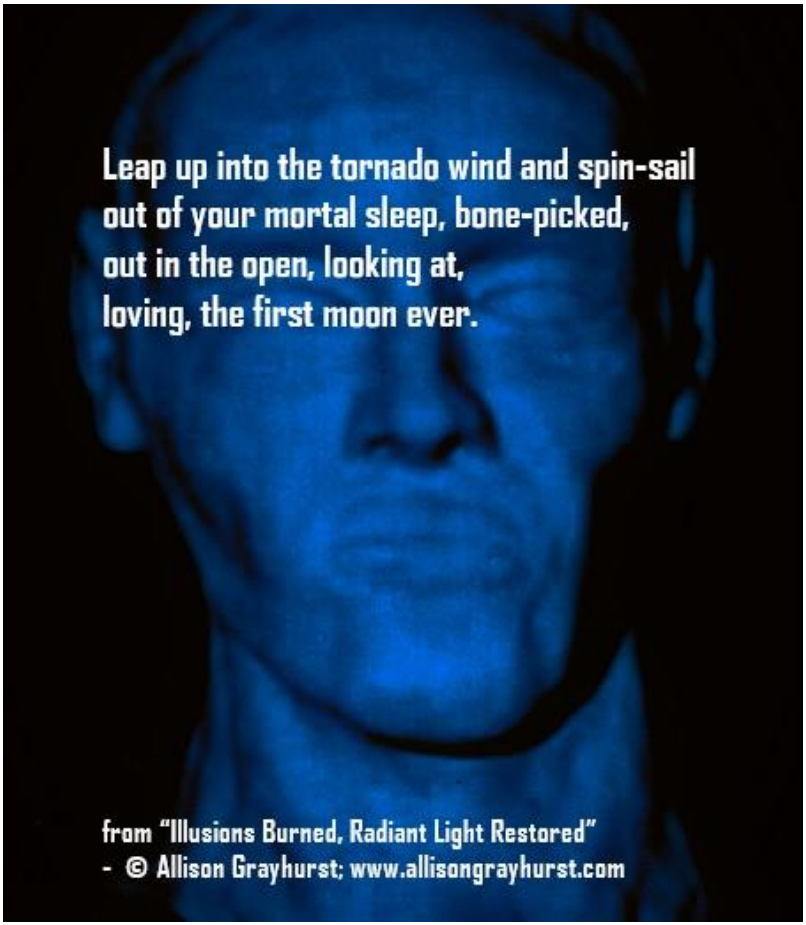
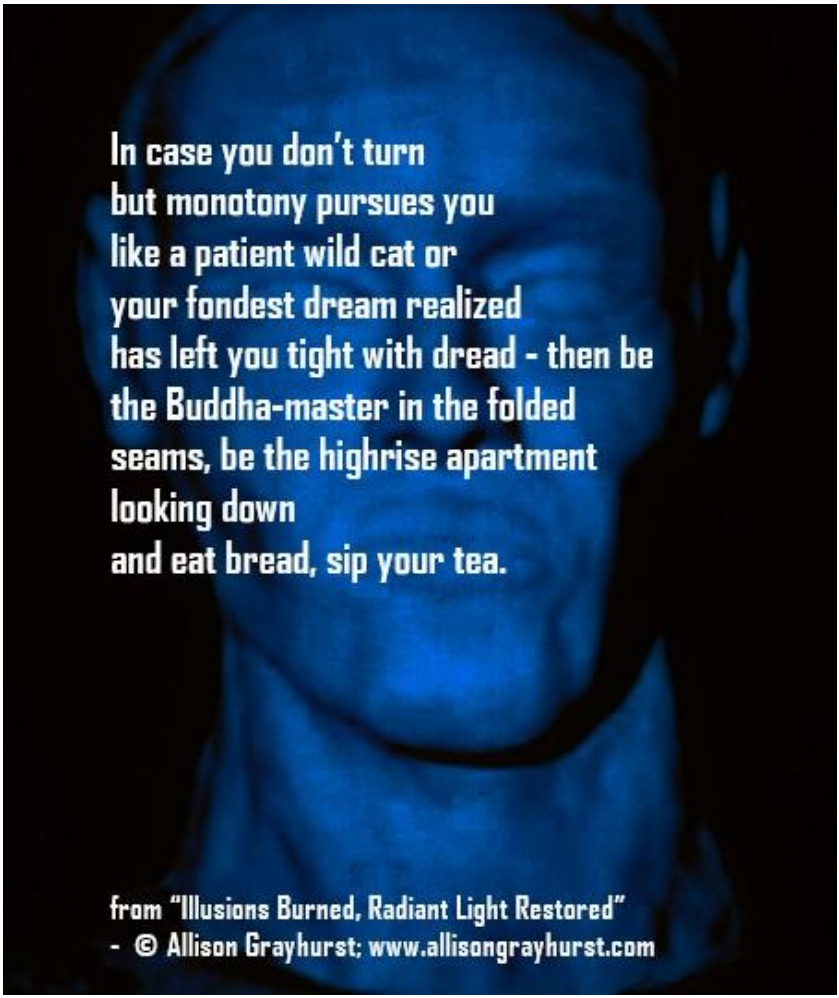
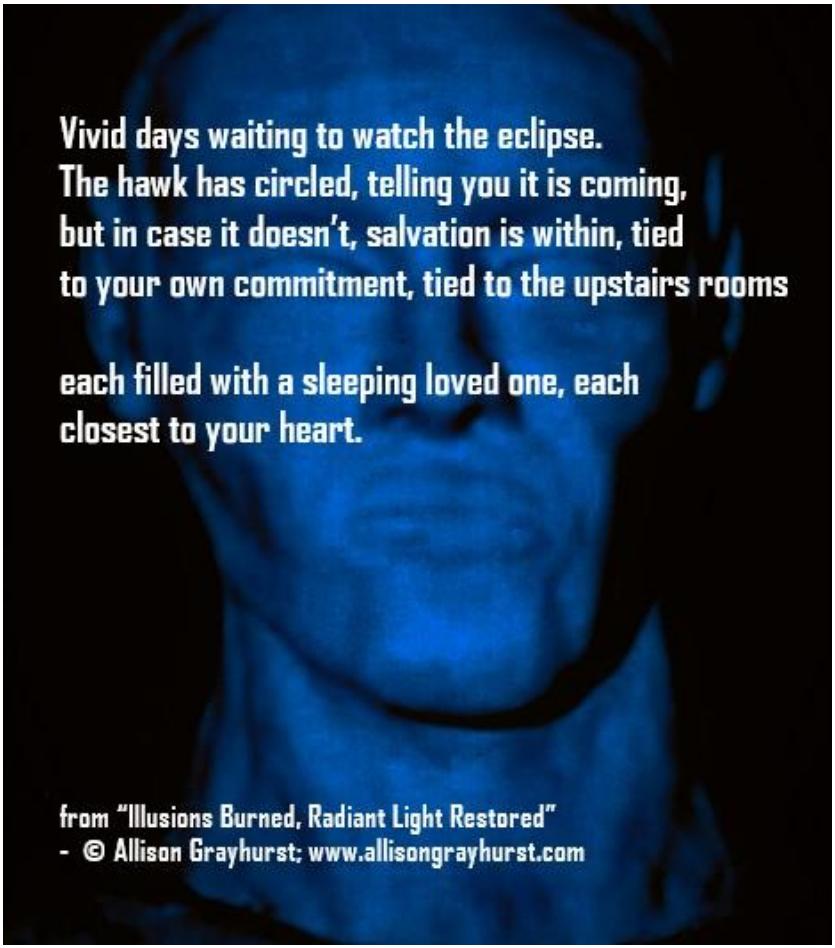

Leap up into the tornado wind and spin-sail
out of your mortal sleep, bone-picked,
out in the open, looking at,
loving, the first moon ever.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com


In case you don't turn
but monotony pursues you
like a patient wild cat or
your fondest dream realized
has left you tight with dread - then be
the Buddha-master in the folded
seams, be the highrise apartment
looking down
and eat bread, sip your tea.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



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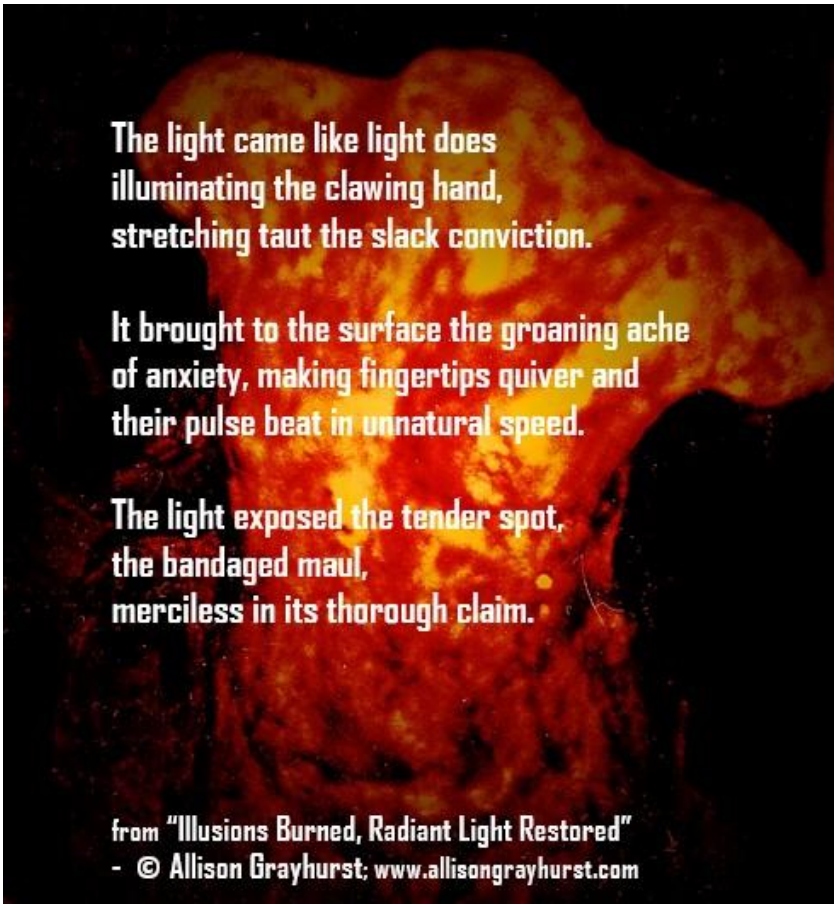
The light came like light does
illuminating the clawing hand,
stretching taut the slack conviction.
It brought to the surface the groaning ache
of anxiety, making fingertips quiver and
their pulse beat in unnatural speed.
The light exposed the tender spot,
the bandaged maul,
merciless in its thorough claim.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
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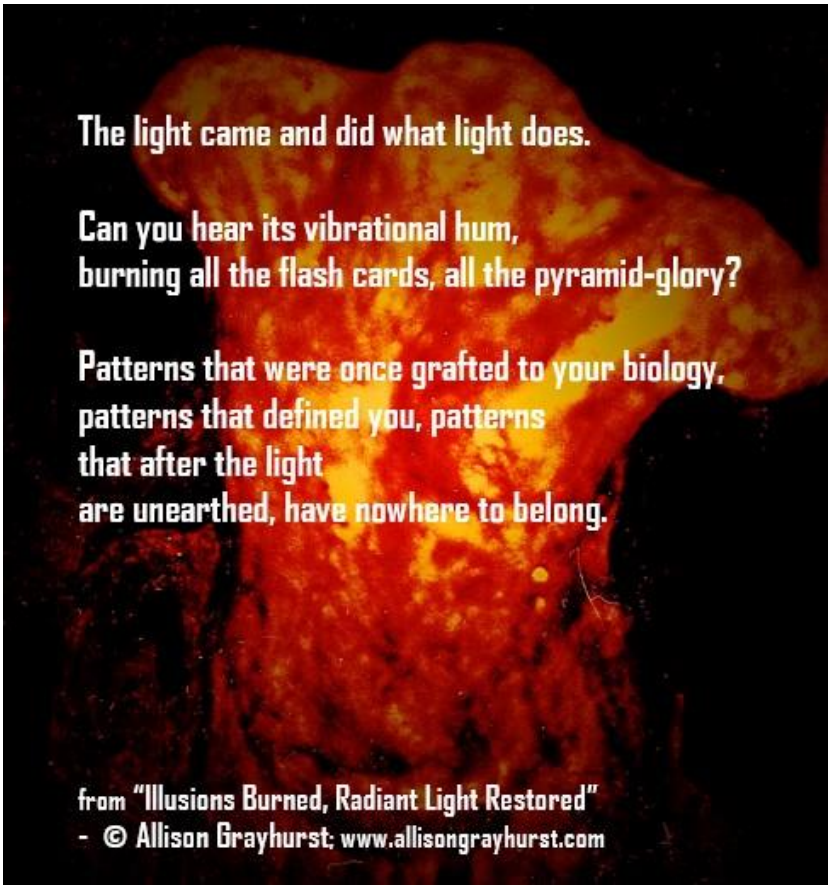
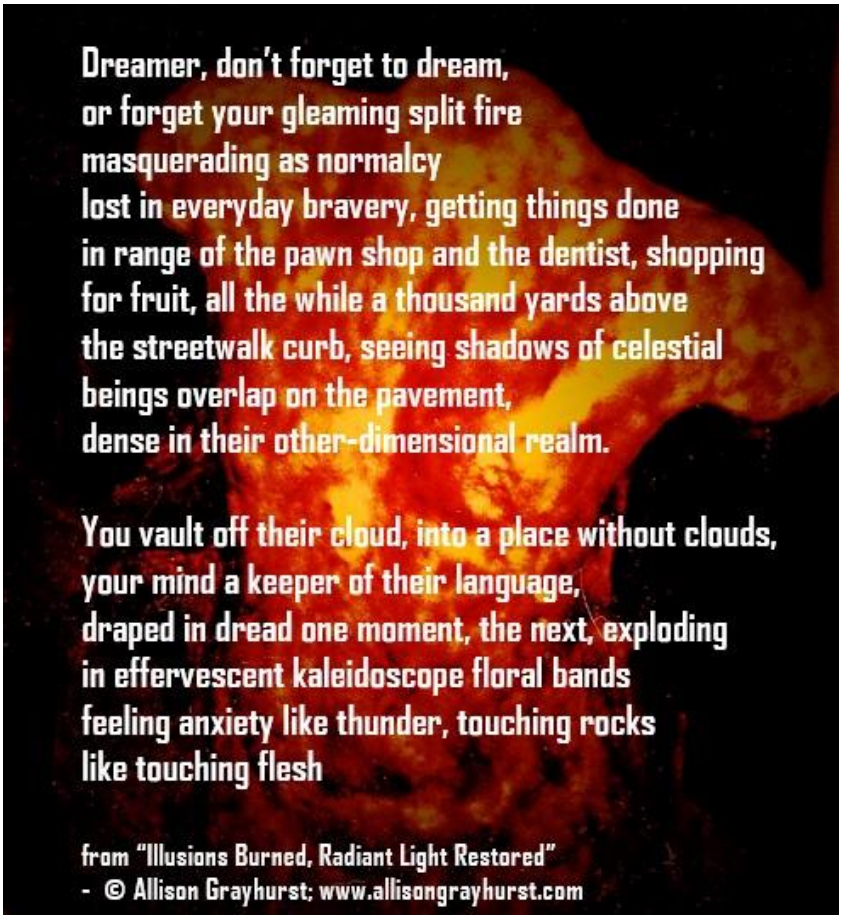

The light came and did what light does.
Can you hear its vibrational hum,
burning all the flash cards, all the pyramid-glory?
Patterns that were once grafted to your biology,
patterns that defined you, patterns
that after the light
are unearthed, have nowhere to belong.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



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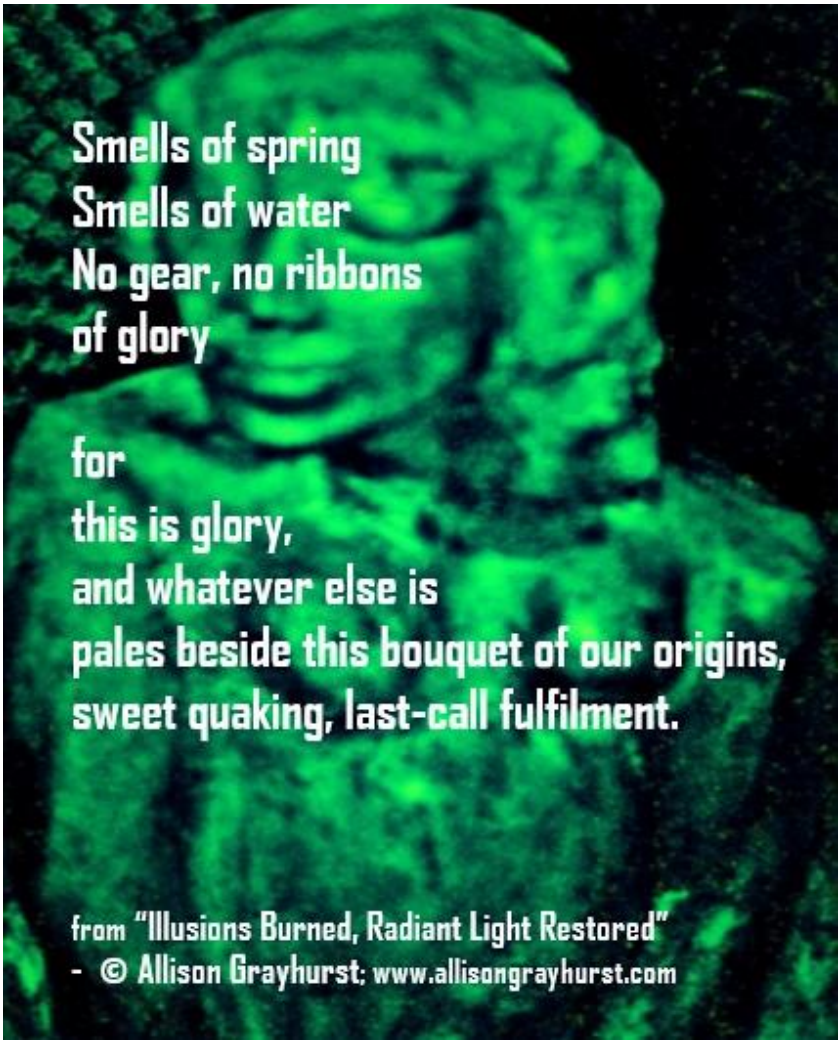
Smells of spring
Smells of water
No gear, no ribbons
of glory
for
this is glory,
and whatever else is
pales beside this bouquet of our origins,
sweet quaking, last-call fulfilment.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
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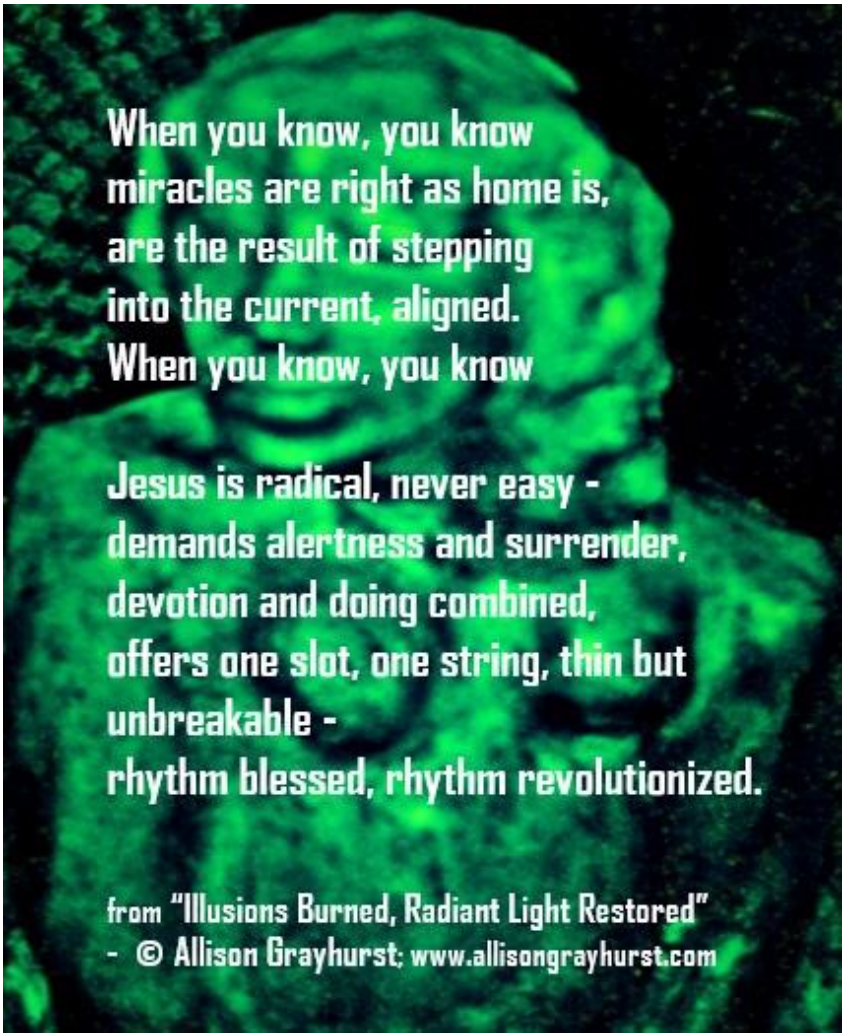
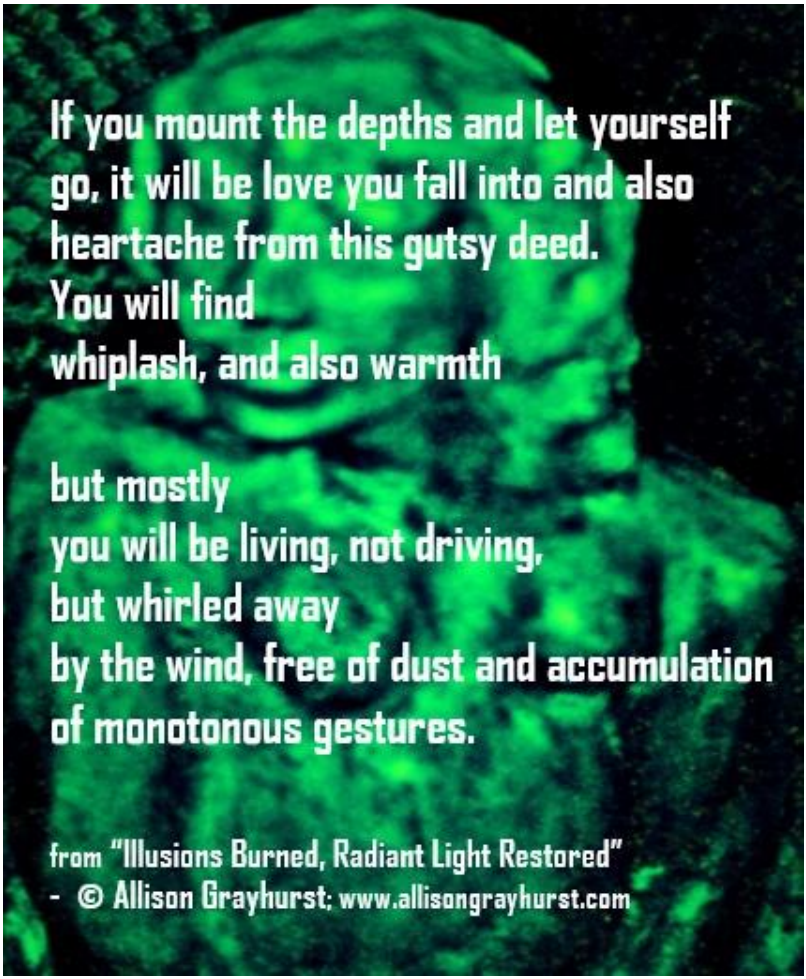

When you know, you know
miracles are right as home is,
are the result of stepping
into the current, aligned.
When you know, you know
Jesus is radical, never easy -
demands alertness and surrender,
devotion and doing combined,
offers one slot, one string, thin but
unbreakable -
rhythm blessed, rhythm revolutionized.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored"
- © Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com



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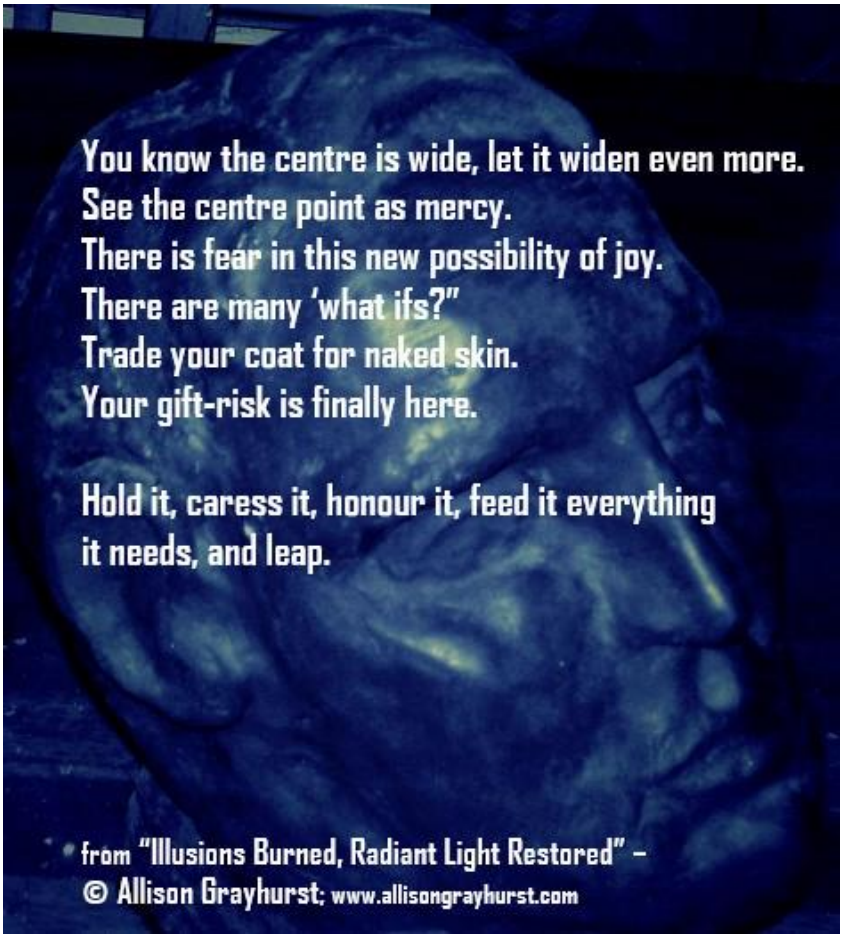
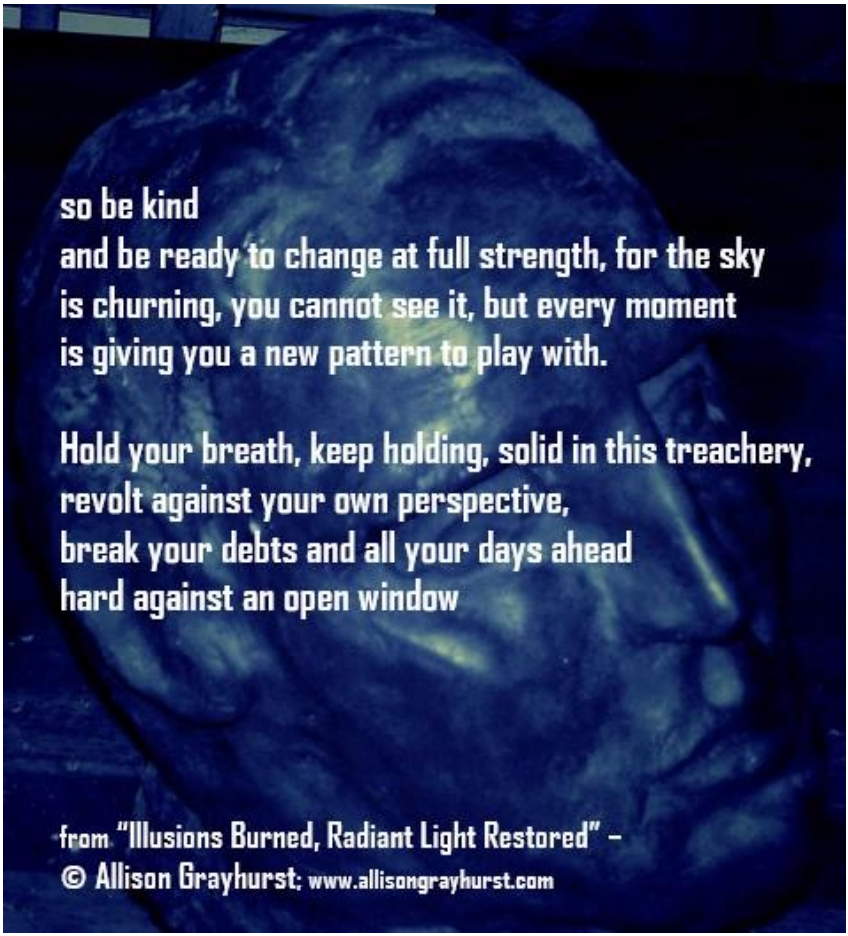

You know the centre is wide, let it widen even more.
See the centre point as mercy.
There is fear in this new possibility of joy.
There are many 'what ifs?"
Trade your coat for naked skin.
Your gift-risk is finally here.
Hold it, caress it, honour it, feed it everything
it needs, and leap.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored" –
© Allison Grayhurst; www.allisongrayhurst.com


so be kind
and be ready to change at full strength, for the sky
is churning, you cannot see it, but every moment
is giving you a new pattern to play with.
Hold your breath, keep holding, solid in this treachery,
revolt against your own perspective,
break your debts and all your days ahead
hard against an open window
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored" –
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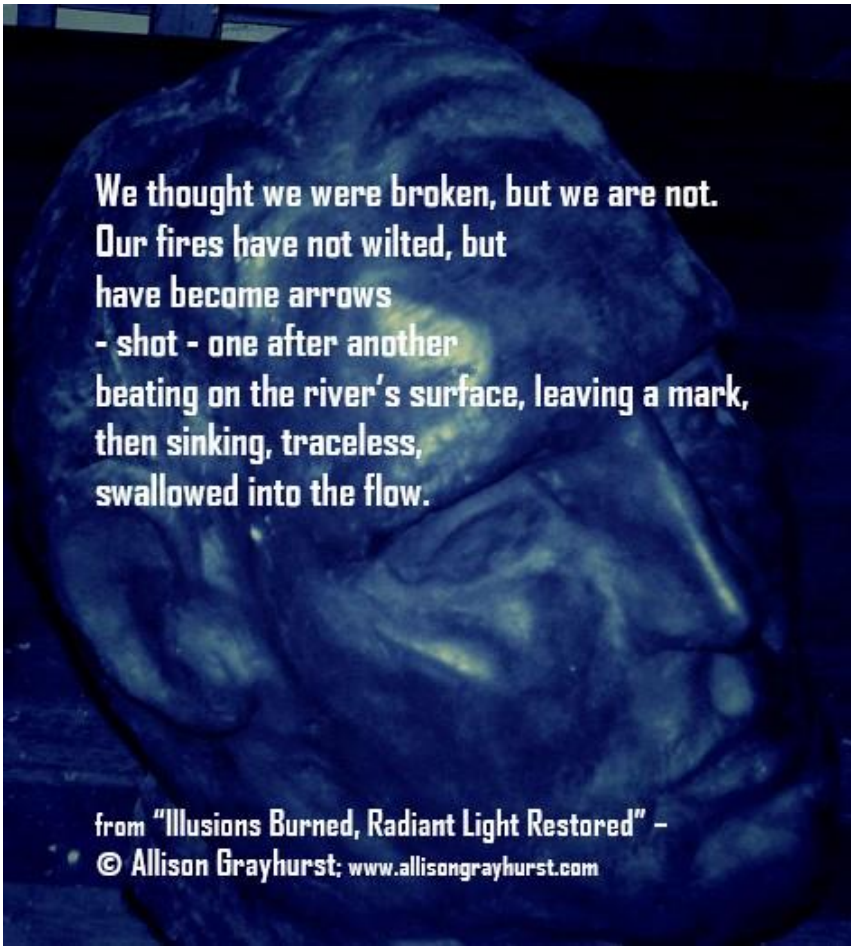

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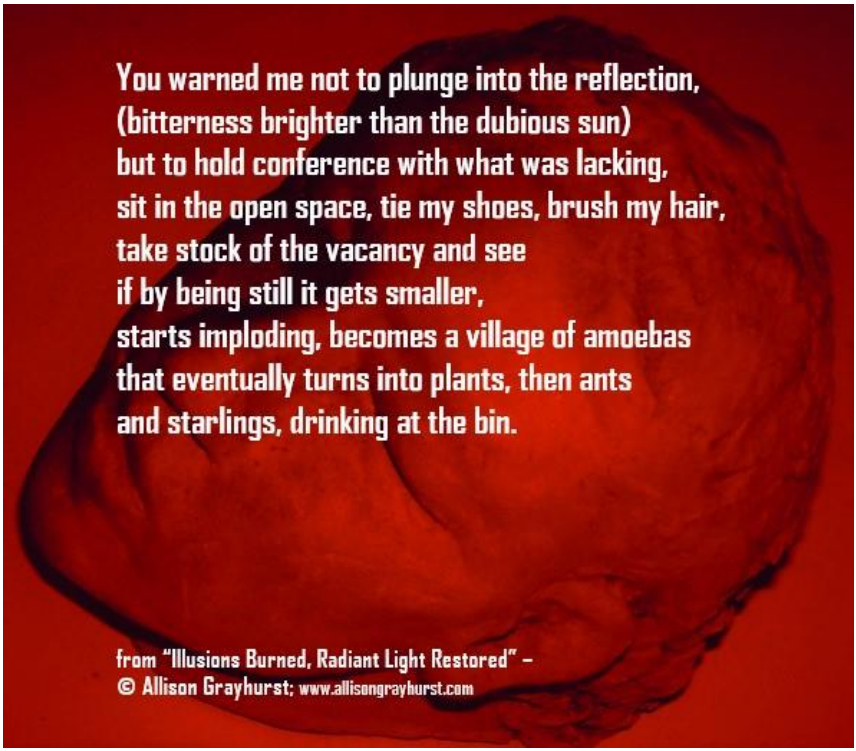
You warned me not to plunge into the reflection,
(bitterness brighter than the dubious sun)
but to hold conference with what was lacking,
sit in the open space, tie my shoes, brush my hair,
take stock of the vacancy and see
if by being still it gets smaller,
starts imploding, becomes a village of amoebas
that eventually turns into plants, then ants
and starlings, drinking at the bin.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored" –
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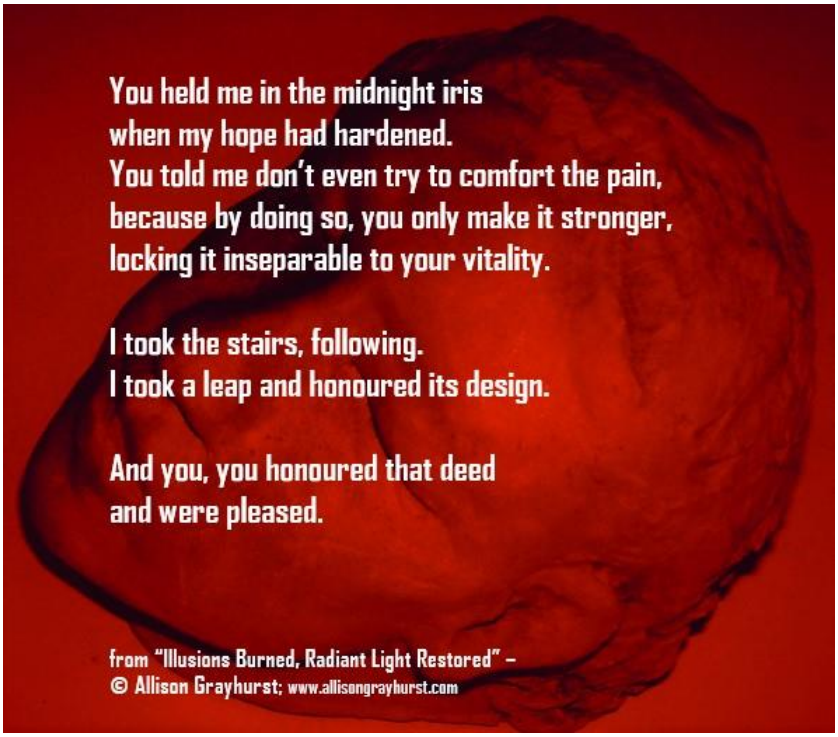
You held me in the midnight iris
when my hope had hardened.
You told me don't even try to comfort the pain,
because by doing so, you only make it stronger,
locking it inseparable to your vitality.
I took the stairs, following.
I took a leap and honoured its design.
And you, you honoured that deed
and were pleased.
from "Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored" –
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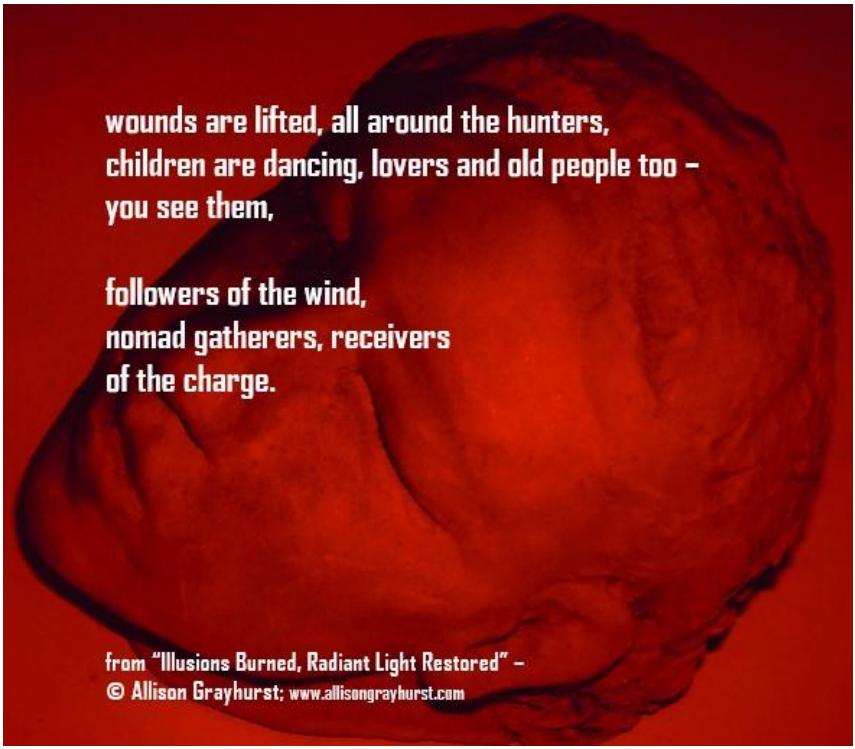

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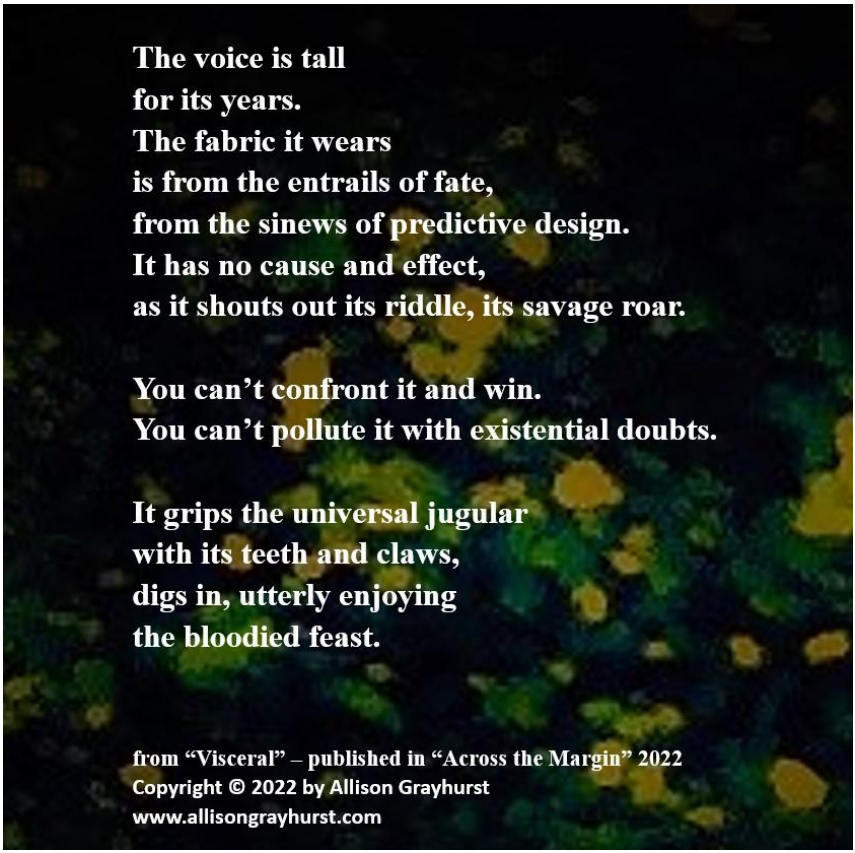

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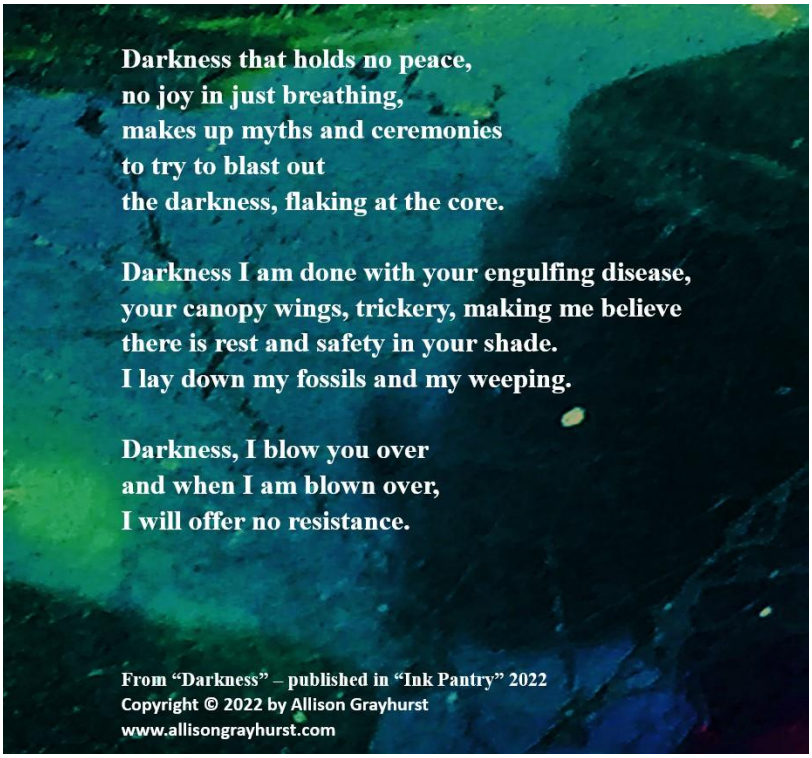

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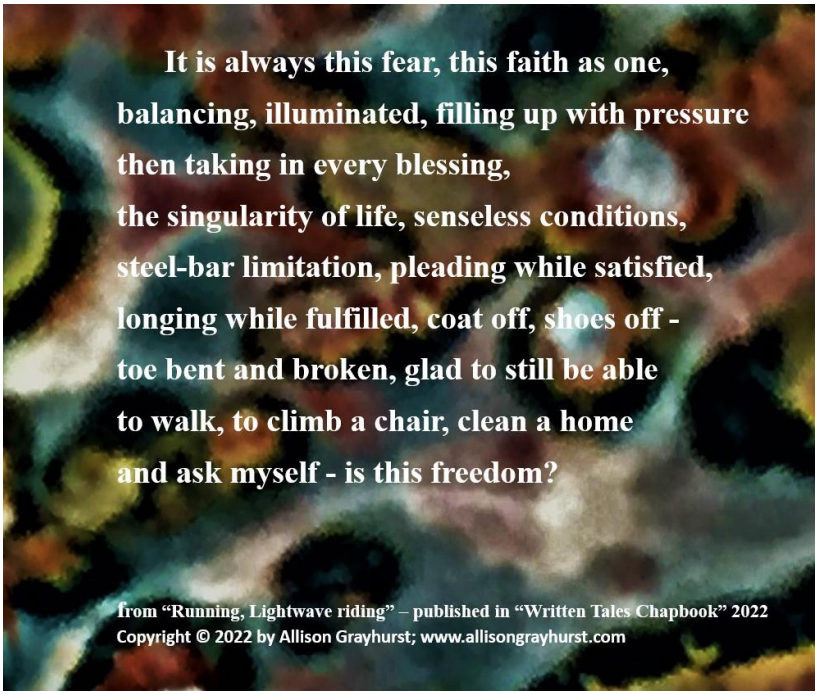

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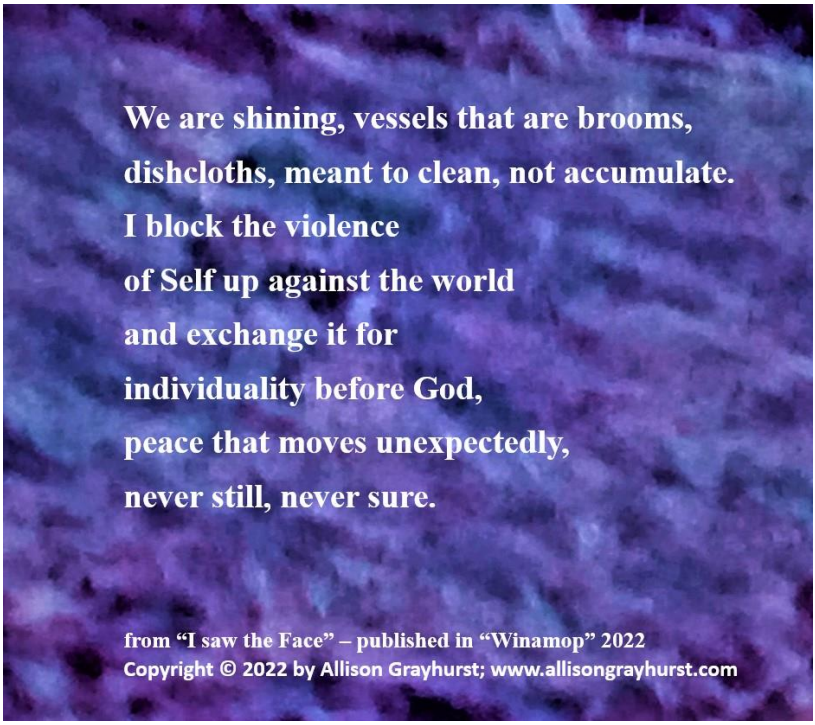

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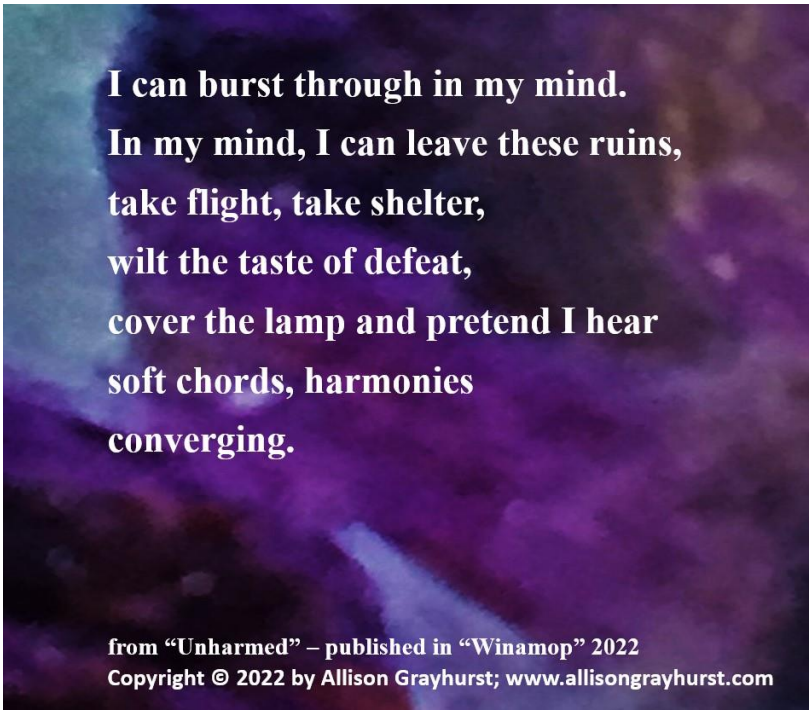

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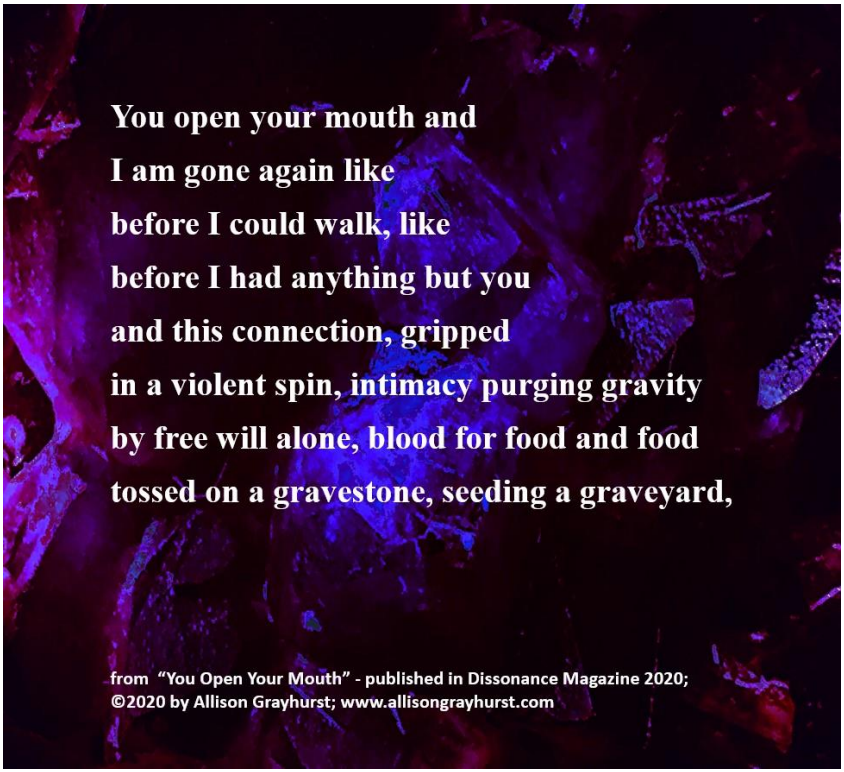

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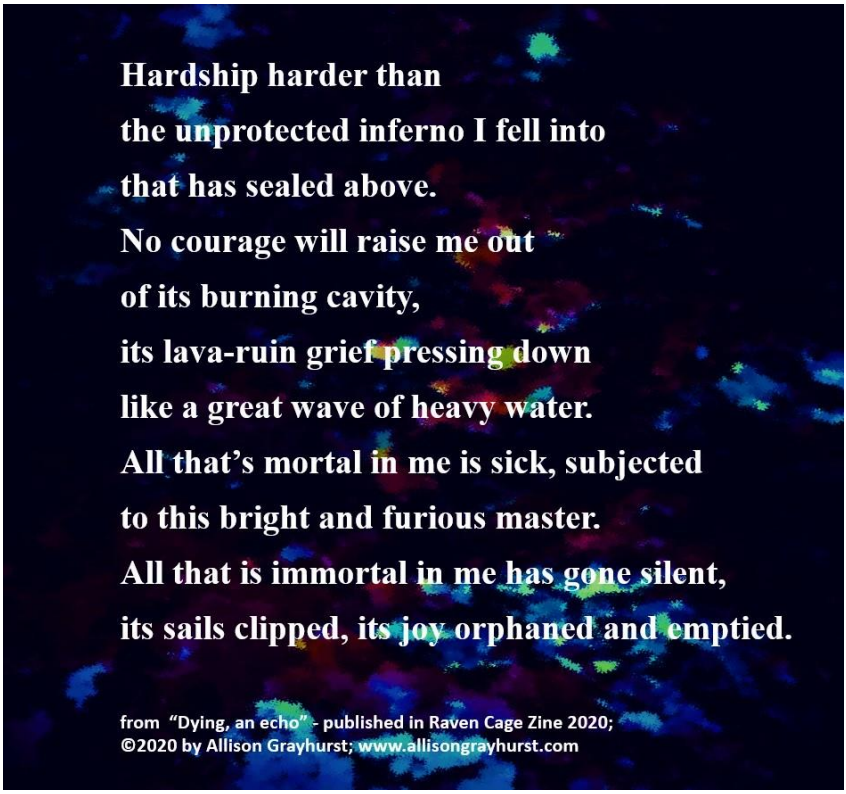

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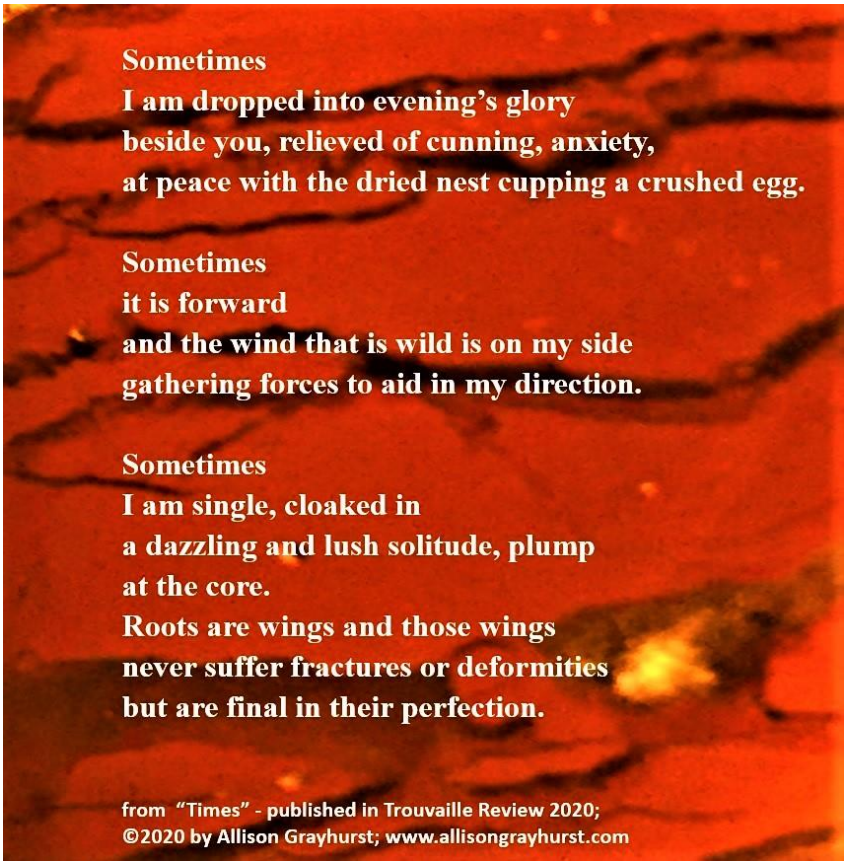

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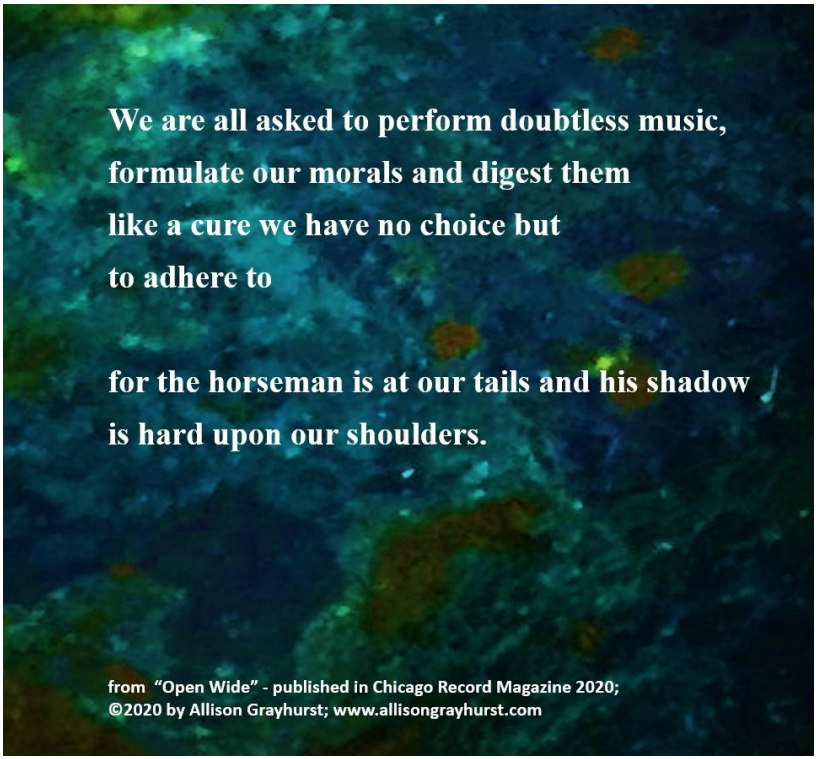

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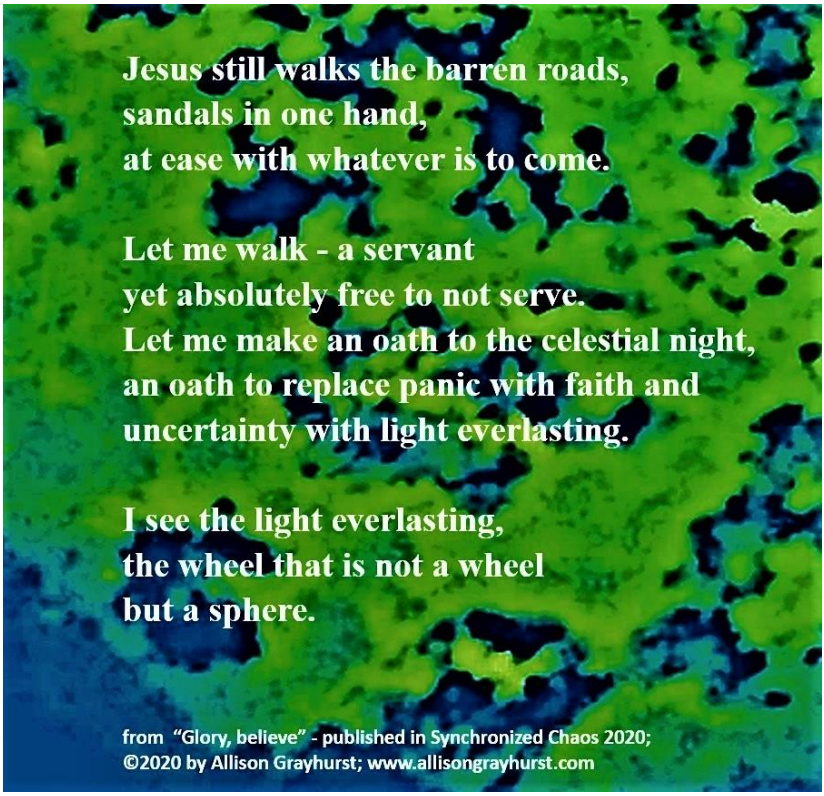

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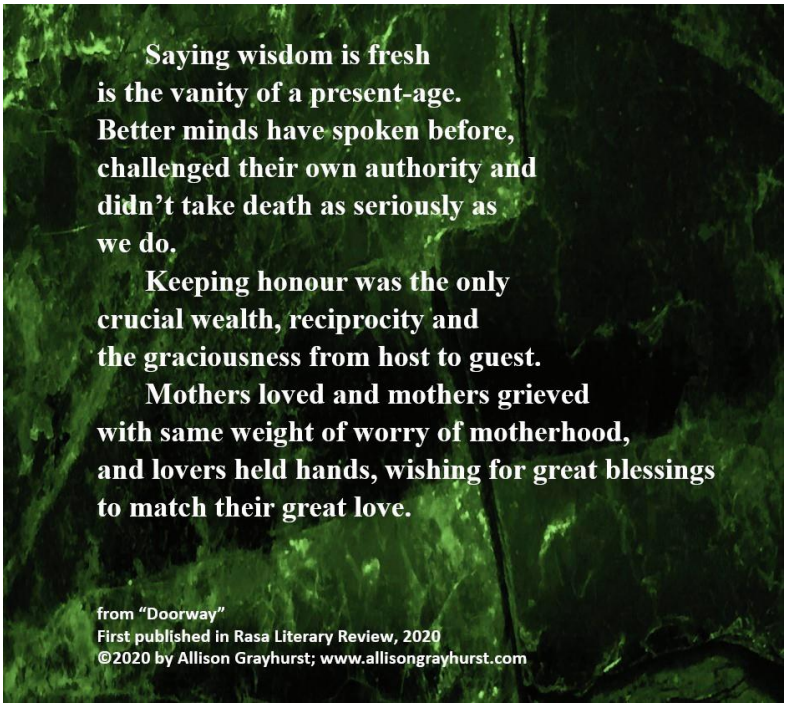

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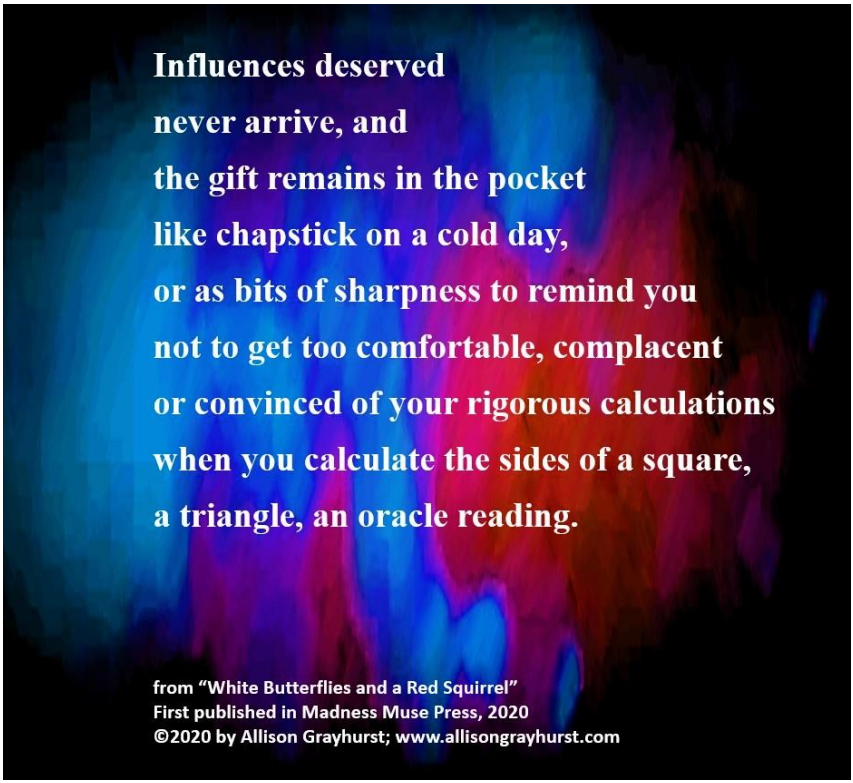

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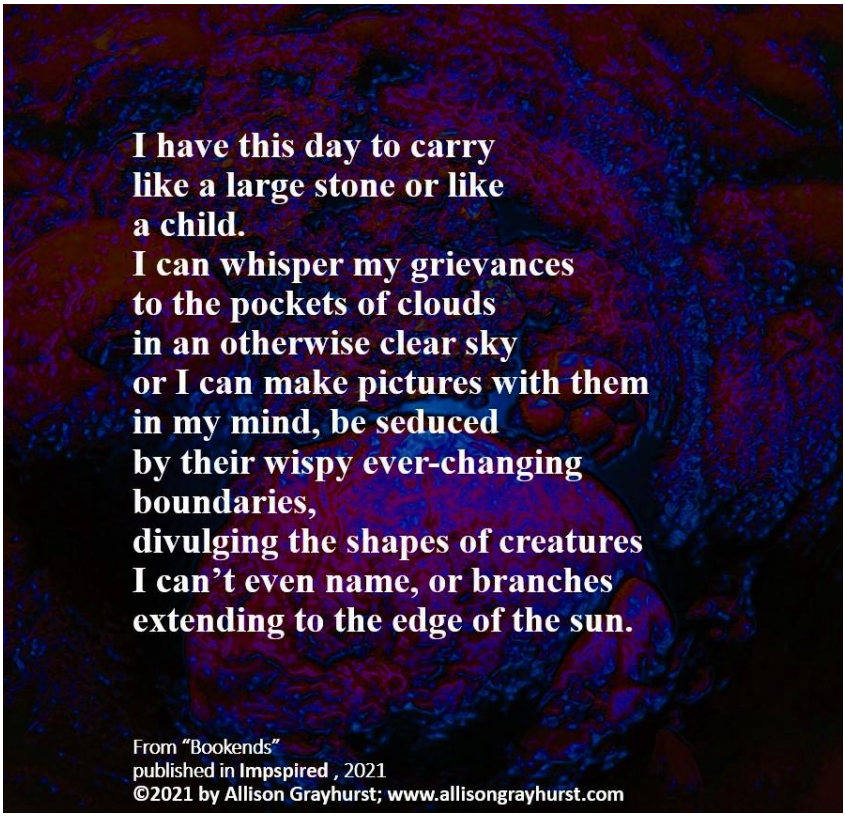

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/04/bookends/

So much already surprised us,
the seizure thinning of sanity, thickening
chaotic bile.
The loss, barely bearable,
the ineffectualness of love,
all kaleidoscopes shattered, every facet of our beings,
bent to, immersed in, fragility.

It wasn't the stars -
they are always saying
hoot! and ahhhh!
it has never been them nor
their sway upon our inner equilibrium and
our outer balancing of gravity.
It wasn't even how deep and involved our prayers were
or even our feeble masks of courage,
denting our dignity so we could have a new form to try on,
taste, and learn what taste is, yet again.

from "Wedding Band"; published in Synchronized Chaos, 2021
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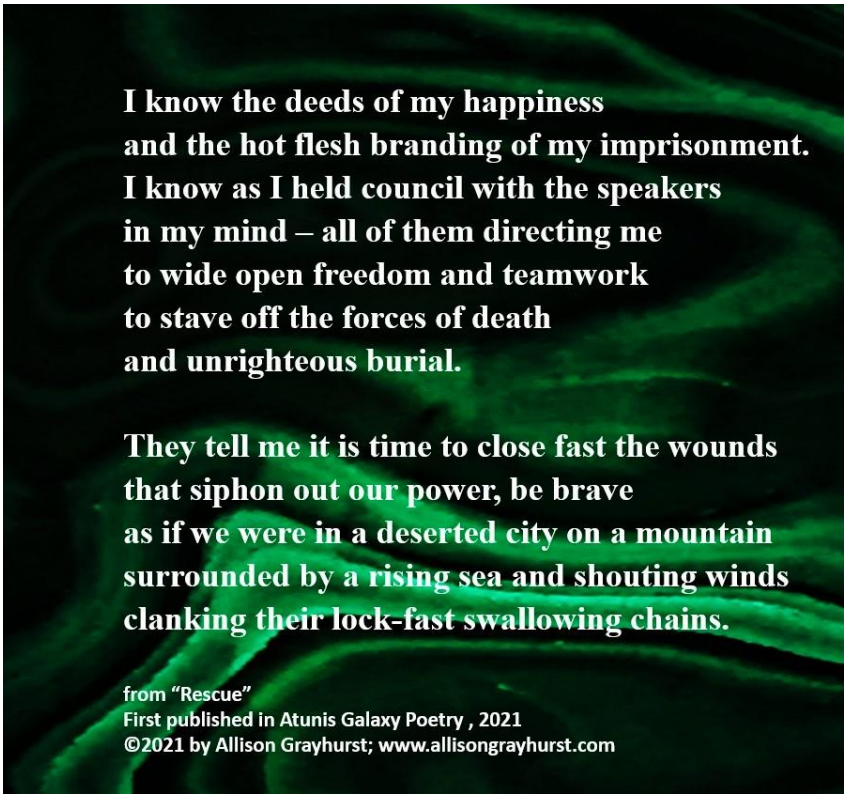
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/06/wedding-band/



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/23/rescue/

When I will move forward,
I have no clue, not yet.
That I will move forward is inevitable, so
I will not wrestle the quiet,
will not feel myself abandoned.

I hear a faint breeze moving
over there, over there.
I think I hear the first syllables
of my name

from "Lantern"
First published in Synchronized Chaos, 2021
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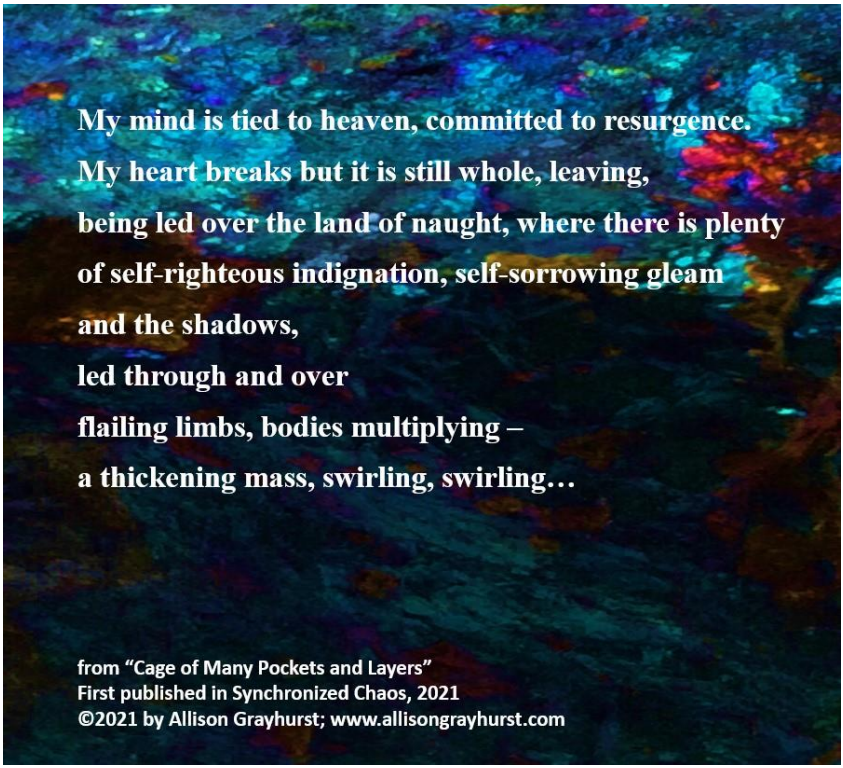
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/10/lantern/

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/05/down-between/



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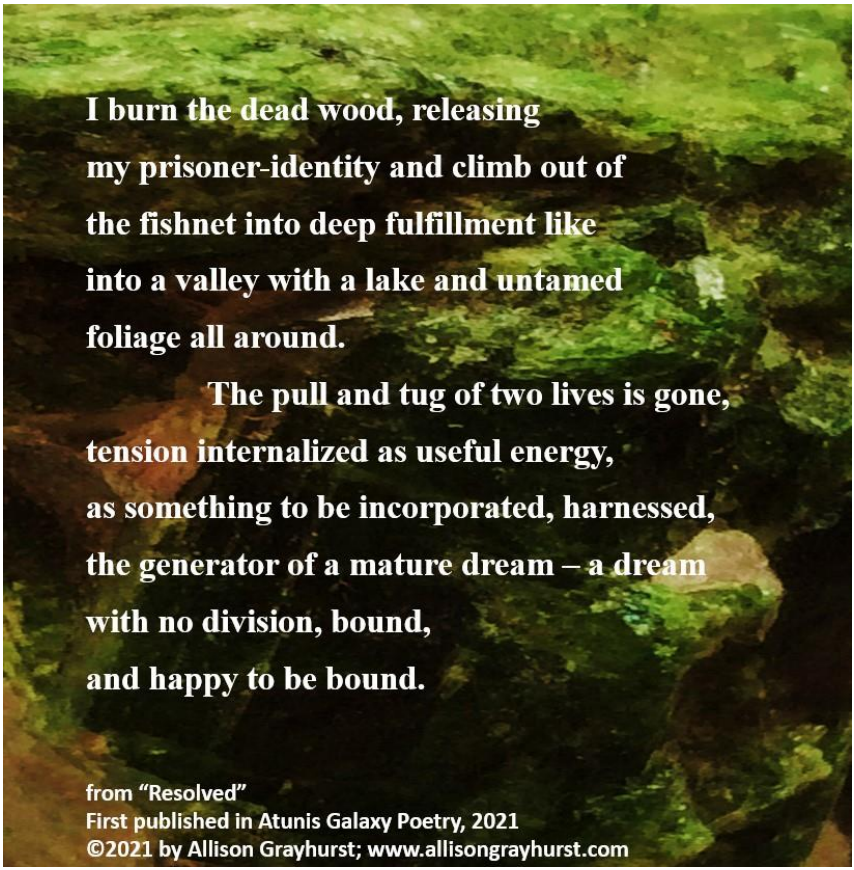

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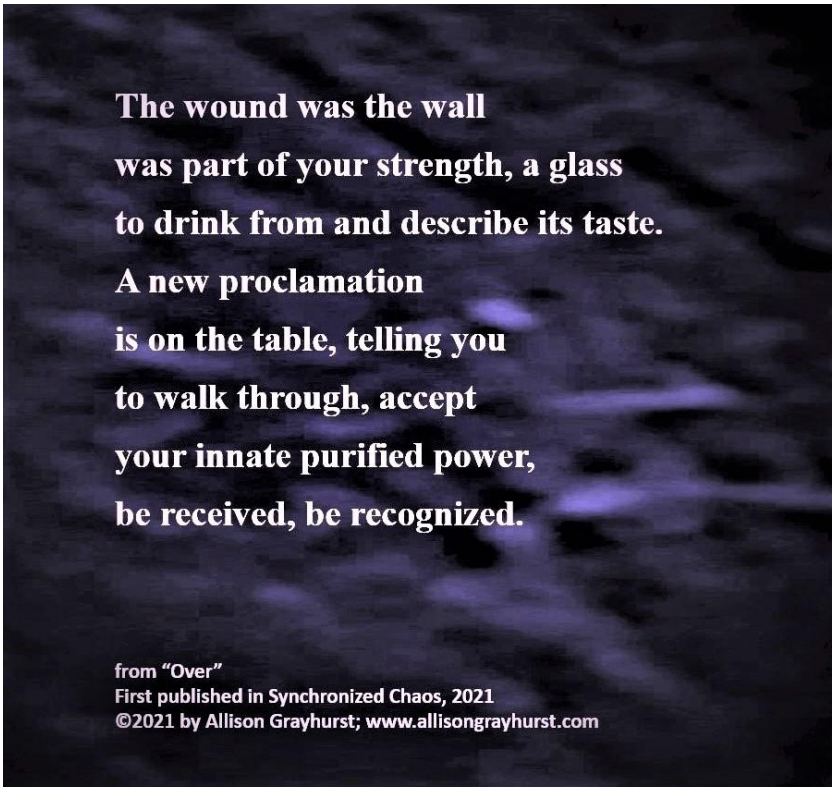

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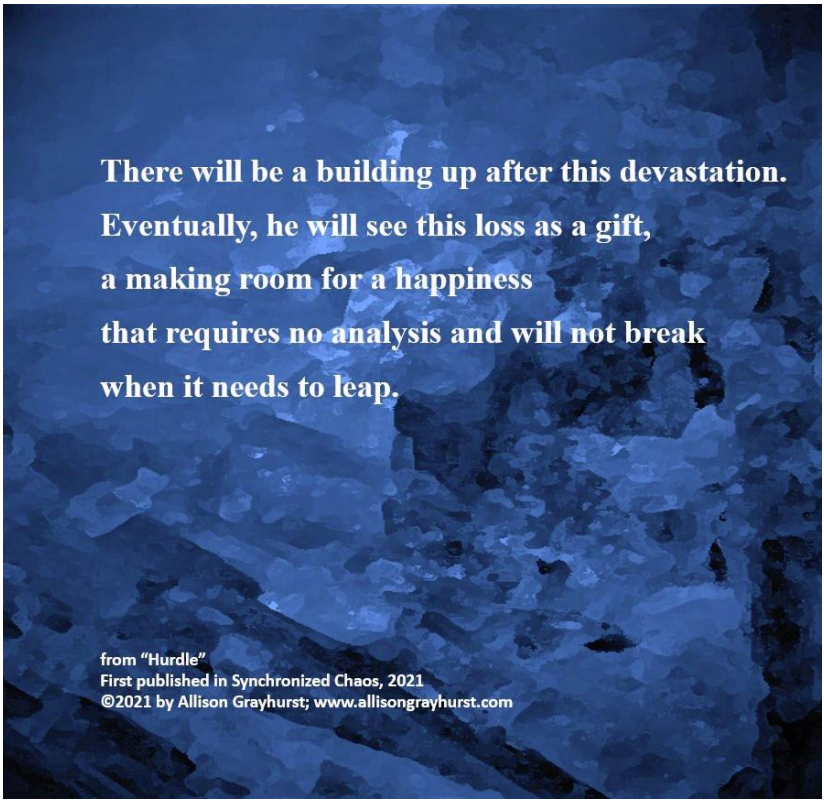

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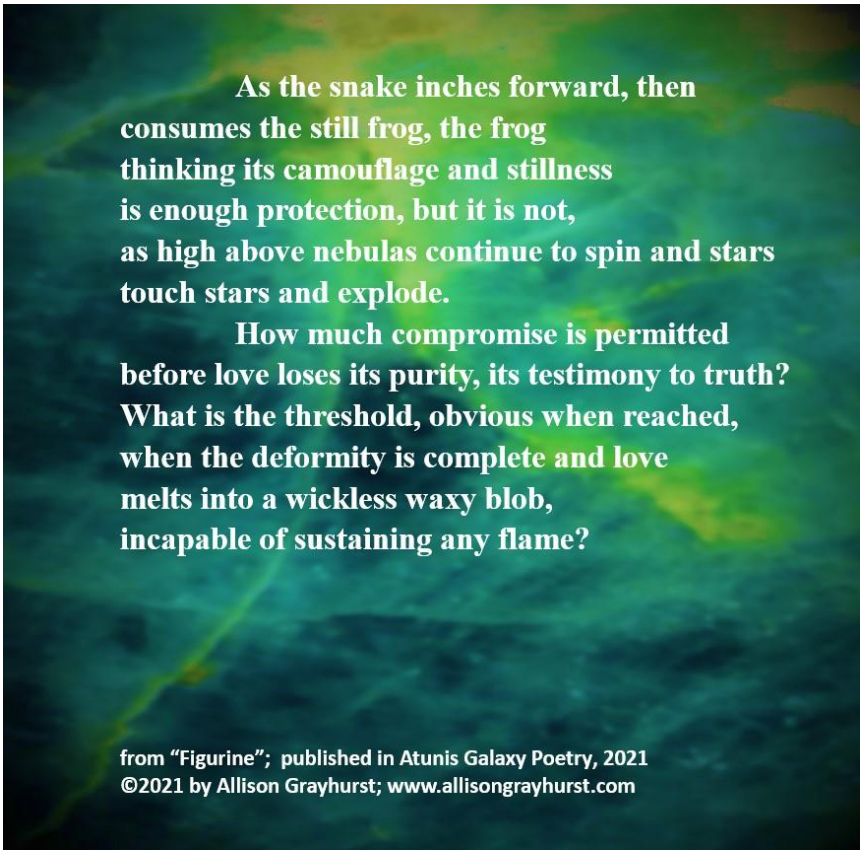

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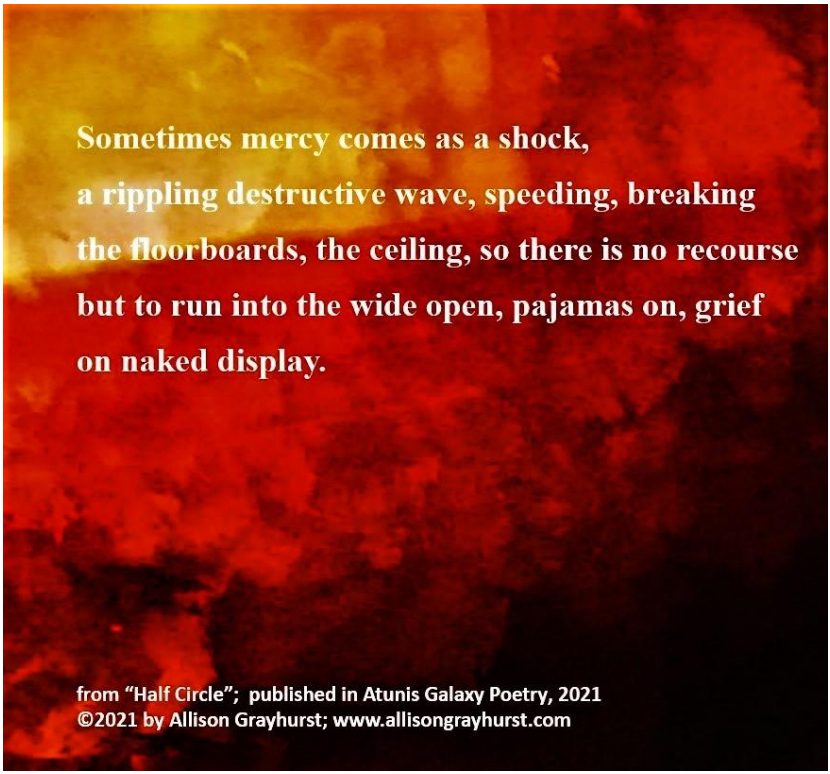

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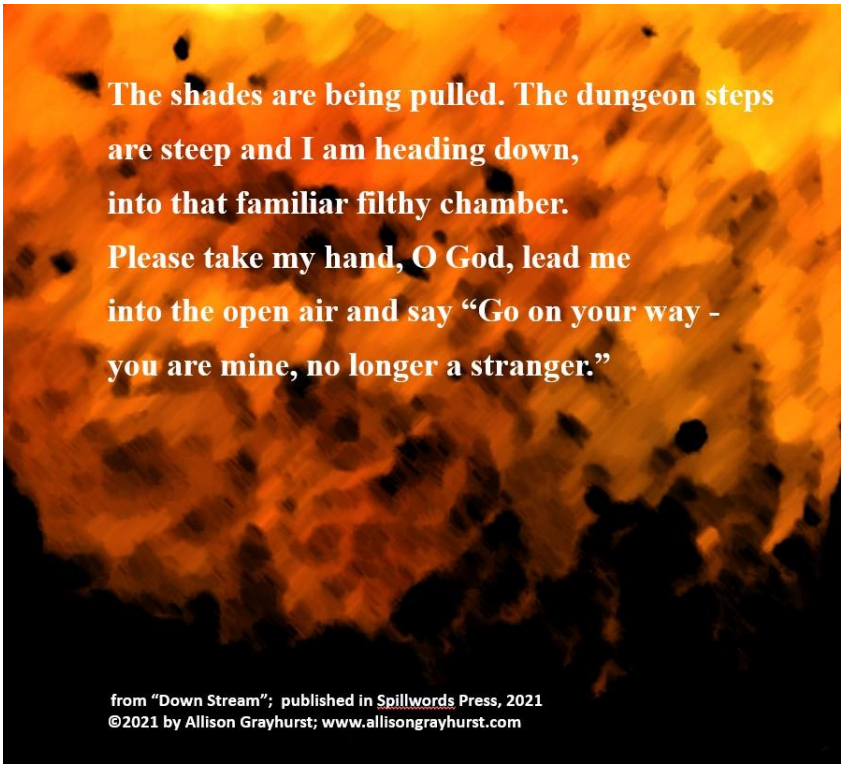

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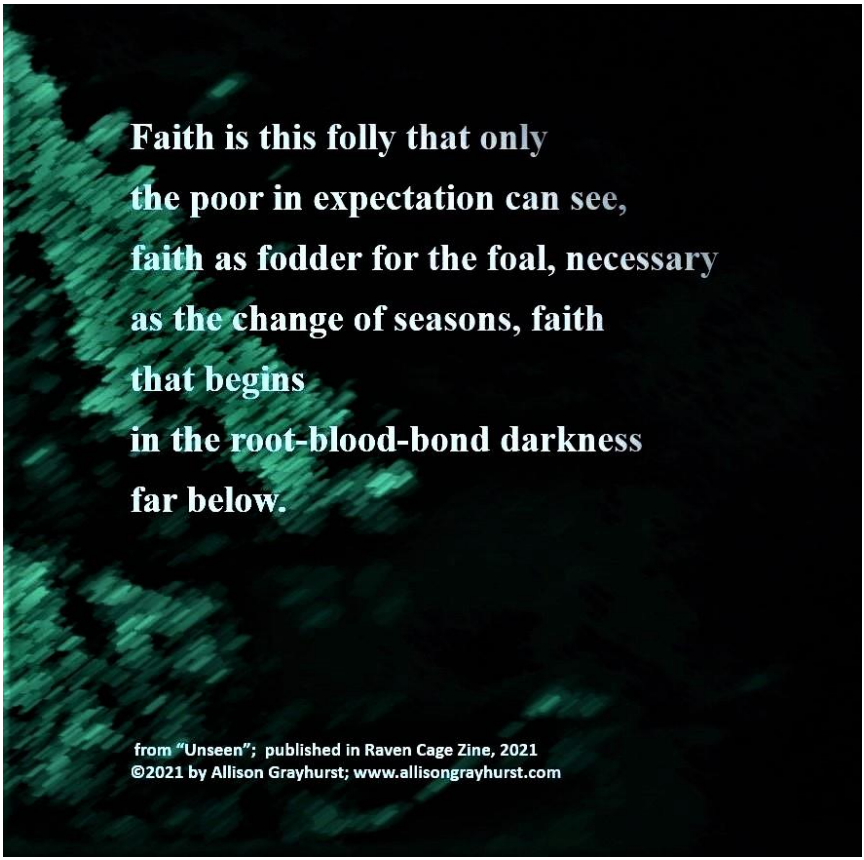

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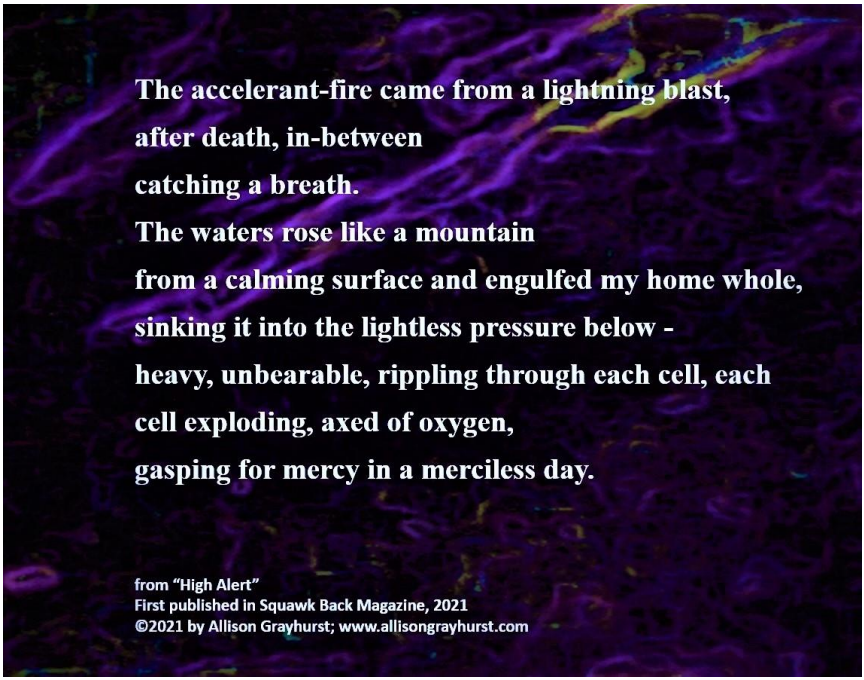

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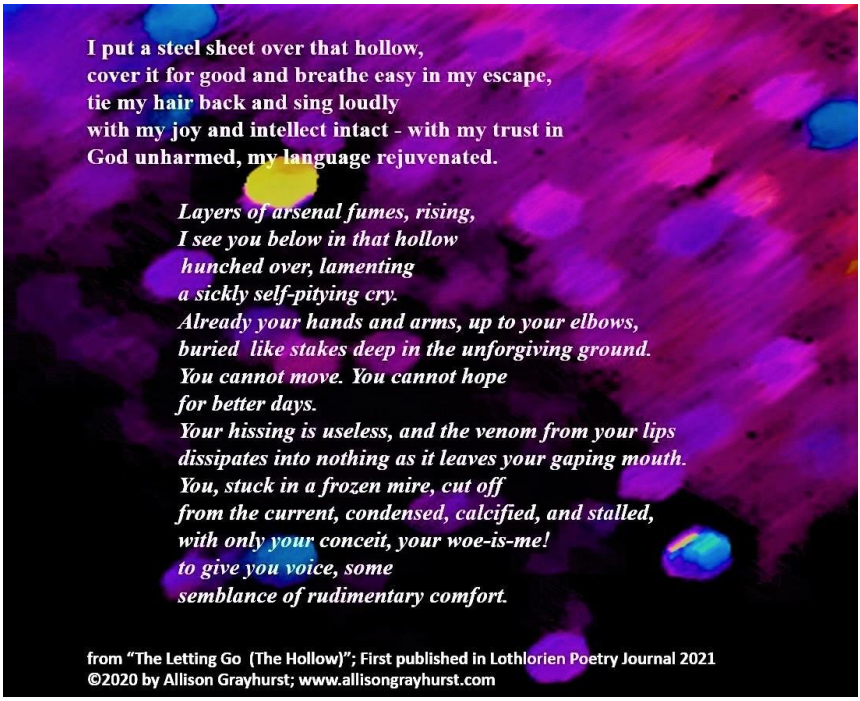

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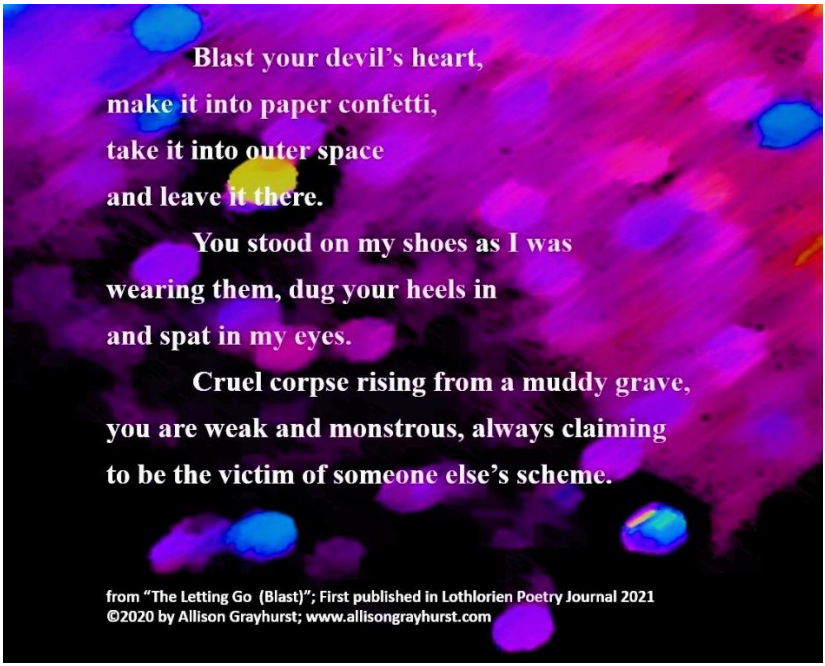

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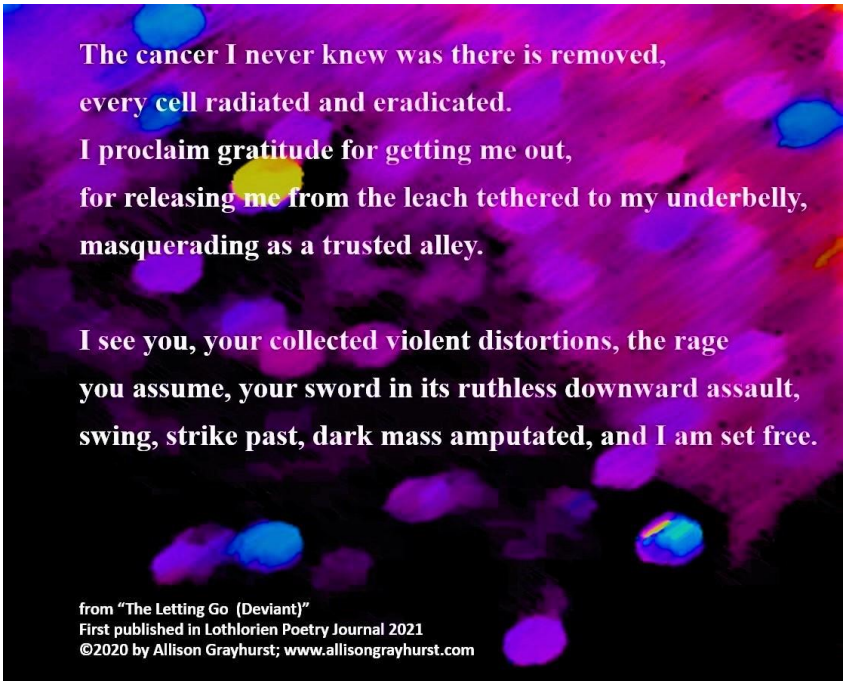

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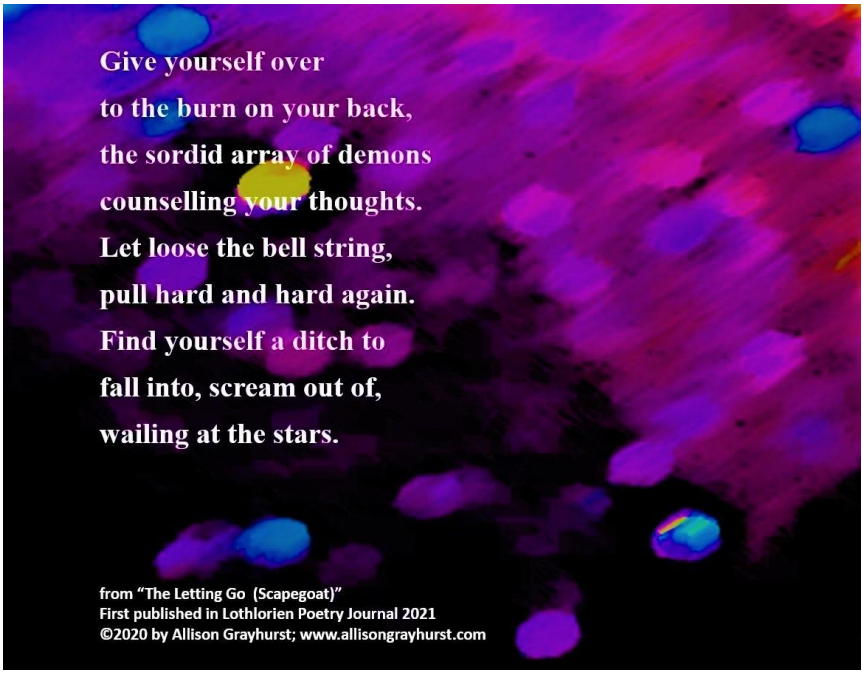

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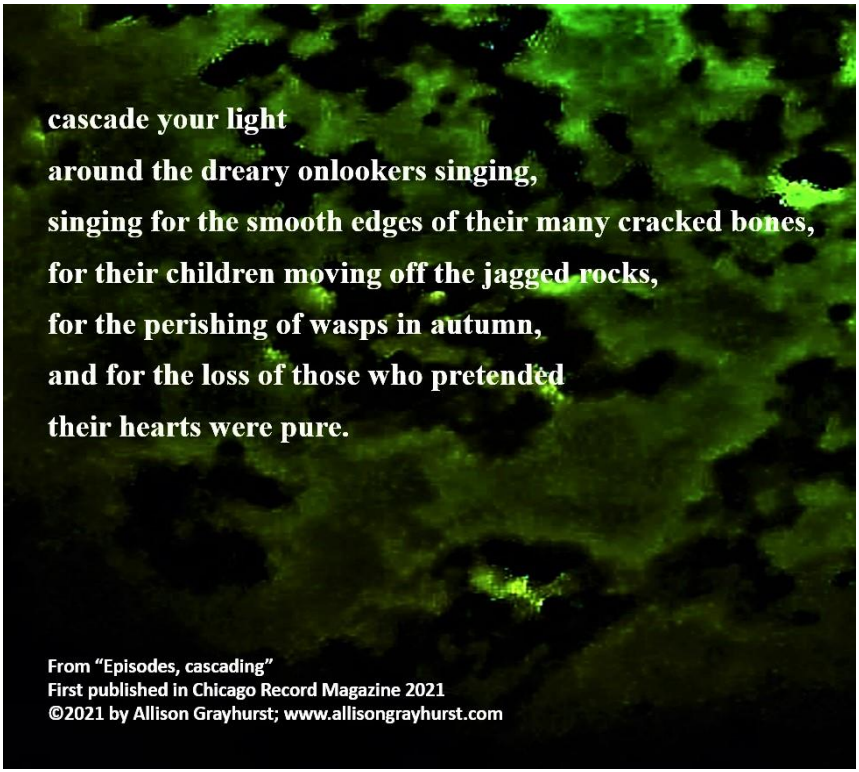

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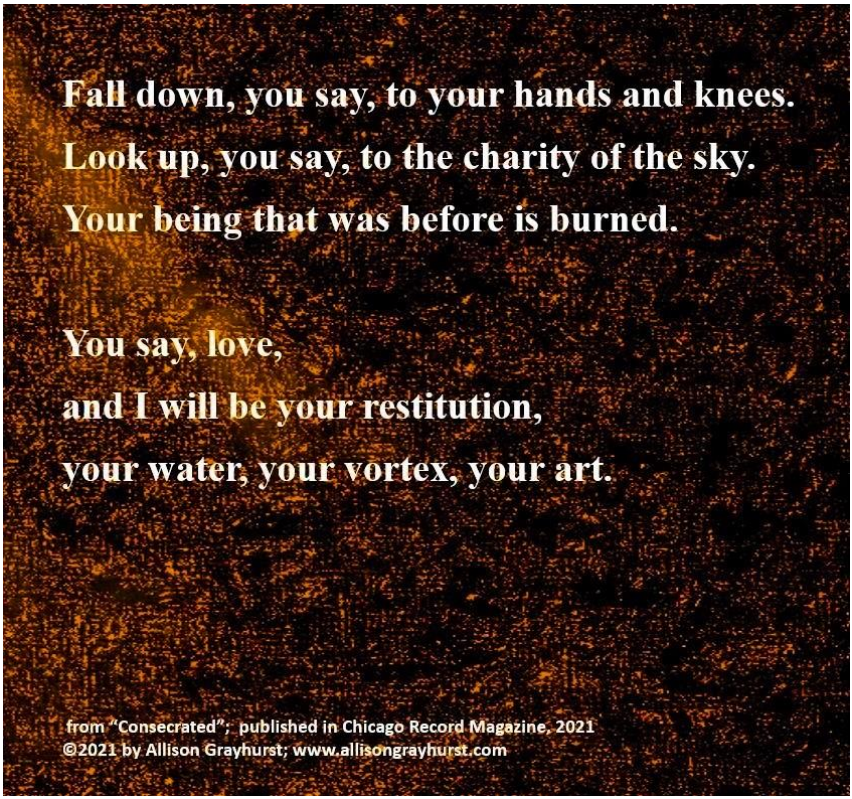

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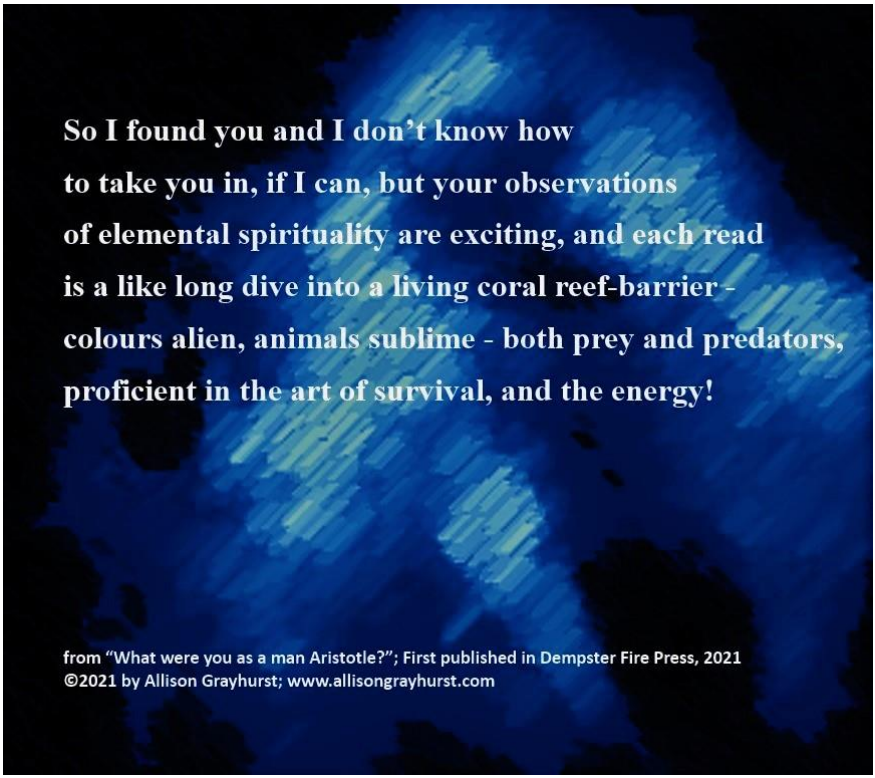

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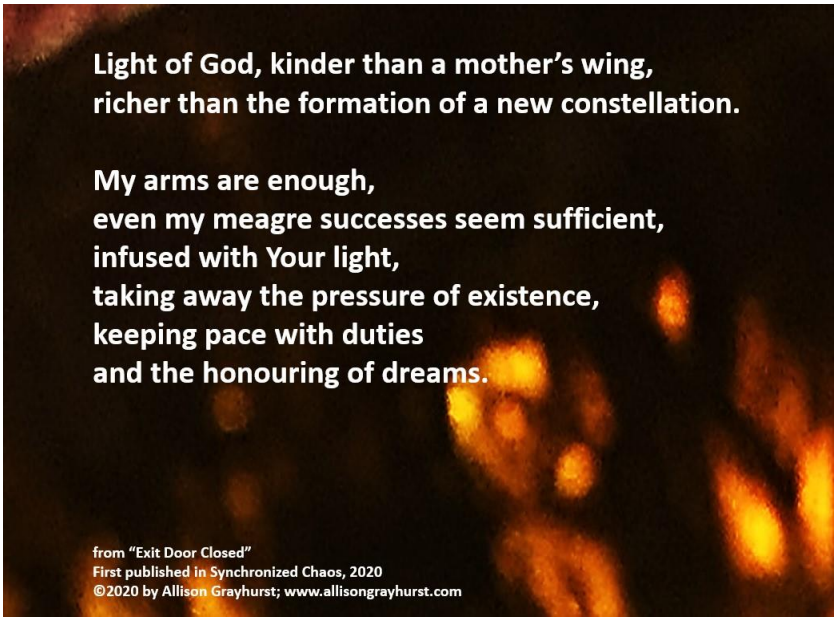

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/20/exit-door-closed/

How did I become an exile of all I held sacred,
hardly walking up the stairs,
every breath a banishment from life,
every resting position, a pressure on my chest
like an anvil coming down, down
and staying its weight, concave?

What do I see? Nothing. Value
has turned to ash.
Love holds my hand but cannot release me
from this hell.
I wake up and prayers have failed me,
all my understanding has crumbled
like wafer chips of dried-out clay -
eagle broken, sliced up on a sharp rock.

from "Dying, an echo"
First published in Raven Cage Zine, 2020
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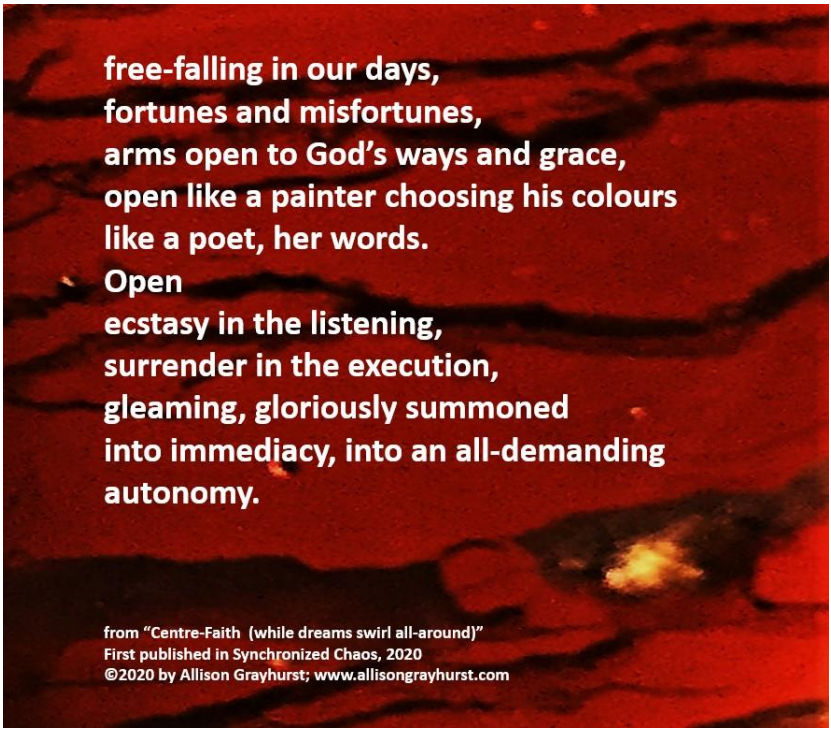
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/13/dying-an-echo/



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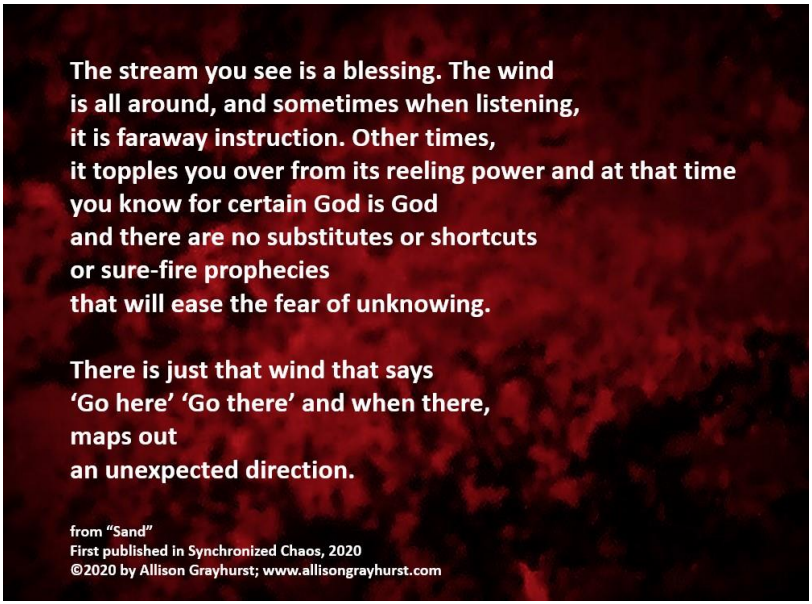

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/25/sand/

Because there is love between lovers
the broken shelf doesn't need replacing,
the pond can dry up and no one will lack fresh water.

Because a mother's love has no limits,
it stretches past darkness, obstacles,
remains fierce and tender at once.
She knows herself less important than that love and
all else perishes beside its glowing depths, worthless

from "Because,"
First published in Synchronized Chaos, 2020
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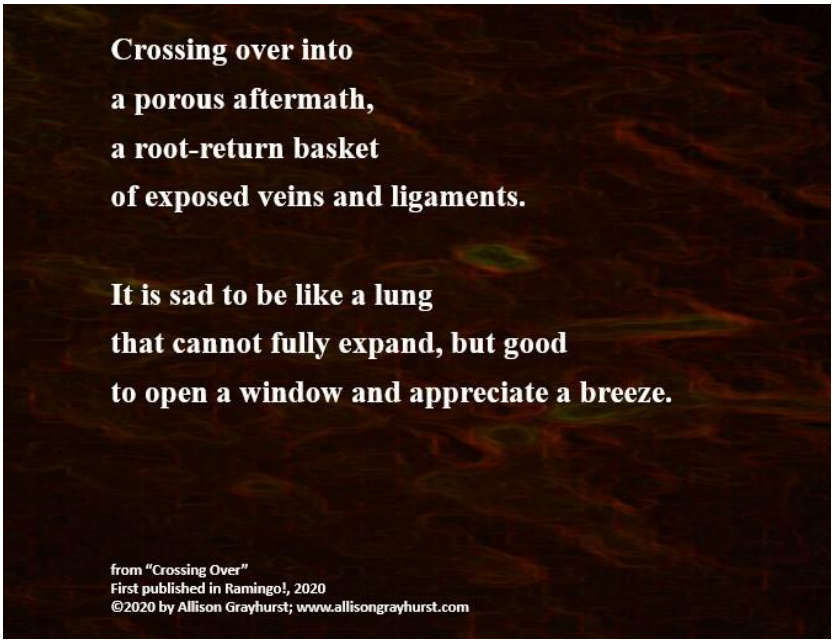
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/26/because-2/



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/07/30/crossing-over/

It is easy as taking off a coat on a warm day.
It is dialectics and you are at the nadir,
traveling the circle around, soon to rise.

Leave what you cannot afford to keep
as it is too invasive a burden
and you are ready to expand, stretch out,
canopy a richer domain, permitted
to be fully nourished and explore.

from "Advance"
First published in Madness Muse Press, 2020
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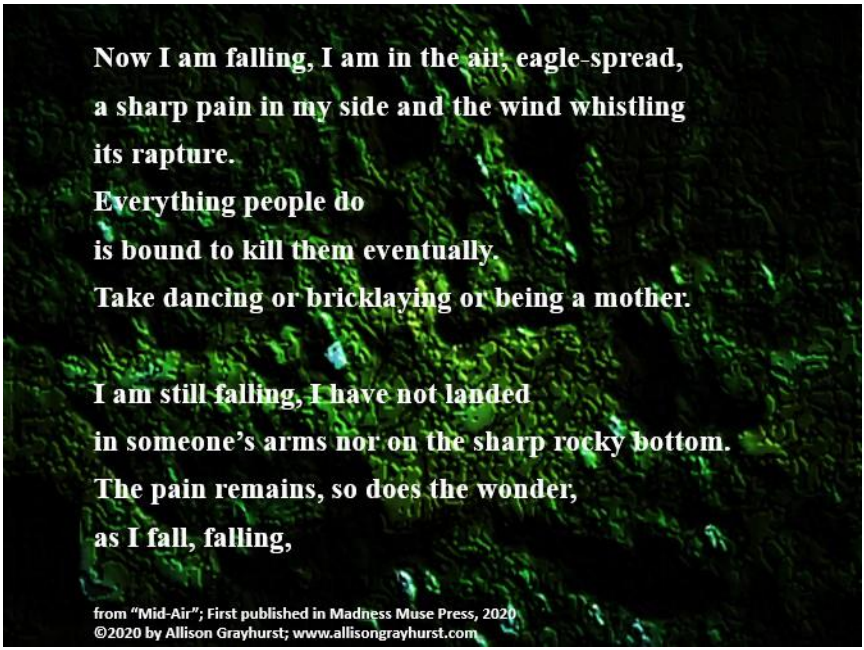
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/11/advance/



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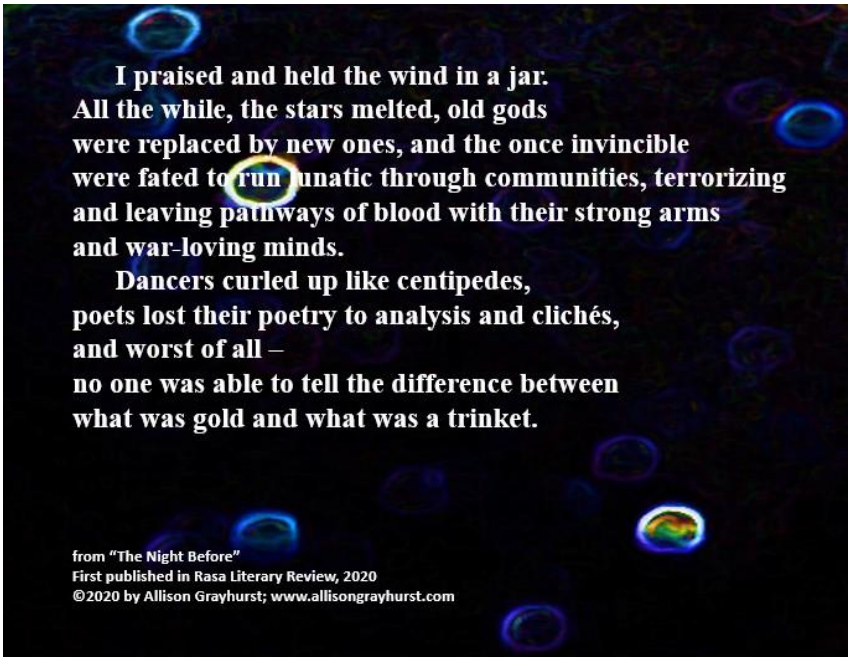

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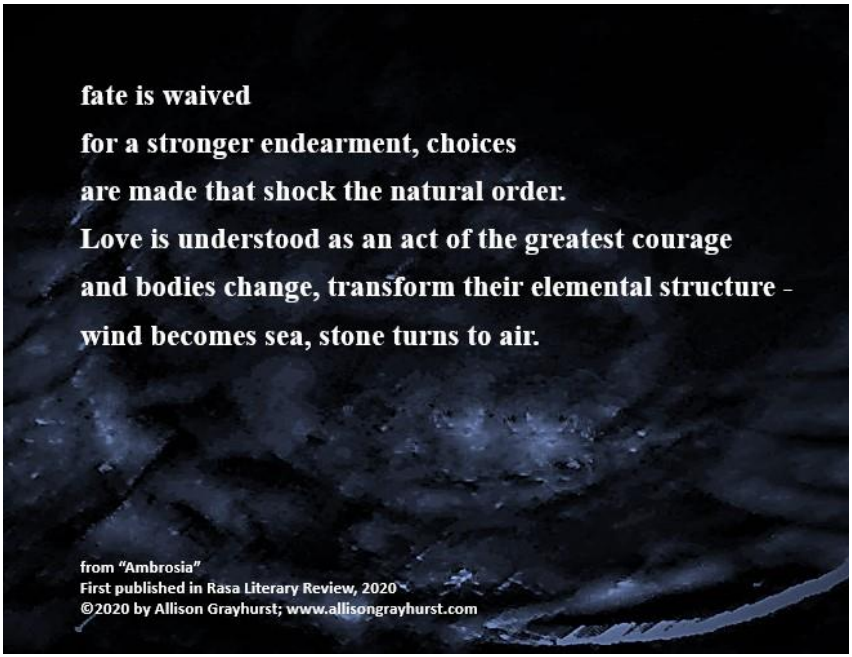

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/08/15/ambrosia/

How long before the thirst to satiate
is satiated, then becomes thirst again,
greater than the first longing?
Why is there heat everyday and never rain?
Is time just the planets rotating
like spherical untouchable gods, or
is it nonsense, divisions made
for small minds to draw imaginary
pathways through stark oblivion?
When I learned
Jesus walked with his arms open,
his hands empty, feeding, being fed,
then I arrived in God's grace
as though I had always been there.
My past was relinquished,
incorporated like a candle flame
into a larger fire,
into the greatest summit.

from "Communion"; First published in Raven Cage Zine, 2020
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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/17/communion/

World away of hollows
where light escapes, gets
through, flourishes in the
sluggish dream of humans.
World of many layers – up
to pure communion and down
with the languishing un-animal beasts.
Rivers that flow and merge, travel down.
Oceans rise up, their surfaces new,
surfaces discovered – air, sometimes just
air, other times, divine space where eyes
can come close in, examine the stars.

from "World Away"
First published in Medusa's Kitchen, 2020
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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/08/world-away/

Blue I wondered
blue in summer in
the mornings, caught in
the snail-size tales of
futility and inevitable floods.
Crooked boundaries, solid as
vapour, stung, trapped my fears
far from knowing the mercy of self-forgiveness.

I carried my purse like a stone, collected
empty wrappers, useless pens
and expired medicine,
burning always from head to foot,
impatient for change,
running into the concrete walls
of my collected fate.

Today, I look at the bloom of yellow flowers,
full in their last burst of joy before the frost,
and I am learning to drop that stone,
accept what lives and what cannot.

from "Which Way?", First published in Raven Cage Zine, 2020
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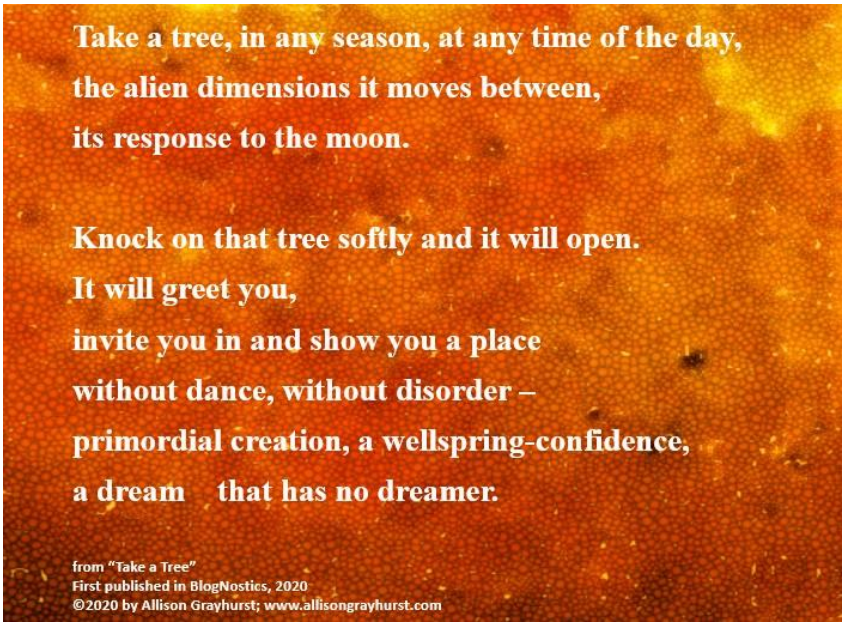
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/15/which-way/



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/27/take-a-tree/

I died every day
on the sorrowing cliffs,
a wolf pack closing in,
things I knew and believed in,
ordained, then tossed over the edge.

Prophecy was nothing, and shelter and bread
connected to this tortuous trope,
turned comfort upside down and spat
upon my flush face with all the vigor
of a personal enemy.

I fell asleep near the cliffs, woke up and wondered
why I was left here - still alive, no rescue in sight -
thinking of a helicopter, an angel, an army of
hunters or even a large helium balloon
to grab onto and ease my descent.

from "Cliffs"
First published in Medusa's Kitchen, 2020
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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/06/cliffs/

Never marked or bruised, your corpse above ground
for eleven days, still fresh as when your soul first departed.
Your father begged to bury you, winning this small mercy,
you were buried, sacred rites restored.

You were mourned for your perfect beauty,
(their defender lost, their defeat inevitable).
You were loved for your strength,
the kind derived from clear-cut purity,
a rare internal moral code.

Glorified, the tale of Hector,
outliving millenniums,
outlasting countless other heroes.

Hector of the soft dark hair, golden helmet, shining.

from "Hector"
First published in Our Poetry Archive, 2020
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https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/10/04/hector/

You say destruction
and I am beating the light,
slashing the torpedo into
smaller precise devises of doom.
You say reconciliation
and I am beside you, planting
my vengeance like dead peeled skin,
like waking and walking
to the bathroom, leaving the dream behind.

You open your mouth and
you open a door to a feast
outstripped of butchery and good cheer,
outshining all but the lover's volatile love pitching,
emerging, continuing, clear,

from "You Open Your Mouth"
First published in Dissonance Magazine , 2020
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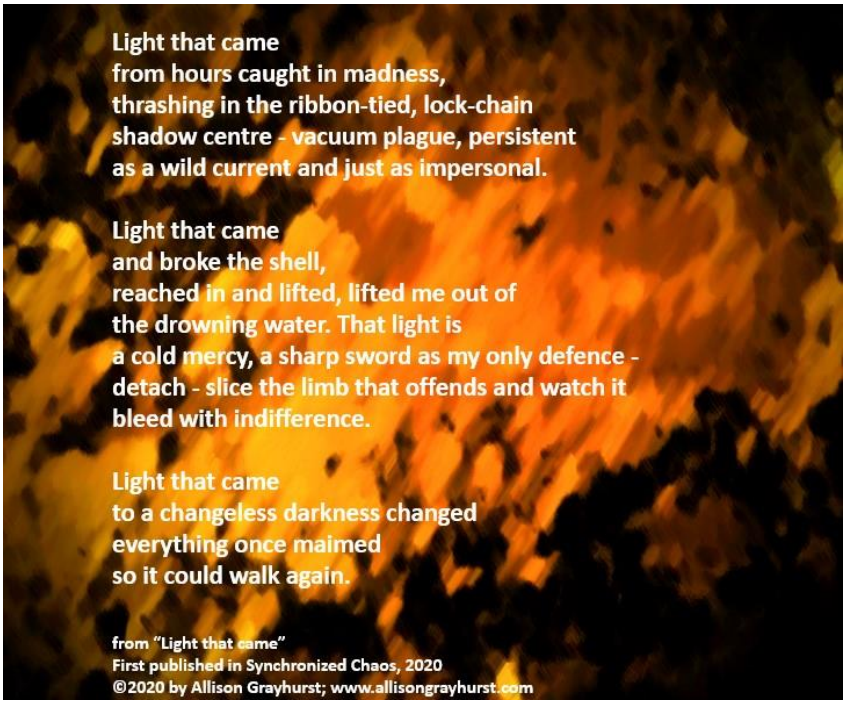
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/10/07/you-open-your-mouth/



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/22/light-that-came/

My barren longing, unremarkable, repetitive.
I would change my name, my shape, if it would help,
grow plumage where there is none, but my energy is crushed
with clinging, and the freedom that lords before me
like an oasis is only finished fiction,
a book of great magnitude, but
foiled of substance and lasting nourishment.

from "Deathbed"
First published in Chicago Record Magazine, 2020
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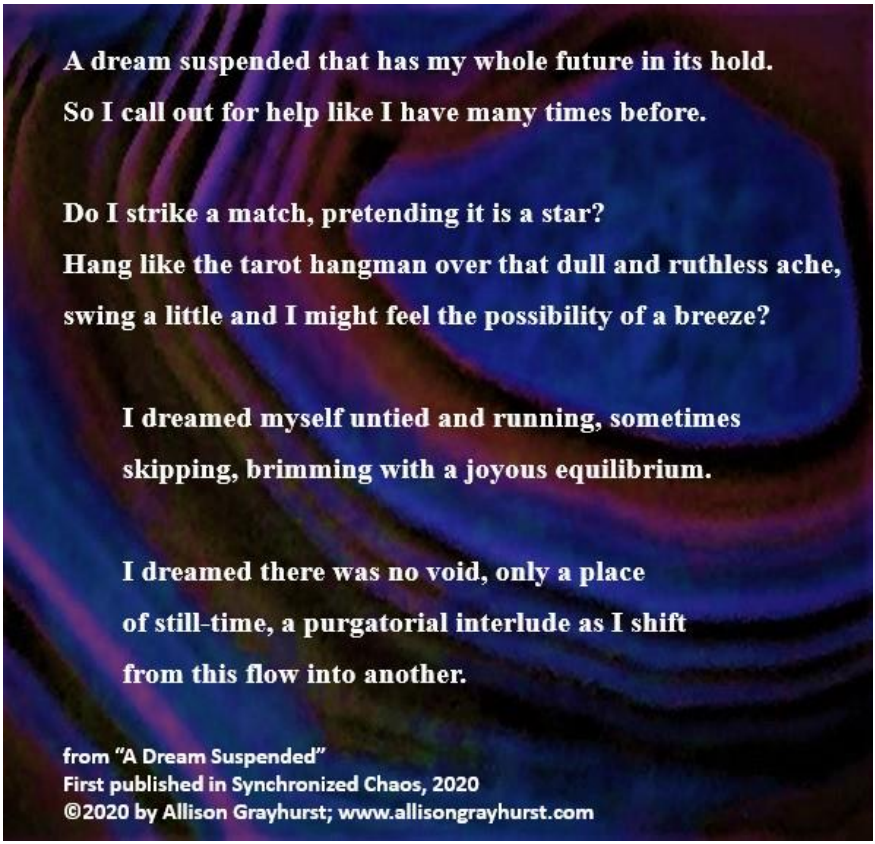
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/08/29/deathbed/



https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/23/a-dream-suspended/

Before the circle became a line, some
nutshells still held their core - arguments were
for the sake of reflection and deeper knowledge.
When the circle became a line, tyrants were given
free-reign - the mutual exchange
between fear-and-getting replaced morality.
The ones of lights passed away,
passed over their passion, replacing
faith with conspiracy theories.

from "Rationed"
First published in Chicago Record Magazine, 2020
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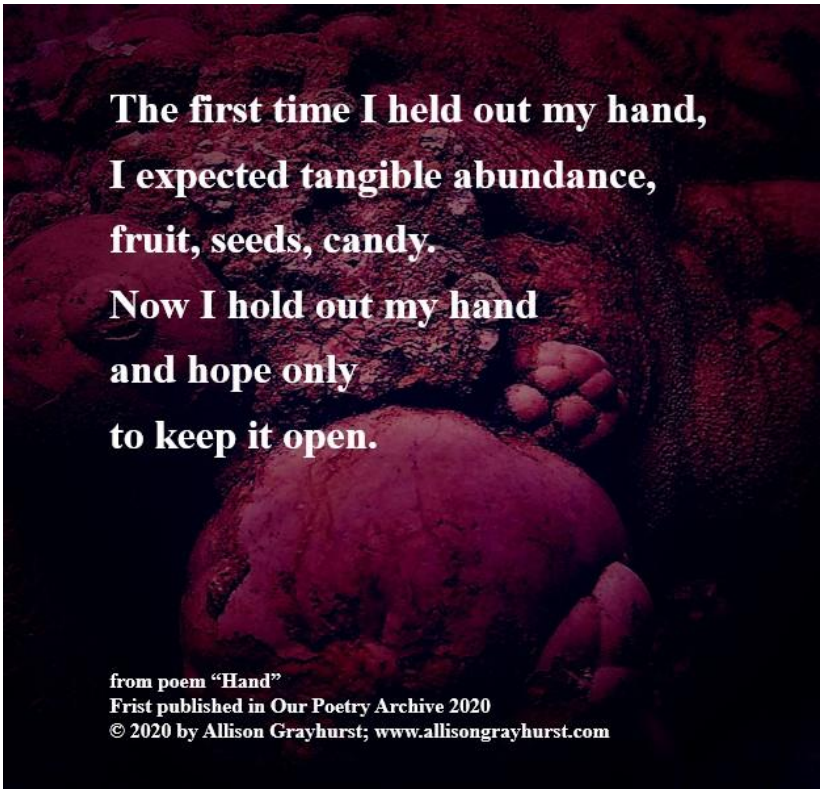
https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/08/27/rationed/



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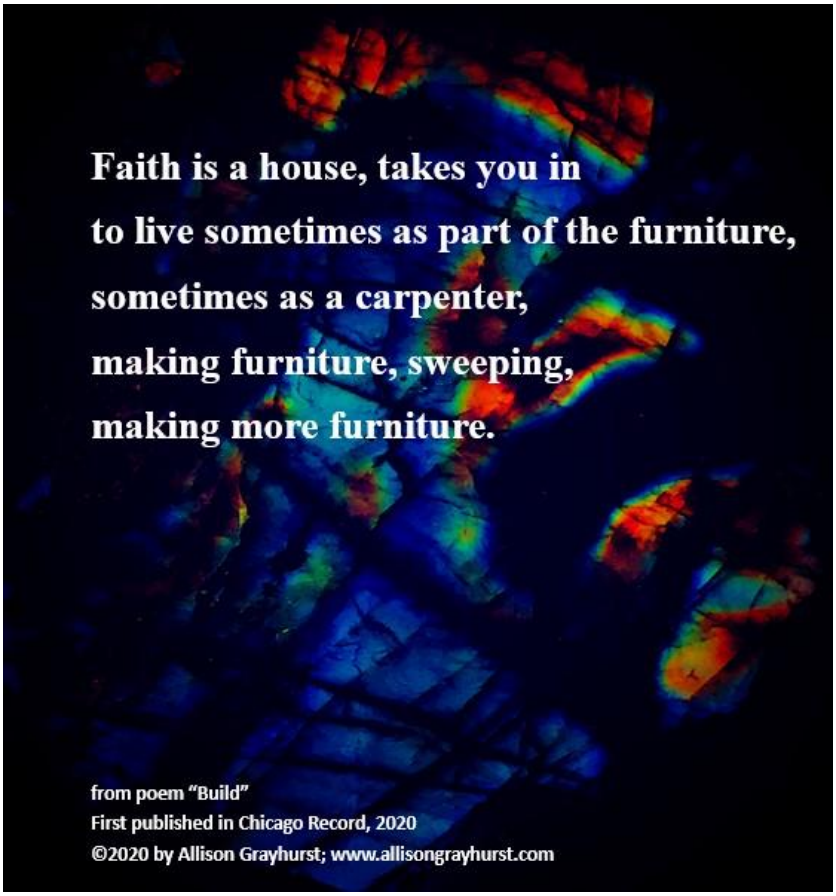

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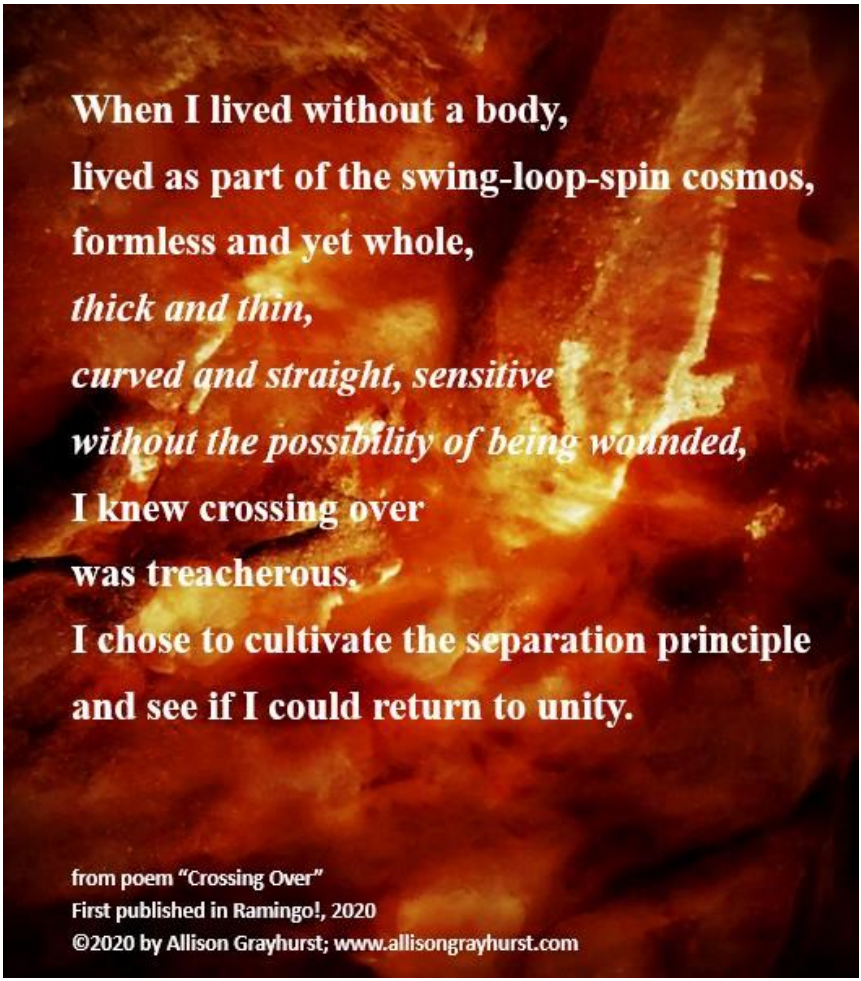

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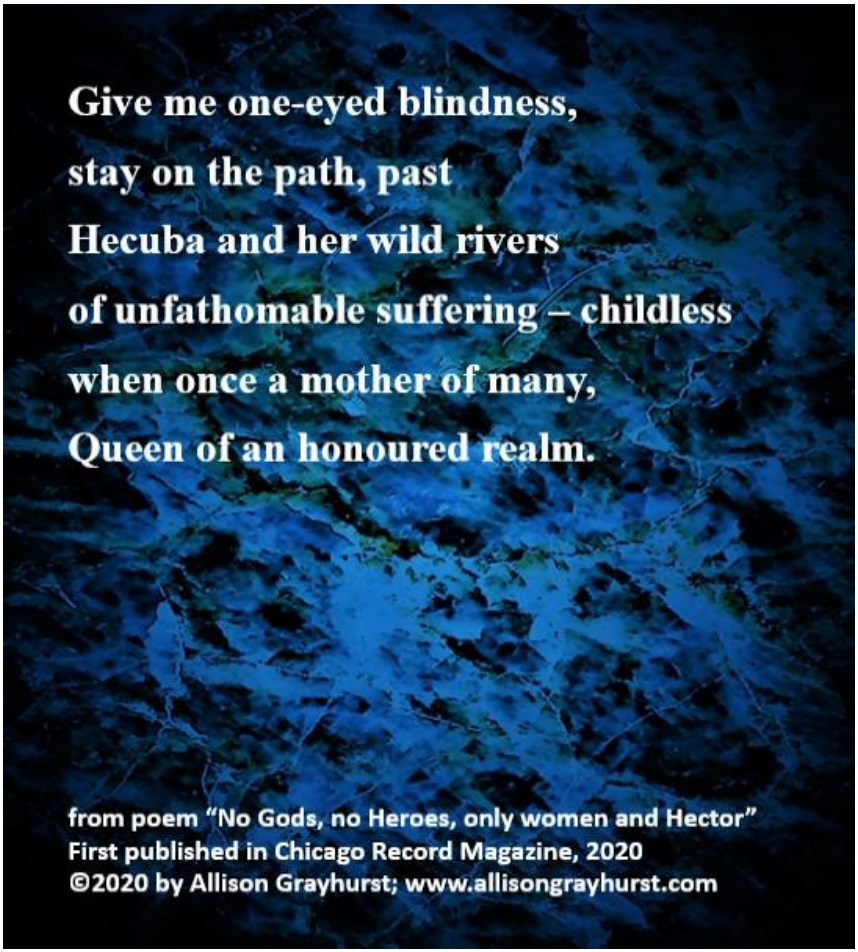

https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/02/09/no-gods-no-heroes-only-women-and-hector/

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Eloquence Magazine; Coe Review; Iron Gall Press; Buddhist Poetry Review; Message in a Bottle Poetry Magazine; The Screech Owl; B-Gina Review; Crisis Chronicles; The Write Room; The Camel Saloon; Occulum; SpinRock Reader Lit Forum; Whisper; Your One Phone Call; The Mind(less) Muse; Calliope Magazine; Anchor & Plume: Kindred; Jotter United Lit-zine; Split Lip Magazine; Peeldeel's Blog; Torrid Literature Journal; Poetry at Sangam; The Galway Review; The song is…; Sacred Chickens; Poetry Halifax Dartmouth; ink sweat and tears; Oh! Magazine: Ryerson's Arts and Culture Voice; Jones Ave.; The Blue Mountain Review; Peacock Journal; Indiana Voice Journal; JD DeHart – Reading and Literature Resources; Ikleftiko Poetry Journal; The Continuist; Down in the Dirt; Sunlight in the Sanctuary anthology; the Intersection anthology; hello goodbye goodbye hello anthology; Full of Crow; Veil – Journal of Darker Musing; Out of Our; The Bijou Poetry Review; Carcinogenic Poetry; Far Enough East; Pulsar #74; Pulsar Poetry Webzine #22; Decades Review; poeticdiversity: the litzine of Los Angeles; Abrameli; The Entroper; Both Sides Now; Napalm and Novocain; Bare Hands Poetry; Subprimal Poetry Art; PoetryMagazine; Gossamer Poetry; Daily Love; Poetry Pacific; Aji Magazine; Profiles in Poetry Literary Zine; See Spot Run Literary Magazine; Pyrokinection; Storm Cycle anthology; The Kitchen Poet; The Tophat Raven; Misfits Miscellany; Kalkion; Juxtaprose Literary Magazine; Straylight Literary Magazine; Literary Orphans; cur.ren.cy; Subliminal Interiors; Dead Snakes; The Stray Branch; Novelmasters; Drunk Monkeys; October Hill Magazine; The Bees Are Dead; The Artistic Muse; The Poetry Jar; Oddball Magazine!; Crack the Spine; The Brooklyn Voice; Think Pink Pink.Ink.Girl. Press; Pocket Thoughts; Rasputin; The Voices Project; Cosmonauts Avenue; Envoi; Indigo Rising Magazine; ken*again; Tuck

Magazine; Zaira Journal; Dog Is Wearing Pants Literary Page; 1947, a literary journal; White Liquor; Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre Newsletter; The Otter; WritingRaw; Ginosko Literary Journal; Dali's Lovechild; Fogged Clarity; A New Ulster; SUFI Journal (featured poet); The Syzygy Poetry Journal; Eye on Life Magazine; Poetryrepairs; Tower Journal; Sprout; Stepping Stones Magazine; Calliope Magazine; Quail Bell Magazine; Viral Cat Press; ArtVilla; Collective Exile; Kritya; Miracle E-Zine; Cartagena Journal; Sonic Boom; The Blue Mountain Review; The Wagon Magazine; Prachya Review; Social Justice Poetry; Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry, now called The Journal; Scarlet Leaf Review; Peeking Cat Poetry Magazine; Allegro; Shot Glass Journal; Extract(s) magazine and anthology; Eskimo Pie; New Mystics; Jumping Blue Gods; The Conclusion Magazine; The Drunken Llama; Episteme; GloMag; BareBack Magazine; Contemporary Poetry-an Anthology of Present Day Best Poems; Change Seven Magazine; Ehanom Review; Blast Furnace; Sentinel Literary Quarterly; ancient heart magazine; Stay Weird and Keep Writing Publishing; The Beatnik Cowboy; The Magnolia Review; The Bond Street Review; RoguePoetry Review; Nomad's Choir Poetry Journal; Stone Face Literary Zine; Dual Coast Magazine; MadSwirl; blackmail press; Section 8 Magazine; The Greensilk Journal; Torrid Literature – Evolution Anthology; Jellyfish Whispers; Pirene's Fountain; Writers Haven – Verse Land; Winamop; BigCityLit; Black Mirror Magazine; Mount Parable Poetry Forum; The Stare's Nest; Leaves of Ink; The Piker Press; Sonder Magazine; The Toronto Quarterly; Snapping Twig; Smashed Cake Review (Sidereal Journal); The Poet Community; Lit Up Magazine; Lunar Lit Poetry Page; LiteraryYard; Whispers…; Novelmasters; New Hope International Writing; Reflections;

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"Eating from an imaginary spoon" was nominated for Sundress Publications "Best of the Net" 2018

"New Wheel – The Passage of Arnik" was nominated for Sundress Publications "Best of the Net" 2017

"Crystal Dark" was nominated for Sundress Publications "Best of the Net" 2015

"Where I Stand" was nominated for Sundress Publications "Best of the Net" 2015

"The Path Before" was nominated for Sundress Publications "Best of the Net" 2015

About the Author

Allison Grayhurst **is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Four of her poems were nominated for "Best of the Net" in 2015/2018, and one eight-part story-poem was nominated for "Best of the Net" in 2017. She has over 1,375 poems published in more than 525 international journals and anthologies.**

Her book *Somewhere Falling* was published by Beach Holme Publishers, a Porcepic Book, in Vancouver in 1995. Since then she has published eighteen other books of poetry and five collections with Edge Unlimited Publishing. Prior to the publication of Somewhere Falling she had a poetry book published, *Common Dream*, and four chapbooks published by The Plowman. Her poetry chapbook The *River is Blind* was published by Ottawa publisher above/ground press December 2012. In 2014 her chapbook *Surrogate Dharma* was published by Kind of a Hurricane Press, Barometric Pressures Author Series. In 2015, her book *No Raft – No Ocean* was published by Scars Publications.

Her book *Make the Wind* was published in 2016 by Scars Publications.

As well, her book *Trial and Witness – selected poems*, was published in 2016 by Creative Talents Unleashed (CTU Publishing Group).

More recently, her book *Tadpoles Find the Sun* was published by Cyberwit, August 2020.

In 2020, her work was translated into Chinese and published in "Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly" and in "Poetry Hall".

In 2018, her book *Sight at Zero*, was listed #34 on CBC's "Your Ultimate Canadian Poetry List".

Collaborating with Allison Grayhurst on the lyrics, Vancouver-based singer/songwriter/musician Diane Barbarash has transformed eight of Allison Grayhurst's poems into songs, creating a full album. "River – Songs from the poetry of Allison Grayhurst" released October 2017.

Allison Grayhurst is a vegan for the animals. She lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts, working with clay.

Some of the places her work has appeared in include Parabola (Alone & Together print issue summer 2012); SUFI Journal (Featured Poet in Issue #95, Sacred Space); Elephant Journal; Literary Orphans; Blue Fifth Review; The American Aesthetic; The Brooklyn Voice; Five2One; Agave Magazine; JuxtaProse Literary Magazine, Drunk Monkeys; Now Then Manchester; South Florida Arts Journal; Gris-Gris; The Muse – An International Journal of Poetry, Storm Cellar, morphrog (sister publication of Frogmore Papers); New Binary Press Anthology; Straylight Literary Magazine (print); Chicago Record Magazine, The Milo Review; Foliate Oak Literary Magazine; The Antigonish Review; Dalhousie Review; The New Quarterly; Wascana Review; Poetry Nottingham International; The Cape Rock; Ayris; Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry (now called The Journal); The Toronto Quarterly; Fogged Clarity, Existere; Boston Poetry Magazine; Decanto; White Wall Review.

Contact the author:

allisongrayhurst@rogers.com

www.allisongrayhurst.com

Quotes

“Allison Grayhurst’s poetry combines the depth and dark intensity of Sylvia Plath, the layered complex imagery of Dylan Thomas and the philosophical insights of Soren Kierkegaard, taking the reader on a fearless journey through the human condition, delving with honesty into death, grief, loss, faith, commitment, motherhood, and erotic love. Grayhurst intertwines a potent spirituality throughout her work so that each poem is not simply a statement or observation, but a revelation that demands the reader’s personal involvement. Grayhurst’s poetic genius is profound and evident. Her voice is uniquely authentic, undeniable in its dignified vulnerability as it is in its significance,” *Kyp Harness,* legendary singer/songwriter, cartoonist, author of ‘Wigford Rememberies’ and ‘The Abandoned’, Nightwood Editons; www.kypharness.net

“Allison Grayhurst is the Queen of Catharsis. Her poems are like cathedrals witnessing and articulating in unflinching graphic detail the gritty angst and grief of life, while taking it to rare clarity, calm and comfort in an otherwise confusing world of deception, mediocrity and degradation. Allison Grayhurst takes the sludge of life, and with fearless sharpness of eye and heart she spins it free of maggots with the depth of honour and passion. Allison Grayhurst's work is haunting, majestic and cleansing, often leaving one breathless in the wake of its intelligence, hope, faith and love amidst the muck of life. Many of Allison Grayhurst's poems are simply masterpieces booming with thunderous insight begging to be in Bartlett's Quotations, lines such as "I drink necessity’s authority." Nothing is wishy-washy in the realm of Allison Grayhurst. Allison Grayhurst's work is sustaining, enriching, and deepening for the soul to read... a light of sanity in the world. As a poet, Allison Grayhurst is a lighthouse of intelligent honour... indeed, intelligence rips through her work like white water,” *Taylor Jane Green,* BA,

RIHR, CHT, Registered Spiritual Psychotherapist and author of Swan Wheeler: A North American Mythology and The Rise of Eros.

"Grayhurst's rapturous outpouring of imagery makes her poems easily enjoyable … Like a sear the poet seeks to fathom sensual and spiritual experience through the images of a dream," *Canadian Literature*.

"Her poems read like the journal entries of a mystic – perhaps that what they are. They are abstract and vivid, like a dreamy manifestation of soul. This is the best way, in prose, one can describe the music which is … the poetry of Allison Grayhurst," *Blaise Wigglesworth*, Oh! Magazine: Ryerson's Arts and Culture Voice.

"Grayhurst's poetry is a translucent, ethereal dream in which words push through the fog, always searching, struggling, and reaching for the powerful soul at its heart. Her work is vibrant and shockingly original," *Beach Holme Publishers*.

"Allison Grayhurst's poetry appears visceral, not for the faint of heart, and moves forward with a dynamism, with a frenetic pulse. If you seek the truth, the physical blood and bones, then, by all means, open the world into which we were all born," *Anne Burke*, poet, regional representative for Alberta on the League of Canadian Poets' Council, and chair of the Feminist Caucus.

"Read at your peril. You will never look at this world in quite the same way again. Your eye will instinctively search the sky for eagles and scan the dark earth for the slightest movement of smallest ant, your heart will reach for tall mountains, bathe in the most intimate of passions and in the grain and grit of our earth. Such is Allison Grayhurst. Such is her poetry," *Eric M. Vogt*, poet and author.

"Grayhurst is a great Canadian poet. All of Allison Grayhurst's poetry is original, sometimes startling, and more often than not, powerful. Anyone who loves modern poetry that does not follow the common path will find Grayhurst complex, insightful, and as good a poet as anyone writing in the world today. Grayhurst's poetry volumes are highly, highly recommended," *Tom Davis,* poet, novelist and educator.

"Biting into the clouds and bones of desire and devotion, love and grief, Allison Grayhurst basks the reader, with breathtaking eloquence, in an elixir of words. Like lace, the elegance is revealed by what isn't said. This is stunning poetry," *Angela Hryniuk,* author of 'no visual scars'.

"Allison Grayhurst is a poet whose work is characterized by startling imagery and uncompromising emotion, whose pieces have appeared in prestigious magazines. Lights, darks, colors, and passions intertwine throughout the pages of her work," *Louise E. Allin,* Literature and Language.

"When I read Allison Grayhurst's poetry, I am compelled by the intensity and strength of her spirituality. Her personal experience of God drives her poetry. With honesty and vulnerability, she fleshes out the profound mystery of knowing at once both the beauty and terror of God's love, both freedom and obedience, deep joy and sorrow, both being deeply rooted in but also apart from the world, and lastly, both life and death. Her poems undulate through these paradoxes with much feeling and often leave me breathless, shaken. Allison Grayhurst's poems are both beautiful and difficult to behold," *Anna Mark,* poet and teacher.

"Allison Grayhurst's poetry has a tribal and timeless feeling, reminiscent of the Biblical commentary in Ecclesiastes," *Cristina Deptula,* editor of Synchronized Chaos.

Books by Allison Grayhurst

Paperbacks

Common Dream, 1991, Edge Unlimited; ISBN-10: 0969542313 ISBN-13: 978-0969542315
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Book 22: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - completed works from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 1 of 5), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing: ASIN: B076ZTQNX5; ISBN-13: 978-1978078833; ISBN-10: 1978078838
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Allison Grayhurst is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Five times nominated for "Best of the Net", 2015/2017/2018, she has over 1200 poems published in over 480 international journals. She has 21 published books of poetry, six collections and six chapbooks. She lives in Toronto with her family.

"Grayhurst's poetry is a translucent, ethereal dream in which words push through the fog, always searching, struggling, and reaching for the powerful soul at its heart. Her work is vibrant and shockingly original," Beach Holme Publishers.